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THE WORKS

OF

MRS ELIZABETH ROWE:

INCLUDING

ORIGINAL POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

By MR THOMAS ROWE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

THE

WORKS

OF

MRS ELIZABETH ROWE:

IN

FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THIRD.

CONTAINING

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.
HYMNS, ODES, & PSALMS.
DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.
A PARAPHRASE ON CANTICLES, IN BLANK VERSE.
THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH, A POEM, IN 10 BOOKS.

LONDON:
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ERRATA.

The Reader will please observe, that Page 49 immediately follows Page 38; the intermediate Numbers having, by mistake, been omitted: No part of the Text, however, is wanting.

THE VISION.

'Twas in the close recesses of a shade,
A shade for sacred contemplation made;
No beauteous branch, no plant, or fragrant flow'r,
But flourish'd near the fair delicious bow'r;
With charming state its lofty arches rise
Adorn'd with blossoms, as with stars the skies;
All pure and fragrant was the air I drew,
Which winds thro' myrtle groves and orange blew;
Clear waves along with pleasing murmur rush,
And down the artful falls in noble cat'racts gush.
'Twas here, within this happy place retir'd
Harmonious pleasures all my soul inspir'd;
I take my lyre, and try each tuneful string,
Now war, now love, and beauty's force would sing;
To heav'nly subjects now, in serious lays,
I strive my faint unskilful voice to raise;
But as I unresolv'd and doubtful lay,
My cares in easy slumbers glide away;
Nor with such grateful sleep such soothing rest,
And dreams like this, I e'er before was bless'd;
No wild, uncouth chimeras intervene,
To break the perfect intellectual scene.
The place was all with heav'nly light o'erflown,
And glorious with immortal splendor shone;

When, lo! a bright ethereal youth drew near,
Ineffable his motions and his air.
A soft, beneficent, expressless grace,
With life's most florid bloom, adorn'd his face;
His lovely brows immortal laurels bind,
And long his radiant hair fell down behind,
His azure robes hung free, and waving to the wind.
Angelic his address, his tuneful voice
Inspir'd a thousand elevating joys:
When thus the wondrous youth his silence broke,
And with an accent all celestial spoke.

To Heav'n, nor longer pause, devote thy songs,
To Heav'n the muse's sacred art belongs;
Let his unbounded glory be thy theme,
Who fills th' eternal regions with his fame;
And when death's fatal sleep shall close thine eyes,
In triumph we'll attend thee to the skies;
We'll crown thee there with everlasting bays,
And teach thee all our celebrated lays.
This spoke, the shining vision upward flies,
And darts as lightning through the cleaving skies.

The Beginning of the Fourth Book of TASSO'S JERUSALEM *translated.*

But while to bring about their great intent,
The Christian army all their vigour bent:
The potent enemy of human kind,
Revolv'd their happy progress in his mind.

ful eyes with hellish envy glare,
led murmurs show his inward care,
llow groans betray his deep despair:
ch a heavy, hoarse, and bellowing sound,
ills, when stung with grief, they trace the
round,
the groves and all the valleys round.
ng all the rage within his breast,
ans the active Christians to molest.
o believe with any force or skill,
se the methods of th' eternal will
ose avenging thunders to awake,
ung'd him headlong down the flaming lake.
ess of that memorable day,
mons now the states of hell away.
h all the climes of endless darkness round,
ring calls of the hoarse trumpet sound;
ed the wide infernal caves again,
g the murm'ring air retain'd the sullen strain.
f so dreadful in a stormy wreck,
uring clouds the noisy thunders break;
ours close imprison'd in the earth,
ch wild rumour give themselves a birth.
us troops the gloomy deities
r came that share the vast abyss;
per'd forms, and monstrous all appear,
adly terror in their looks they wear;
rrid snaky tresses some were crown'd,
amp'd with brutal hoofs the burning ground;

Others more curst a human visage find
But scaly serpents end below, and wind
In circling folds prodigious lengths behind:
And many a lewd, detested Harpy there,
Centaurs and Sphinx's hideous forms appear:
Hydra, and Python, hissing through the gloom,
With Gorgon here, and barking Scylla, come:
Giants and ghastly shapes that want a name,
And fierce Chimæra spitting angry flame:
And many a fiend and frightful monster more,
With wild confusion crowd the lofty door.
Great Lucifer the regal seat commands,
Shaking a rusty sceptre in his hands:
Nor Alpine hill, nor some exalted rock,
That proudly stands the raging ocean's shock,
Nor half so tall th' Atlantic mount appears;
So vast his bulk, so high his tow'ring front he re
A horrid majesty surrounds his face,
Its terror, pride, and growing rage increase,
His red'ning eyes like fatal comets glare,
And shoot malignant venom through the air:
Beneath his breast descends a loathsome beard,
His mouth a deep polluted gulf appear'd;
Whence issue sulphur, smoke and pois'nous stea
With mutt'ring thunder, and destructive flames.
He spake; all hell astonish'd at the noise
Stood mute, grim Cerberus restrains his voice;
Cocytus stops, the snakes to hiss forbear,
While through the sounding deep these dre
words we hear:

ıl gods, worthy the thrones of light,
ıarchies of heav'n. your native right,
om the realms of bliss, your ancient lot,
the glorious cause for which we fought,
to this opprobrious dungeon brought.
ccess, ev'n he that rules the skies,
l from our noble enterprize:
olested now he reigns above,
rom thence as conquer'd rebels drove.
erene, and everlasting day,
rs, and from the sun's delightsome ray;
:s and endless horrors we retire,
: again to those gay climes aspire.
' effects of all his wrath disdain,
curst thought exasperates my pain;
:king thought I never can sustain:
with joy in heav'n resign my place,
: to see it fill'd with man's degen'rate race;
vile dust exalted to supply
e illustrious stations in the sky
ıat distracts me more——————
oo little to our mighty foe
d, that he for worthless man could do;
n'd wretches forfeiture to pay,
: to death his darling Son a prey;
ıus o'er the meagre king, in state
ıdly enters the infernal gate;
my gloomy confines dar'd to tread,
re in scorn his shining banners spread.

Millions of captive souls, our destin'd prey,
He led triumphant from the shades away;
And, what my discontent and pain renews,
The ancient enterprize he still pursues;
And while we idly here consume the day,
To him the Asian empire drops away,
And false Judea shortly owns his sway:
Loud hymns in ev'ry language to his name
They sing, and spread around the world his
Inscrib'd in brass, and lasting marble, they
His glory down to future times convey.
To him alone devoted flames arise,
And vows, and od'rous incense mount the sk
No blazing fire upon our altar shines,
Neglected stand our temples, and our shrine
No more with gifts they crowd our rich abo
Nor fall before us as assisting gods.
Empty of human souls our regions grow,
While all the roads of hell unpeopled show:
And can we tamely suffer this? And rests
No spark of ancient vigour in your breasts?
Have you forgot when in bright arms we sh
Engag'd with Heav'n, and shook his lofty tl
Our native vigour, our immortal flame,
And ardent thirst of glory, is the same.
But why, you dear companions of my wo,
In pleasing mischief are you grown so slow
Lost here in sloth and darkness we remain,
While new allies the prosp'rous Christians

then, with all the rage of hell assail
readed foes, by arts or force prevail:
their solemn councils raise dissent,
ounded jealousies, and discontent:
me the slaves of shameful passions prove,
'd in the soft, licentious joys of love;
others treach'rously the cause decline,
und their army, sink the curst design.

ON THE CREATION.

R yet the crude materials of the earth,
form'd; nor time, nor motion yet had birth:
et one solitary spark of light
l through the dusky shades of ancient night;
n the barren wastes of endless space,
t were circumscrib'd the bounds of place:
, at th' Almighty's word, from nothing springs
irst confus'd original of things.
ever now the heav'ns wide arms embrace,
her then lay blended in a mass
lull, the active, the refin'd, and base,
old, the hot, the temp'rate, moist, and dry,
ingled in profound disorder lie:
e prodigious undistinguish'd heap,
xtremest contraries of nature sleep:
et the sprightly seeds of fire ascend,
lownwards yet the pond'rous atoms tend.
strous face the new creation wears,
id of order, form, and light, appears:

Till the almighty *fiat*, once again
Pronounc'd, did motion to each part ordain,
Awoke the tender principles of life,
And urg'd the growing elemental strife
And now confusions infinite arise,
From Nature's most remote antipathies:
But while against their furious opposites,
Each hostile atom all its force unites,
Their own lov'd species, through the formless mass,
With am'rous zeal officiously they trace,
And join, and mingle in a strict embrace,
The lively shining particles of light,
On dazzling wings attempt their nimble flight.
The fine transparent air, with mighty force,
Through fix'd and fluid, upward takes its course.
The grosser seeds with heavy motion press,
And meeting in the midst, the central parts possess;
While the united waves, without controul,
About the slimy surface proudly roll,
Till an imperial word their force divides,
And lo! the deep by smooth degrees subsides;
And lo! the rising stately mountains leave
Their ouzy beds; and lo! the valleys cleave,
The congregated waters to receive.
And down the sinking billows calmly go;
Part to the subterranean caves below,
And part around the hills in circling currents flow.
And now the slimy, soft-fermented earth,
Prepar'd to give her various species birth,

lient to the voice, produces all
boundless stores, at her Creator's call.
idden spring at his command arose,
various plants their verdant tops disclose;
teeming ground to rising groves gives way,
ch leaves and blossoms instantly display,
ev'ry branch with tempting fruit looks gay.
n he again, whose active word fulfill'd
tly all the mighty things he will'd,
mands, and strait the heav'nly arches rise,
kindling glories brighten all the skies.
idden day with gaudy lustre gilds
expanded air, the new made streams, and fields;
thousand sprightly dazzling lights advance,
trembling rays in the wide ether dance:
sun, beyond them all immense and gay,
mes the bright dominion of the day;
whirling up the skies with rapid force,
g the radiant zone begins his destin'd course.
now another efficacious word,
air, and earth, and wat'ry region stor'd:
num'rous vehicles for breath prepar'd,
mighty summons of their Maker heard;
from the bosom of their native clay
ng into life, and caught the vital ray.
ions of footed creatures range the woods;
ons with fins divide the crystal floods;
ions, besides, with wanton liberty,
ainted wings rise singing to the sky.

But last of all, two of a nobler kind,
After the brightest model in his mind,
With care the great Artificer design'd:
Beyond his other works, complete and fair,
He form'd with ev'ry grace the lovely pair,
Adorn'd with beauty, crown'd with dignity,
Immortal, God-like, rational, and free:
Serene impressions of a stamp divine,
Upon their matchless faces clearly shine:
In deep suspence, and at themselves amaz'd,
With curious eyes they on each other gaz'd;
Themselves, and all the fair creation round
Survey, and still fresh cause of wonder found.
For now in their primæval lustre gay,
The earth and heav'ns their utmost pride display.
The blazing sun from his meridian height,
Thro' an unclouded sky darts round his flaming ligl
The fields, the floods, and all th' enlighten'd air,
In open day look ravishingly fair.
The bright carnation, and the fragrant rose,
Their beauties fresh with heav'nly dew disclose.
The noble amaranths show their purple dye,
Splendid as that which paints the morning-sky.
Ten thousand od'rous flow'rs of various hue,
In ev'ry shade and plain spontaneous grew;
And down the smooth descent of verdant hills,
From marble fountains gush a thousand rills:
Through many a pleasant shade they murm'ring go,
And mingle with the larger streams below,
Which through the flow'ry valleys softly flow;

all along their lovely spacious banks,
ortal trees are plac'd in equal ranks,
se charming shades might God himself delight,
angels from their heav'nly bow'rs invite.
gentle breezes, from their fragrant wings,
all the odours of a thousand springs:
ionious birds among the branches sing,
all the groves with chearful echoes ring.
il mighty Maker of the universe!
ong shall still thy glorious deeds rehearse:
praise, whatever subject others chuse,
be the lofty theme of my aspiring muse.

Love & Friendship. A Pastoral.

Amaryllis.

LR from the skies the ruddy sun descends;
rising night the ev'ning shade extends:
le pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field;
closing flow'rs reviving odours yield;
us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
t from our hearts our muses may indite.
need we, in this close retirement, fear,
t any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

Sylvia.

o ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim:
e fair Aminta is my softest theme:
ranger to the loose delights of love,
thoughts *the nobler* warmth of friendship prove;

And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire:
Propitious god of love, thy succour bring;
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing,
Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns;
With such an air, and such a graceful mien,
No shepherd dances on the flow'ry green:
Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring springs,
In sweeter strains the tuneful Conon sings;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the superior song approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies;
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires:
But on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on; the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong:

Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field
Can wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

Alexis absent, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
Dear, lovely youth! I cry to all around:
Dear, lovely youth! the flatt'ring vales resound.

SYLVIA.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
Aminta is my muse's softest theme;
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine,
And with her name my noblest verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And consecrate to him my softest vows:
The charming youth shall my Apollo prove;
Adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

To the Author of the foregoing Pastoral.
By MR PRIOR.

BY Sylvia, if thy charming self be meant;
If friendship be thy virgin vows extent;
O! let me in Aminta's praises join;
Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare;
A *second wreath* shall bind Aminta's hair;

And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim;
Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;
My heart shall own the justice of her cause;
And love himself submit to friendship's laws.
But, if beneath thy numbers soft disguise,
Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains;
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains:
Mayst thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind:
May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty, like thy verse endure.
May ev'ry god his friendly aid afford;
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board.
But, if by chance the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less chearful to arise;
Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess;
And dies in woe, that thou mayst live in peace.

In praise of MEMORY. *Inscribed to the honourable Lady* WORSELY.

BEST gift that Heav'n's indulgence could bestow!
To thee our surest happiness we owe:
Thou all the flying pleasures dost restore,
Which, but for thee, blest Mem'ry, were no more
For we no sooner grasp some frail delight,
But ready for its everlasting flight,

E'er we can call the hasty bliss our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.
Thou to the fond successful lover's heart
A thousand melting raptures dost impart;
When, yet more lovely than herself, and kind,
Thou bring'st his fancy'd mistress to his mind;
The flatt'ring image wears a livelier grace,
A softer mien, and more enticing face.
Thou from the flying minutes dost retrieve
The joys, Clorinda's wit and humour give;
Those joys that I had once possess'd in vain,
Did not the dear remembrance still remain:
She speaks, methinks, and all my soul inspires,
Brightens each thought, and gives my muse new fires;
'Tis she that lends my daring fancy wings,
Soften's my lyre, and tunes its warbling strings.
Thou only to the guilty art severe,
Who the review of their past actions fear;
But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
Art still propitious, smiling still, and kind.
To thee we all those charming pleasures owe,
The pleasures that from gen'rous actions flow,
And they are still the noblest we possess below.

An Imitation of a Pastoral of Mrs KILLEGREW's.

MYRTILLA.

LET fragrant eastern breezes round thee play,
And op'ning blossoms still adorn thy way;

Let bubbling fountains murmur to thy sleep,
And Pan himself the while protect thy sheep;
Thy wanton herds through verdant pastures stray,
Pastures like thee, all flourishing and gay.
And when with guiltless sports the rival swains,
For rural glory strive upon the plains,
Still, young Alexis, may the prize be thine,
And on thy brows the fairest garlands shine.

ALEXIS.

Unfading wreaths mayst thou, Myrtilla, gain,
And deathless honours by thy verse obtain;
May such smooth numbers warble from thy tongue,
As late the skillful Melibœus sung.

MYRTILLA.

No such ambitious aim my mind pursues:
'Tis love, O charming youth! inspires my muse:
Could I but please thee with my artless lays,
I proudly should neglect all other praise;
Would'st thou be grateful, ev'ry grove and stream,
And hill, and lawn, should echo with thy name;
Each rock, each winding cavern and retreat,
The soft, inchanting accents should repeat:
And if my muse immortal fame could give,
Thy name in deathless numbers should survive.

ALEXIS.

Secure of fame he needs no further crave,
Who such a lasting monument may have:
But oh! his glory ne'er can be improv'd,
Who by the bright Lycoris has been lov'd.

MYRTILLA.

ıd youth, in yonder solitary shade,
Narcissus with the perjur'd maid;
ıusand tender things she look'd, and said;
avish'd eyes upon his beauty fed;
flow'rs his graceful flowing hair she drest,
:v'ry smile her secret flame confest.

ALEXIS.

ıat pass'd before I saw my lovely fair,
ves not now my jealousy or care:
at first the fickle beauty known,
ıd been constant then, and all my own.

---

scription of the inchanted palace and garden of MIDA; *whither two knights from the Christian ıp were come in search of* RINALDO.

ıslated from the beginning of the sixteenth book of TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

ıalace in a circling figure rose,
fty bounds a sylvan scene inclose;
ıded there a beauteous garden lay,
e never-fading flow'rs their pride display,
ıusand Dæmons kept their lodgings round,
ıe arts with endless labyrinths confound
passage to the fair inchanted ground.
ıdred gates adorn the stately place,
:hief of which the heroes wond'ring pass;
olding doors on golden hinges turn,
ı polish'd gold the radiant pillars burn;

But all the dazzling precious metal's cost,
Was in the rich unvalu'd sculpture lost.
The figures which the spacious portals grace,
With human motion seem to leave their place;
In ev'ry visage an expressive mind
Th' inimitable artist had design'd,
And life in all their looks and gestures shin'd.
Nor speech was wanting, fancy that supplies;
They breathe and speak while each consults his eyes.
The story first with Hercules begins;
With virgins seated here, he tamely spins;
The God like man, who hell's strong passage gain'd,
And heav'n, and all its rolling orbs sustain'd,
A spindle wields, and with soft tales beguiles
The flying hours; fond Love stands by, and smiles;
His useless club the fair Iole holds,
The lion's rugged skin her tender limbs infolds.
Remote from this, a sea its surges rears,
Hoary with foam the azure field appears;
Two warlike fleets advance on either side,
And o'er the waves with equal terror ride:
The flashes which from brandish'd weapons came,
With dreadful splendor all the deep inflame.
Conspicuous far, the bright Egyptian queen,
Urging the fierce encounter on is seen:
Antonius here conducts the eastern kings,
The mighty Romans there illustrious Cæsar brings.
As when two floating isles amidst the main,
Push'd on by winds, each other's shock sustain,
And mountains clash with mountains on the wat'ry plain;

such a force the hostile fleets engage,
thund'ring chiefs oppos'd with equal rage;
javelins, darts, and flaming torches fly,
oreign spoils above the waters lie.
esar now the victory inclines,
eauteous queen the liquid field resigns;
ies, nor would the fond Antonius stay,
adly left the scarce decided day,
hrew the empire of the world away.
ouch'd with fear, nor conquer'd by his foes,
happy man the doubtful field forgoes,
r his love betray'd; yet gen'rous shame
nartial honour oft his thoughts reclaim:
ow he would the fainting fight renew,
ow the charming fugitive pursue;
her inglorious to the shore he flies,
areless there, and lost in pleasure lies;
lon'd loosely to her fatal charms,
es to soften fate in Cleopatra's arms.
champions all these costly wonders view,
hrough the palace now their course pursue:
ld Meander winds along his shores,
inks, and now his silver wave restores;
o the ocean runs in various ways,
ackward now in wanton motion plays;
crooked paths, such labyrinths they pass,
ey the dubious structure's windings trace;
hrough th' uncertain maze they still had err'd,
he wise Magus' scheme their passage clear'd;

Whence disengag'd, before their ravish'd eyes
The beauteous garden's pleasant prospect lies;
The shining lakes, and moving crystal here,
The flow'rs, and various plants at once appear;
At once a shady vale, and sunny hill,
And groves, and mossy caves the landscape fill;
At once itself the charming scene reveals,
And all its wise contriver's art conceals.
Nor art does copying nature here appear,
But sportive nature imitating her.
The air was mild, and calm the morning breeze
Which breath'd eternal verdure on the trees;
The trees their branches proudly here display,
With full ripe fruits, and purple blossoms gay;
Beneath one spreading leaf, a bending twig
Presents the immature, and rip'ning fig.
Depending on a loaded branch are seen
The gold, the blushing apple, and the green:
The lofty vines their various clusters show;
Ungrateful those, while these with nectar flow;
The joyful birds beneath the happy shade,
In guided parts a tuneful concert made.
The whisp'ring winds, and waters murm'ring fal
With trembling cadence softly answer'd all:
Now ceas'd the birds, the winds and waters higl
In warbling sounds return the harmony;
But falling now the birds resume their part,
Yet scarce this order seems th' effect of art:
But one with gaudy plumes, among the rest,
And purple bill, superior skill exprest;

Now imitating human words begun,
The sweet, the shrill, the melting note her own:
The wing'd musicians all stood mute to hear,
The winds suspend their murmurs in the air,
And list'ning staid while she her song recites,
Which in alluring strains to love invites:
Her part perform'd, the feather'd chorus round,
Through all the groves their glad assent resound.
The pensive doves in sighs their pain reveal,
The whisp'ring trees a passion seem to feel:
The floods, the fields, and lightsome air above,
Confess the flame, and gently breathe out love.
Unconquer'd yet the stedfast knights remain,
And all the tempting baits of vice disdain;
But now retir'd beneath a pleasant shade,
The lovers at a distance they survey'd;
Armida seated on the flow'rs they find,
And in her lap Rinaldo's head reclin'd;
Inspiring love, and languishing her air,
Unbound and curling to the winds her hair;
Her careless robes flow with an am'rous grace,
And rosy blushes paint her lovely face.
Fix'd on her charms he fed his wanton fires,
And feeding still increas'd his fierce desires;
Plung'd in licentious pleasures thus he lay,
And melts his life ingloriously away.
At certain times Armida to her cells
Retires to practise her mysterious spells:
The hour was come, she sighs a soft adieu,
And from his arms unwillingly withdrew.

In glitt'ring armour rushing from the wood,
Before him strait the pious heroes stood.
As the fierce steed, for justs and battle bred,
Now useless grown, with herds in pastures fed,
Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free
From former toils; if arms he chance to see,
Or hears from far the trumpet's sprightly sounds,
He neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry bounds;
Longs on his back to feel the hardy knight,
Measure the lists, and meet the promis'd fight.
Their sight the brave Rinaldo thus alarm'd,
Recall'd his honour, and his courage warm'd;
Its long inglorious sleep his virtue broke,
And martial ardour sparkled in his look.
When with a friendly scorn Ubaldo held
Before the youth his adamantine shield:
Surpris'd he meets his own reflection there,
His gaudy robes hung loose, his flowing hair,
Clouds with the rich perfume, and sweetens all the air.
A bright, but useless sword adorns his side;
Asham'd he views this nice fantastic pride,
And, like a man that long in idle dreams
Has lain, deluded to himself he seems:
Enrag'd, the hateful object now he flies,
Confus'd and silent downward bends his eyes,
Half wish'd the cleaving ground might open wide,
Or overwhelming seas his shame would hide.
Ubaldo sees the time, and thus begun;

While fame, while so much glory may be won,
ile Asia, while all Europe are in arms,
l shake the universe with loud alarms;
oldo's son alone, exempt from fear,
ains a woman's noble champion here.
at lethargy, what fatal spells controul
vig'rous honour, and unman thy soul?
e on! the camp, and mighty Godfrey send,
une and victory thy sword attend;
destin'd hero thou the doubtful war to end:
clude the conquest o'er thy pagan foes,
at might can thy resistless arm oppose?
peechless he stood; and now a decent shame,
l now a gen'rous pride, his looks inflame:
rends the badges of his lewd disgrace,
l flies with horror the detested place.

---

story of ERMINIA. *Translated from the Seventh Book of* TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

bed to the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess WEYMOUTH.

INIA, by the centinels surpris'd,
l all the night, in burnish'd arms disguis'd;
l all the day through pathless woods she stray'd,
v'ry whisp'ring breath of wind afraid:
now the sun his shining progress ends,
erts the skies, and to the sea descends;
nymph arrives where wealthy Jordan flows,
d on his flow'ry borders seeks repose;

Soft sleep, that wish'd relief to mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous maid his downy wings;
But restless love his empire still maintains,
And o'er her dreams in airy triumph reigns.
At last the birds salute the rising light,
And wanton winds the rosy morn invite:
They curl the streams and dance along the waves,
Glide through the woods, and whisper in the leaves:
Each painted blossom opens to the day,
With them, Erminia's eyes their charms display:
With pensive looks the prospect round she view'd,
The shepherd's tents, and rural solitude;
Each ruffling noise awakes her former fears,
Till through the boughs a tuneful note she hears:
The fields and floods the cheerful sound retain,
And sportive echoes mock the jovial swain;
Who careless near the banks of Jordan sate,
Nor fear'd the stars, nor curs'd relentless fate:
Pleas'd with his honest art, he baskets wove;
Three sprightly boys to imitate him strove.
The princess nearer drew, with wild affright
The children fled the unaccustom'd sight,
Till the bright helmet from her head she took,
Reveal'd a female face, and modest look;
The golden tresses o'er her shoulders fell,
And all their fears her charming eyes dispel:
Her face no more a martial terror boasts,
When thus the wond'ring shepherd she accosts.

Thrice happy man! the gods peculiar care
Protects thee from the wasteful rage of war:

I come not here to offer hostile wrongs,
To interrupt thy labours, or thy songs;
But by what methods hast thou found defence
Against the sword's impartial violence;
While clashing arms, and the shrill trumpet's sound,
With endless jars perplex the regions round?
My humble state, fair maid, the swain replies,
Beneath the turns of changing fortune lies:
While lightning blasts the mountain's lofty brow,
The humble valley smiles secure below.
From all the tumults which distract the great,
We live exempt in this obscure retreat;
The gods themselves the rural life approve,
And kindly guard the innocence they love:
In groves we sleep, from spoil and rapine free,
Content with little, blest in poverty.
This life (which yet ambitious men despise)
Before a court's licentious joys, I prize;
Nor pride, nor sordid avarice, molest
The soft tranquillity within my breast.
Unartful meats supply my frugal board,
And drink the pure, untainted springs afford
No poisons through their channels are convey'd,
Nor are we here in golden cups betray'd;
These youths, my sons, to labour us'd, like me,
Attend my flocks with cheerful industry.
Nor think these shades can no delights afford;
With various harmless beasts the woods are stor'd,
Among *the boughs melodious* birds reside
And scaly fish along the rivers glide.

Yet other motives did my youth engage,
And wild ambition fir'd my blooming age;
I scorn'd the peasant's care and humble toils,
And left my native shores for foreign soils;
And in th' Egyptian court my suit preferr'd:
My suit the condescending noble heard,
The royal gardens soon were made my care;
I learn'd the fatal snares of greatness there,
Its impious methods, and unconstant state;
But learn'd, alas! the dire mistake too late:
My prime was past, my airy wishes cross'd,
And all my dreams of rising fortune lost,
With weeping eyes the country scenes I view'd,
And bless'd my once inglorious solitude;
The smooth tranquillity, the gay content.
In which my former happy days were spent.
Resolv'd again those pleasures to pursue,
With just remorse, I bid the court adieu.
The day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which set me from its gaudy bondage free.

His wise discourse th' attentive princess pleas'd
And half the tempest of her soul appeas'd:
She now resolves to try, far from the strife
Of factious courts, an unambitious life,
She paus'd——then thus, with gentle words, beg
T' address the hoary venerable man.

If, by the disappointments thou hast prov'd,
Thy kind relief, and pity may be mov'd,
Conduct me to some hospitable cell,
And let me in these calm recesses dwell;

There quiet shades, perhaps, will ease my grief,
And give my restless passions some relief.
By thy example taught, I shall grow wise;
With that, a tear grac'd her pervailing eyes:
Some pitying drops the careful shepherd shed,
And to his cottage the fair stranger led.
A father's kind indulgence fills his breast;
His wife, with joy, receives the royal guest;
Who now her nodding helmet lays aside,
Her gilded arms, and ornamental pride;
Then in a sylvan dress, the graceful maid,
All negligent, her decent limbs array'd:
But nothing rustic in her careless mein,
The princess still through all disguise was seen:
Majestic beauty lighten'd in her face,
She mov'd, and spoke, with an unvulgar grace;
An air of grandeur not to be suppress'd,
Her noble mind and high descent confess'd.
Yet to the fold her bleeding flocks she drove,
And with her native delicacy strove:
Sometimes along the fresh enamel'd meads,
Her harmless charge, with gentle pace she leads;
And, oft beneath some laurel's shade reclin'd,
With Tancred's name she wounds the tender rind.
Each tree that flourish'd in the conscious grove,
The records bore of her successless love.
And when the tragic story she review'd,
The sad description all her grief renew'd;
With love and melting sorrow in her eyes,
Ye verdant plants, the pensive charmer cries,

Ye pines, and spreading laurels, as ye grow,
Retain the deep inscriptions of my wo;
Some wretched maid, undone by love, like me,
Shall mourn my injur'd faith, and partial destiny.
But if my charming hero here should stray,
As grant, ye blest propitious pow'rs, he may!
And wand'ring, find in ev'ry shade his name,
My secret care, and undiscover'd flame,
Long after death has clos'd my wretch'd eyes,
And in the grave this mournful relique lies;
Some tender sigh, some grateful tear may prove
The late success of my unblemish'd love.
My hov'ring ghost, pleas'd with that soft return,
The rigour of my fate no more should mourn.
With these complaints she soothes her fond desires.
And vainly to the fields and shades retires;
The fields and shades indulge her fatal fires:
While Tancred, yet a stranger to her charms,
Among the toils of war, and fierce alarms,
Pursues a nobler fate in military arms.

HYMN I.

I.

The glorious armies of the sky
To thee, O mighty King!
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujah's sing.

II.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee;

How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be !

III.

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature in its various ways,
Displays thy excellence ?

IV.

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise,
With silent elegance.

V.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art much more fair:
When in the east its beams revive
To guild the fields of air;

VI.

The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers owns from thee
Its pleasing odours come.

VII.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first almighty Cause
With diff'rent voices call.

VIII.

Thy *num'rous works* exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be ?

No, rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

HYMN II.

I.

Begin the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise
To heav'n's almighty King.

II.

Ye curling fountains, as you roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

III.

Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

IV.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
My lofty theme convey.

V.

Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning-skies.

VI.

Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault
To ev'ry flying strain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky,
Till angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony.

VIII.

While I with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing,
And warble consecrated lays
To heav'n's almighty King.

HYMN III.

Thou didst, O mighty God, exist
E'er time begun its race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:

III.

E'er through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;

Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd;

IV.

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun,
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:

V.

E'er through the empyrean courts
One halleluja rung,
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung.

VI.

E'er men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss (O sacred spring of life!)
And glory was the same.

VII.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

VIII.

When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake.

IX.

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,

Unchang'd in everlasting years
Shall thy existence be.

HYMN IV.

I.

To thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness in its gayest pride,
My restless thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms
My fond desires allure:
For greater things than these from thee
My wishes would secure.

IV.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles
That brighten Heav'n above,
The boundless riches of thy grace,
And treasures of thy love.

V.

These are the mighty things I crave;
O! make these blessings mine,
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly resign.

ray its course the sacred vision bends,
ith much state and solemn pomp descends.
us voices echo from afar,
oftly warble through the trembling air:
rcling spheres the charming sound prolong.
nswer all the cadence of their song:
ow the sacred harmony draws near,
ow a thousand heav'nly forms appear.

ANGELS.

iortal glory give to God on high,
gh all the lofty stations of the sky;
y on earth, and endless peace ensue,
eat Messiah's born, thrice happy men! to you.

URANIO.

great Messiah born! transporting sound!
: wide world spread the blest accents round:
joy these long-expected tidings bring?
is born a Saviour and a King.

ANGELS.

infant in a virgin's arms he lies,
ides the winds, and thunders thro' the skies:
od to whom the flaming seraphs bow,
nds to lead the life of mortals now.

MENALCAS.

– Surprising power of love!
God himself thy mighty force does prove;
rul'st the world below, and govern'st all above.

PALEMON.

You shining messengers, be farther kind,
And tell us where the wondrous child to find.

ANGELS.

Your glad conductors to the place we'll be,
Eager as you this mystic thing to see.

URANIO.

Some present to the infant King let's bear,
For zeal should always liberal appear.

ANGELS.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor abode,
Where in a manger lies th' incarnate God;
Reduc'd among the sordid beasts to rest,
Who all the spacious realms of light possest;
And he whose humble ministers we were,
Becomes a tender virgin's helpless care,
Through heav'n but now, the hasty tidings rung,
And anthems on the wondrous theme they sung.

PALEMON.

But to what happy maid of human race
Has Heav'n alloted this peculiar grace.

ANGELS.

Ye echoing skies, repeat Maria's name,
Maria through the starry worlds proclaim:
In her bright face celestial graces shine,
Her mind's enrich'd with treasures all divine,
From David's royal house descends her noble line.
But see the humble seat, the poor abode,
That holds the virgin with the infant God.

MENALCAS.

hee, virgin-born, thus prostrate, I adore,
l offer here the choice of all my store.
ill'd the earth shall now vast harvests yield,
l laughing plenty crown the open field.
r rivers in the desarts shall be seen,
l barren wastes cloth'd in eternal green.
ead of thorns, the stately fir shall rise,
l wave his lofty head amidst the skies;
ere thistles once, shall fragrant myrtles grow,
beauteous rose on ev'ry bush shall glow,
l from the purple grape rich wines, unpress'd,
shall flow.

PALEMON.

reat Star of Jacob, that so bright dost rise,
n, lovely infant, thy auspicious eyes;
soft and spotless wool to thee I bring
earliest tribute to the new-born King.
h thee each sacred virtue takes its birth,
peace and justice now shall rule the earth.
u shalt the bliss of paradise restore,
l wars and tumults shall be heard no more.
wolf and lamb shall now together feed,
l with the ox the lions savage breed.
child shall with the harmless serpent play,
l lead, unhurt, the gentle beast away.
l where the sun ascends the shining east,
l where he ends his journey in the west,
glorious name shall be ador'd and blest.

URANIO.

The hope of Israel, hail!—with humble zeal
To thee, unquestion'd Son of God, I kneel:
All hail to thee! of whom the prophets old
Such mighty things to our forefathers told.
Thy kingdom shall from sea to sea extend,
And reach the spacious world's remotest end.
The spicy isle, and Saba's wealthy king,
To thee from far shall costly presents bring.
Thy stedfast throne shall stand for ever fast,
And thy dominion time itself out-last.
This gentle lamb, the best my flocks afford,
I bring an off'ring to all nature's Lord.

ANGELS.

And we, the regents of the spheres, thus low
Before mankind's illustrious Saviour bow:
Astonish'd, in an infant's form we see
Disguis'd th' ineffable Divinity;
Who arm'd with thunder, on the fields of light
O'ercame the potent seraphim in fight.
Thus humbled—O unbounded force of love!
Subdu'd by that, from all the joys above,
Thou cam'st the wretched life of man to prove.
And thus our ruin'd numbers wilt supply,
And fill the desolations of the sky.

HYMN ON HEAVEN.

I.

HAIL, sacred Salem, plac'd on high!
Seat of th' Almighty King,

What thought can grasp thy boundless bliss?
What tongue thy glories sing;

II.

Thy crystal tow'rs and palaces
Magnificently rise,
And dart their beauteous lustre round
The empyrean skies.

III.

The voice of triumph in thy streets,
And acclamations sound:
Gay banquets in thy splendid courts,
And nuptial joys abound.

IV.

Bright smiles on ev'ry face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry eye;
From ev'ry mouth glad anthems flow,
And charming harmony.

V.

Illustrious day for ever there
Streams from the face divine;
No pale-fac'd moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor stars nor sun decline.

VI.

No scorching heats, no piercing colds,
The changing seasons bring;
But o'er the fields mild breezes there
Breathe an eternal spring.

VII.

The flow'rs with lasting beauties shine,
And deck the smiling ground;

While flowing streams of pleasure all
The happy plains surround.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the fields, le lodge in the villages. CANT. vii. 11.

I.

THOU object of my highest bliss,
And of my dearest love,
Come, let us from this tiresome world,
And all its cares remove.

II.

Among the murm'ring crystal streams,
The groves, and flow'ry fields,
Let's try the calm and silent joys
That blest retirement yields.

III.

There far from all the busy world,
To thee alone I'll live,
And taste more pleasure in thy smiles
Than all things else can give.

IV.

My pure desires, and holy vows,
Shall centre all in thee;
While ev'ry hour to sacred love
Shall consecrated be.

HYMN

I.

Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee my God I'll sing;

Awake my soft and tuneful lyre!
Awake each charming string!

II.

Awake! and let my flowing strain
Glide through the midnight-air,
While high amidst her silent orb
The silver-moon rolls clear.

III.

While all the glitt'ring starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky,
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye:

IV.

While watchful angels round the just
As nightly guardians wait,
In lofty strains of grateful praise
Thy spirit elevate.

V.

Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre!
Awake each charming string!
Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing.

VI.

Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

VII.

Again, the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,

And paint, with chearful splendor gay,
The fair ascending morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

IX.

For this I'll midnight vows to thee,
With early incense bring;
And e'er the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

A DIALOGUE *between the fallen angels, and a l spirit just entered into the other world.*

HUMAN SPIRIT.

LONG struggling in the agonies of death,
With horror I resign'd my mortal breath:
With horror long the fatal gulph I view'd,
And shiv'ring on its utmost edges stood:
Till forc'd to take the inevitable leap,
I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy steep:
And here of ev'ry hope bereft, I find
Myself a naked, an unbody'd mind.
My lov'd, my fond officious friends in vain,
My fleeting soul endeavour'd to retain;
In vain its blooming mansion did invite;
Grandeur, and wealth, and love, and soft delig

Vith tempting calls in vain its flight would stay,
/hen forc'd by the severe decree away.
'is past—and all like a thin vision gone,
)r which I have my wretched soul undone;
nd wand'ring on this dark, detested shore,
y eyes shall view the upper light no more.

FALLEN ANGELS.

Then welcome to the regions of despair!
ay ruin cost us much design and care,
nd thou had'st 'scap'd, but for one happy snare;
nd in the blissful skies supply'd the place
f some fall'n spirit of our nobler race;
hou could the thirst of wine or wealth controul,
nd no malicious sin has stain'd thy soul;
ut for the joys of one forbidden love
ast lost the boundless ecstasies above.

HUMAN SPIRIT.

And all was freely, freely all was lost;
ow dear has one short dream of pleasure cost!
ut yet this fatal, this inchanting dream,
should, perhaps, beyond ev'n heav'n esteem,
/ere it as permanent: but, ah! 'tis gone,
nd I a wretch abandon'd and undone,
f God, of ev'ry smiling hope, am left,
nd all my dear delights on earth bereft;
/hile here for guilded roofs, and painted bow'rs,
)r pleasant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs,
find polluted dens, and pitchy streams,
nd burning paths, with beds of raging flames;

Instead of music's sweet inspiring sound,
Repeated yells, and endless groans go round;
And for the lovely faces of my friends,
I meet the ghastly visages of fiends;
A thousand nameless terrors are behind,
Despair, confusion, fury, seize my mind:
But will my griefs no happy period find?

FALLEN ANGELS.

Count all the twinkling glories of the sky,
Count all the drops that in the ocean lie;
Of all the earthly globe the atoms count,
Eternal years thy numbers still surmount.
Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,
Thy misery, thy hell, is but begun.
As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliss had been,
But for one darling, one beloved sin;
Cold to the baits of any other vice,
Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice;
By this, (or all our stratagems had fail'd,)
By this we o'er thy temp'rate youth prevail'd
Poor sottish soul! below our envy now,
For what a toy didst thou a heav'n forego?

HUMAN SPIRIT.

O tell me not from what fair hopes I fell!
Just missing heav'n, but aggravates my hell.

FALLEN ANGELS.

Thou know'ſt not what thou lost, but we t
The glories of that happy place can tell.
There endless heights of ecstacy they prove,
There's lasting beauty and immortal love,

flowing pleasures in full torrents roll;
easures form'd, this lost must rack thy soul.

HUMAN SPIRIT.

h how much cruel art you aggravate
isery's intolerable weight?

FALLEN ANGELS.

envy once, thou'rt now become our scorn.
n for thee the Son of God was born;
nighty favour, that peculiar grace,
lorious for the fall'n angelic race,
only to exasperate thy doom,
ive th' infernal shades a darker gloom.

HUMAN SPIRIT.

! that's the wounding circumstance of all,
ver depths of wo I cannot fall:
rs'd tormentors, now your rage is spent,
fury can no further hell invent:
iour's title, a Redeemer's blood,
worth, till now, I little understood.

A description of HELL.

In imitation of MILTON.

to unfathomable spaces deep,
nd the dark, detested paths of hell,
ulphs of execration and despair,
n, and rage, and pure unmingled wo;
ealms of endless death, and seats of night,
errupted night, which sees no dawn,

Prodigious darkness! which receives no light,
But from the sickly blaze of sulph'rous flames,
That cast a pale and dead reflection round,
Disclosing all the desolate abyss,
Dreadful beyond what human thought can form,
Bounded with circling seas of liquid fire:
Aloft the blazing billows curl their heads,
And form a roar along the direful strand;
While ruddy cat'racts from on high descend,
And urge the fiery ocean's stormy rage.
Impending horrors o'er the region frown,
And weighty ruin threatens from on high;
Inevitable snares, and fatal pits,
And gulphs of deep perdition, wait below;
Whence issue long, remediless complaints,
With endless groans, and everlasting yells.
Legions of ghastly fiends, (prodigious sight!)
Fly all confus'd across the sickly air,
And roaring horrid, shake the vast extent.
Pale, meagre spectres wander all around,
And pensive shades, and black deformed ghosts
With impious fury some aloud blaspheme,
And wildly staring upwards, curse the skies;
While some, with gloomy terror in their looks,
Trembling all over, downward cast their eyes,
And tell, in hollow groans, their deep despair.
Convinc'd by fatal proofs, the Athiest here
Yields to the sharp tormenting evidence;
And of an infinite eternal Mind,
At last the challeng'd demonstration meets.

The Libertine his folly here laments,
His blind extravagance, that made him sell
Unfading bliss, and everlasting crowns,
Immortal transports, and celestial feasts,
For the short pleasure of a sordid sin,
For one fleet moment's despicable joy.
Too late, all lost, for ever lost! he sees
The envy'd saints triumphing from afar,
And angels basking in the smiles of God.
But oh! that all was for a trifle lost,
Gives to his bleeding soul perpetual wounds.

The wanton beauty, whose bewitching arts
Have drawn ten thousand wretched souls to hell,
Depriv'd of ev'ry blandishment and charm,
All black, and horrid, seeks the darkest shades,
To shun the fury of revengeful ghosts,
That with vindictive curses still pursue
The author of their miserable fate,
Who from the paths of life seduc'd their souls,
And led them down to these accurs'd abodes.

The fool that sold his heav'n for gilded clay,
The scorn of all the damn'd, ev'n here laments
His sordid heaps; which still to purchase, he
A second time would forfeit all above;
Nor covets fields of light, nor starry wreaths,
Nor angels songs, nor pure unmingled bliss,
But for his darling treasures still repines;
Which from afar, to aggravate his doom,
He sees some thoughtless prodigal consume.

Beyond them all, a miserable hell

The execrable persecutor finds;
No spirit howls among the shades below
More damn'd, more fierce, nor more a fiend than he
Aloud he heav'n and holiness blasphemes,
While all his enmity to good appears,
His enmity to good; once falsely call'd
Religious warmth, and charitable zeal.
On high, beyond th' unpassable abyss,
To aggravate his righteous doom, he views
The blissful realms, and there the schismatic,
The visionary, the deluded saint,
By him so often hated, wrong'd, and scorn'd,
So often curs'd, and damn'd, and banish'd thence:
He sees him there possess'd of all that heaven,
Those glories, those immortal joys, which he,
The orthodox, unerring catholic,
The mighty fav'rite, and elect of God,
With all his mischievous, converting arts,
His killing charity, and burning zeal,
His pompous creeds, and boasted faith, has lost.

On Heaven.

What glorious things of thee, O glorious place!
Shall my bold muse in daring number speak?
While to immortal strains I tune my lyre,
And warbling imitate angelic airs:
While ecstacy bears up my soul aloft,
And lively faith gives me a distant glimpse
Of glories unrevealed to human eyes.

Ye starry mansions, hail! my native skies!
Here in my happy, pre-existent state,
(A spotless mind) I led the life of gods.
But passing, I salute you, and advance
To yonder brighter realm's allow'd access.
Hail, splendid city of th' Almighty King!
Celestial Salem, situate above;
Magnificent thy prospect, and august
Thy walls sublime, thy tow'rs and palaces
Illustrious far with orient gems appear.
There regent angels, crown'd with stars, command;
High in the midst, the awful throne of God
Ascends the utmost empyrean arch,
The heaven of heav'ns; where in conceiveless light,
Such as infinity alone can prove.
He enjoys th' extremest bounds of happiness,
And was in perfect blessedness the same,
E'er any thing existed but himself;
E'er time, or place, or motion had a name,
Before the spheres began their tuneful round,
Or through the air the sun had spread his beams;
E'er at his feet the flaming seraphs bow'd,
And cast their shining crowns before his throne;
E'er smiling angels tun'd their golden harps,
Or sung one hallelujah to his praise.
But mighty love, which mov'd him to create,
Still moves him to communicate his bliss.
O speak! *you happy* spirits that surround
His dazzling throne, for you alone can tell;
For you alone those raptures can describe,

And stem th' impetuous floods of joy that rise
Within your breasts, when all unveil'd, you view
The wonders of the beatific sight:
When from the bright unclouded face of God
You drink full draughts of bliss and endless love,
And plunge yourselves in life's immortal fount;
The spring of joy, which from his dazzling throne
In endless currents smoothly glides away,
Through all the verdant fields of paradise;
Through balmy groves, where, on their flow'ry bank
To murm'ring waters, and soft whisp'ring winds,
Fair spirits in melodious concert join,
And sweetly warble their heroic loves.
For love makes half their heav'n, and kindles here
New flames, and ardent life in ev'ry breast;
While active pleasure lightens in their eyes,
And sparkling beauty shines on ev'ry face:
Their spotless minds, all pure and exquisite,
The noblest heights of love prepar'd to act,
In everlasting symphathies unite,
And melt, in flowing joys, eternity away.

To those bless'd shades, and amarantine bow'rs,
When dazzled with th' unsufferable beams
That issue from the open face of God,
For umbrage many a seraphim resorts:
Nor longer here o'er their bright faces clasp
Their gorgeous wings, which open wide, display
More radiance than adorns the chearful sun,
When first he from the rosy east looks out.

e as love, their looks serene as light,
ing and gay as everlasting springs.
oh! when in the lofty blissful bow'rs,
heav'nly skill, to the harmonious lyre,
lear, the sweet, the melting voice they join;
ales of heav'n rejoice, and echoing loud,
ble ev'ry charming close again;
trembling winds upon their fragrant wings
ar the soft, melodious sounds away;
lver streams their winding journeys stay,
id their murmurs, and attend the song;
ughing fields new flow'rs and verdure wear,
ll the trees of life bloom out afresh.
um'rous suns which gild the realms of joy,
in their lightsome spheres, and brighter day
gh all th' interminable æther dart;
to the great unutterable Name,
ory they ascribe in lofty strains,
ins expressless by a mortal tongue.
py regions! O transporting place!
what regret I turn my loathing eyes
nder earthly globe, my dusky seat!
h! I must return; no more allow'd
eathe the calm, the soft, celestial air,
view the mystic wonders of the skies.

SERAPHIC LOVE.

I.

beauty's vast abyss, abstract of all
noughts can lovely, great, or splendid call;

To thee in heavenly flames, and pure desires,
My ravish'd soul impatiently aspires.

II.

With admiration, praise, and endless love,
Thou fill'st the wide resplendent worlds above;
And none can rival, or with thee compare,
Of all the bright intelligences there.

III.

What vapours then, what short liv'd glories be
The fairest idols of our sense to thee?
Before the streaming splendour of thine eye,
The languid beauties fall away, and die.

IV.

Farewel then, all you flat delights of sense!
I'm charm'd with a sublimer excellence,
To whom all mortal beauty's but a ray,
A scatter'd drop of his o'erflowing day.

V.

How strongly thou my panting heart dost move
With all the holy ecstacies of love!
In these sweet flames let me expire, and see
Unveil'd the brightness of thy Diety.

VI.

Oh! let me die! for there's no earthly bliss
My thoughts can ever relish after this;
No, dearest Lord, there's nothing here below,
Without thy smiles, to please, or satisfy me now.

The translation of ELIJAH.

ecture to the sad young prophets done,
last adieus, the rev'rend seer goes on,
ient as the sacred instinct guides.
now advanc'd to Jordan's verdant sides,
ı, with his great successor stood,
gave a signal to the passing flood;
bsequious waters stay, for well they know
: to his high authority they owe.
e wave on wave, with silent awe crouds back,
ave a clean, and spacious sandy track,
ı on with his companion goes,
ıd 'em soon the crystal ridges close,
ıore revers'd the troubled current flows.
forward still they went, discoursing high,
:av'nly bliss, and immortality,
ı from a cloud breaks like the purple dawn,
ery steeds a fiery chariot drawn,
ltt'ring convoy swift as that descends,
in an instant, parts th' embracing friends;
ıe bright car conducts the man of God,
mounts again the steep ethereal road.
passing triumph lightens all the air
ı ruddy lustre, than high noon more fair,
paints the clouds, than ev'ning beams more gay,
' which, with wondrous speed, they cut their way.
lofty piles of thunder, hail, and snow,
artillery of heav'n, they leave below;

Below the glimm'ring moon's pale regency
They leave, and now more free ascend the sky,
Breathing again immortal air, nor here
Resent the pressure of the atmosphere.
By holy ecstasies, and flames intense,
Here purg'd from all the dregs of mortal sense;
With heav'nly lustre, eminently gay,
Elijah, wond'ring, does himself survey;
All o'er surveys himself, and then the skies,
While new stupendous objects meet his eyes.
With his new being pleas'd, thus, the first man,
As just to live and reason he began,
On hills, and valleys, groves and fountains, gaz'd,
With skies and light thus ravish'd, thus amaz'd,
But now the utmost firmament they cleave,
And all the starry worlds behind them leave.
Hark, angels sing! of light appear new streaks!
Celestial day, with gaudy splendor breaks!
On heaven's rich solid azure now they tread,
The blissful paths that to God's presence lead:
While to the new inhab'tant all the way
Loud welcomes, on their harps, his guardians play.
A thousand joyful spirits crowd to meet
The glorious saint, and his arrival greet.

A DIALOGUE *between the* SOUL, RICHES, FAME, *an* PLEASURE.

RICHES.

DELUDED mortal, turn, and view my store,
While all my glitt'ring treasures I explore.

)ld of both the Indian worlds is mine,
ems that in the eatsern quarries shine.
: advent'rous men attempt the main,
l the fury of its waves sustain,
: all toils and hazards they disdain.
: their country's sold, their faith betray'd;
)ice of int'rest ne'er was disobey'd.

SOUL.

I thy tempting offers can despise,
se a wish on such a worthless prize.
yonder sparkling stars attract my sight,
old, thy boasted gems, lose all their light,
ring thoughts above these trifles rise,
im at glorious kingdoms in the skies.
: expect celestial diadems,
ning all thy counterfeited gems.

FAME.

nothing strange, that thy ambitious mind,
lid wealth should no temptation find:
have terms which thy acceptance claim,
: glory, and a mighty name!
ese the greatest souls on earth aspire,
most endu'd with the celestial fire;
ı neither wealth nor beauty can inflame,
hazard all for an illustrious name.

SOUL.

l yet thou art a mere fantastic thing,
ı can no solid satisfaction bring.
l I in costly monuments survive,
after death, in men's applauses live;

What profit were their vain applause to me,
If doom'd below to endless infamy,
Sunk in reproach, and everlasting shame,
With God and angels, where's my promis'd
But if their approbation I obtain,
And deathless wreaths, and heavenly glories
I may the world's false pageantry disdain.

PLEASURE.

But where the baits of wealth and honou
Th' enchanting voice of pleasure may prev
The lewd and virtuous, both my vassals pr
No breast so guarded but my charms can m
All that delights mankind, attends on me,
Beauty, and youth, and love, and harmony.
I wing the smiling hours, and gild the day,
My paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my

SOUL.

But, ah! these paths to black perdition ten
There soon thy soft, deluding visions end.
Those smooth, those flow'ry ways, lead dov
Where all thy slaves in endless night must
The road of virtue far more rugged is,
But oh! it leads to everlasting bliss;
And all beyond the thorny passage lies
The realm of light, discover'd to mine eyes
Gay bow'rs, and streams of joy, and lightsc
With happy shades, the beauteous prospec
Those blissful regions I shall shortly gain,
Where peace, and love, and endless pleasur

The xxxviii. *chapter of* Job *translated.*

In thunder now the God his silence broke,
And from a cloud this lofty language spoke.
Who, and where art thou, fond presumptuous man!
That by thy own weak measures mine wouldst scan!
Undaunted, as an equal match for me,
Stand forth, and answer, my demands to thee.
And first, let thy original be trac'd,
And tell me then what mighty thing thou wast,
When to the world my potent word gave birth,
And fix'd the centre of the floating earth?
Did'st thou assist with one designing thought,
Or my ideas rectify in aught,
When from confusion I this order brought?
When like an artist I the line stretch'd out,
And mark'd its wide circumference about,
Didst thou contribute, Job, the needful aid,
When I the deep and strong foundations laid,
And with my hand the rising pillars stay'd!
When from the perfect model of my mind,
The vast and stately fabric was design'd;
So wondrous, so complete in ev'ry part,
Adorn'd with such variety of art,
The sons of light the goodly frame survey,
As their own seats magnificent and gay;
Around the shining verge of heav'n they crowd,
And from the crystal confines shout aloud:
For joy the morning-stars together sang,
And heav'n all o'er with glad preludiums rang.

Were the tumultuous floods by thee controul'd,
When without bounds the faming billows roll'd?
Didst thou appoint them then their ouzy bed,
And humid clouds o'er all their surface spread,
Affixing limits to th' imperious deep,
The limits it perpetually shall keep;
Though mounting high, the angry surges roar,
And dash themselves, with rage, against the shor
When didst thou summon up the ling'ring day,
And haste the lovely blushing morn away!
Swift as my flaming messengers above,
Its gaudy wings at my direction move.
Hast thou survey'd the ocean's dark abode,
The steep descents, the vaults, and craggy roads,
Through which, with hollow rumour, rush the ne
ther floods?
Or hast thou measur'd the prodigious store
Of waves, that in those ghastly caverns roar?
Or hast thou, Job, the fatal valley trac'd,
And through the realms of death undaunted pass'
Where the pale king a rusty sceptre wields,
And reigns a tyrant o'er the dusky fields;
Dost thou the pure immortal fountain know,
From whence those num'rous streams of glory flo
Which feed the radiant lamps that in the ether glo
Or from what caves the sullen shadows rise,
When like a deluge night involves the skies?
How does the sun his morning beams display
Through golden clouds, and spread the sudden da

n breaking from the east, all fresh and fair,
lances through the glitt'ring fields of air!
is approach all nature looks more gay,
ıugh ev'ry grove refreshing breezes play,
o'er the streams, and o'er the meadow stray.
ɔst thou the clouds amidst the air sustain,
melt the floating rivers down in rain;
n over-charg'd, the yielding atmosphere,
ɔnger now the wat'ry load can bear?
loomy wings the sounding tempest flies,
heavy thunders roll along the skies;
nd the airy vault fierce light'nings play,
burn themselves, through solid clouds, a way:
water, who the wilderness supplies?
tell me whence the midnight dews arise?
om what cold and petrifying womb
ice, and nipping hoary frosts does come?
t secret pow'rs its fluid parts cement,
eal and harden the soft element?
tiff, and motionless, the frozen deep,
urling winds its shining surface sweep.
nst thou the cheering influences stay
ıose mild stars which deck the spring so gay?
ıose the sullen planet's icy bands,
:h frosts, and rough tempestuous winds commands?
: thou bring out fair Maz'roth's sultry beam?
uide through heav'ns blue tracks the starry team?
ll the shining, vast machines above,
ıy contrivance, in such order move?
——still thy divinity to prove,

Set open now the flood gates of the sky,
And call a mighty deluge from on high;
Kindle prodigious lightnings, and command
The bursting flashes with a daring hand—
I'll then confess thou hast an arm like me,
And that thy own right hand can succour thee

HYMN.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee, &c. ? Psal. lxxi

I.

The calls of glory, beauty's smiles
And charms of harmony,
Are all but dull, insipid things,
Compar'd, my God, with thee.

II.

Without thy love I nothing crave,
And nothing can enjoy;
The proffer'd world I should neglect,
As an unenvy'd toy.

III.

The sun, the num'rous stars, and all
The wonders of the skies,
If to be purchas'd with thy smiles,
Thou know'st I would despise.

IV.

What were the earth, the sun, the stars,
Or heav'n itself to me,
(My life, my everlasting bliss!
If not secur'd of thee?

V.

Celestial bow'rs, seraphic songs,
And fields of endless light,
Would all unentertaining prove,
Without thy blissful sight.

Thoughts of a dying CHRISTIAN.

COME, I come! and joyfully obey
ie fatal voice that summons me away:
ith pleasure I resign this mortal breath,
id fall a willing sacrifice to death.
welcome stroke, that gives me liberty!
lcome, as to the slave, a jubilee!
the vain world I take my last adieu,
: promis'd land is now within my view;
: clouds dispel, the stormy danger's past,
I I attain the peaceful shores at last.
hope's dear objects, now are all in sight
: lands of love, and unexhausted light;
: flowing streams of joy, and endless bliss,
shining plains, and walks of paradise;
trees of life, immortal fruits and flow'rs,
tall celestial groves and charming bow'rs;
eathe the balmy empyrean air,
songs of angels and their harps I hear;
I scarce the fierce tyrannic joy can bear.

HYMN.

I.

Immortal fountain of my life,
My last, my noblest end:
Eternal centre of my soul,
Where all its motions tend!

II.

Thou object of my dearest love,
My heav'nly paradise,
The spring of all my flowing joys,
My everlasting bliss!

III.

My God, my hope, my vast reward,
And all I would possess;
Still more than these pathethic names,
And charming words express!

The Appeal.

I.

To thee, great Searcher of the heart,
I solemnly appeal,
Who all the secrets of my soul,
And inmost thoughts canst tell.

II.

Ev'n thou, th' unerring Judge of all,
Dost my dread witness prove:
That thee, beyond whate'er the world
Can tempt me with, I love.

III.

That thou, whatever else I miss,
Whatever else I lose,

rt my exceeding great reward,
And highest bliss I chuse.

IV.

ave me of wealth, of honour, friends,
And all things else bereft:
it of thy favour, gracious God,
Let me be never left!

V.

hear and grant thy boundless love's
Inestimable store,
nd I'll hereafter close my lips,
And never urge thee more.

VI.

'ith this alone I'll be content;
But, Lord, of this deny'd,
should despise the noblest gift,
Thou couldst bestow beside.

VII.

mong the brightest joys of life,
I should no pleasure know,
it murm'ring to the sullen shades
Of endless night would go.

', *O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feed-*
where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon,
t. i. 7.

I.

LOVELIER to my ravish'd eyes
Than all they ever saw,

Much dearer than the light I view,
Or vital breath I draw.

II.

Eternal treasure of my heart,
Whom as my soul I love,
O, tell me, to what happy shades
Thou dost, at noon, remove!

III.

O, tell me where, by crystal streams,
Thy snowy flocks are led,
And in what fruitful meadows they
Are by thy bounty fed!

IV.

For thee I languish all the day,
For thee I hourly pine;
As flow'rs that want the chearing sun,
Their painted heads decline.

V.

Ah! why from my impatient eyes
Dost thou thyself conceal,
Whilst I in vain in lonely shades,
My restless pain reveal?

To MR WATT'S, *on his* POEMS *sacred to* DEVOTI(

I.

To murm'ring streams in tender strains,
My pensive muse no more
Of love's inchanting force complains,
Along the flow'ry shore.

II.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face,
My quiet breast alarms,
His eyes, his air, and usual grace
Have lost their youthful charms.

III.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme;
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel;
While, Watts, to thy celestial strain
Surpriz'd I listen still.

V.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

VI.

With such a grateful harmony
Thy numbers still prolong,
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song.

VII.

Far as the distant regions where
The beauteous morning springs,
And scatters odours through the air
From her resplendent wings;

VIII.

Unto the new-found realms which see
The latter sun arise,
When with an easy progress he
Rolls down the nether skies.

Despair.

Oh! lead me to some solitary gloom,
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor chearful echoes come
But silent all, and dusky let it be,
Remote and unfrequented, but by me;
Mysterious, close, and sullen as that grief,
Which leads me to its covert for relief.
Far from the busy world's detested noise,
Its wretched pleasures, and distracted joys;
Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,
And dance, and sing, impertinently gay,
Their short, inestimable hours away;
Far from the studious follies of the great,
The tiresome farce of ceremonious state.
There, in a melting, solemn, dying strain,
Let me, all day, upon my lyre complain,
And wind up all its soft, harmonious strings,
To noble, serious, melancholy things.
And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
The close recesses of the sacred place:
Nor let a bird of chearful note come near,
To whisper out his airy raptures here.

Only the pensive songstress of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve;
While drooping winds among the branches sigh,
And sluggish waters heavily roll by.
Here, to my fatal sorrows let me give
The short remaining hours I have to live,
Then, with a sullen, deep-fetch'd groan expire,
And to the grave's dark solitude retire.

To CLEONE.

FROM the bright realms, and happy fields above,
The seats of pleasure, and immortal love;
Where joys no more on airy chance depend,
All health to thee from those gay climes I send!
For thee my tender passion is the same,
Nor death itself has quench'd the noble flame;
For charms like thine for ever fix the mind,
And with eternal obligations bind.
And when kind fate shall my Cleone free
From the dull fetters of mortality,
I'll meet thy parting soul, and guide my fair
In triumph through the lightsome fields of air;
Till thou shalt gain the blissful seats and bow'rs,
And shining plains deck'd with unfading flow'rs.
There nobler heights our friendship shall improve
For flames, like ours, bright spirits feel above,
And tune their golden harps to the soft notes of love.
The sacred subject swells each heav'nly breast,
And in their looks its transports are exprest.

The muses here Amyntas should deplore,
Who visits these delightful walks no more.
The noble youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
The boasted hope and glory of his race,
No more shall these inviting shades frequent;
What merit can the fatal hour prevent?

Lament, ye gloomy grotts, and charming bow'rs,
Pine at your roots, ye various plants and flow'rs;
Decay'd may all your painted blossoms fall,
Nor let the genial ray your life recall;
Nor e'er again your gentle tribute bring,
(Gay nature's pride,) to crown the fragrant spring:
'Though in her prime the lovely season here,
'Till now, has triump'd round the changing year;
And blooming still the wintry turns defy'd,
Nor blasting air, nor nipping frost has try'd;
While the glad sun ev'n linger'd in his race,
And bless'd with constant smiles the happy place.

Ye tender myrtles mourn, nor let your boughs
Hereafter deck one joyful lover's brows.
Ye folding bays, and laurel's sacred shade,
At once let all your wreathing glories fade.
May raging tempests in the grove contend,
And from the stately firs their branches rend;
Nor let their shade receive the feather'd throng,
Which chear the ev'ning with their tuneful song;
Nor ever here let balmy Zephyrs stray,
And with their fragrant breath perfume the op'ning d

Ye swelling fountains, be for ever dry,
Or far from these unhappy borders fly;

the skill of any daring hand,
e these walks your dancing spouts command;
rtive Tritons from their native course
i air the silver currents force;
leep cascades the musing thought delight,
shing waves to soft repose invite.
he proud pedestals no longer prop
arble loads, but into ruins drop;
ms of heroes, and poetic gods,
ecome these desolate abodes:
s is no more; who best could trace
ne proportions, judge of ev'ry grace,
aking gesture, and pathetic face.
'er air a noble thought exprest,
ge met in his own gen'rous breast.
lpture, nor heroic numbers told
design, or glorious name inroll'd,
v'd in him an emulating flame;
d occasion try'd, his deeds had been the same.
mplish'd youth; why wast thou snatch'd away!
sand lives should have redeem'd thy stay,
orth, like thine, so short a period find,
ave so many useless things behind,
cing forms, the burthen of the state;
a whole nation suffers in thy fate?

On Love.

rous Love, *thou sacred mystery!*
use in mortal strains can speak of thee?

We feel th' effect, and own thy force divine,
But vainly would the glorious cause define.
In part thy power in these cold realms is known;
But in the blest celestial seats alone,
Thy triumph in their spendid heights are shown.
Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light
And spotless flame, burns there for ever bright.
Expressless pleasure, and transporting grace,
With lasting beauty, shine upon thy face.
By ev'ry tongue thy charms are there confest,
And kindle joys in ev'ry heav'nly breast:
For thee they touch the soft melodious string,
And love in glad triumphant accents sing,
Almighty love, whence all their raptures spring

Revelation, Chap. xvi.

Already from before the sacred throne
The sev'n avenging ministers are gone;
Charg'd with the last great plagues behold they stand,
With each his various mischief in his hand:
Sev'n trumpets give the sign, at ev'ry call,
In order they the wrathful dregs let fall.

A prelude sounds: the first his vial pours
Amidst the air, ensu'd by sulph'rous show'rs;
While from their caves portentous tempests rise,
And pitchy clouds obscure the angry skies.

They sound again; the ocean's briny flood
The second vial turns to streaming blood;

Again! and lo! a burning comet takes
Its downward way, and drinks the fresher lakes;
The lakes, the swelling springs, and running streams,
Are all a prey to its malignant beams.
His signal now the fourth great angel takes,
And o'er the sun a livid venom shakes;
Its beauteous orb a bloody tincture wears,
And with a fierce malignant horror glares:
The silver moon resigns her trembling ray,
While all the faint nocturnal lights decay.
Another echoing clangor shakes the sky;
And open wide th' infernal portals fly,
Revealing all the dismal realms below,
The dens of night, and seats of endless wo;
Ascending smoke pollutes the sickly air,
While ruddy flames amidst the darkness glare.
Now the sixth trumpet's direful sounds succeed:
And from their adamantine fetters freed,
The raging fiends from long confinement come,
With monstrous shapes in open air to roam:
A gloomy host: in terrible array
They march along; pale horror leads the way,
And in its ghastliest form before them walks;
Behind them empty desolation stalks.
The seventh shrill trumpet utters now its voice,
Through earth and hell resounds the dreadful noise:
"Arise, ye dead, arise to judgment! come,
"And take, according to your works, your doom!"
Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
The lightnings flash, the final thunders roll,

The graves divide, the startled dead awake,
And hov'ring souls their former mansions take.

A Pastoral.

Inscribed to Mrs Frances Worsley, (*now the right honourable the Lady* Carteret.)

Sylvia, the pride of all the rural train,
By Celadon was lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
His graceful form by nature seem'd design'd,
To charm the nicest of the beauteous kind.
With vain Narcissus in his blooming pride,
Or Hyacinth, the shepherd might have vy'd.
He danc'd—nor Paris with a nobler mien,
On Xanthus' borders trac'd the level green.
Tuneful his voice—but Phœbus lov'd in vain,
Nor met success with his immortal strain:
More wild than Daphne, o'er the flow'ry mead,
Coy Sylvia her intreating lover fled.
Nor could his melting numbers once prevail
To gain attention to his am'rous tale:
'Till mov'd with pity for his restless care,
Her fellow nymphs detain the flying fair;
Intreated half, and half compell'd her stay;
Beneath a shade that screen'd the burning ray
They sit; their bleating flocks around them stray
While thus th' unhappy youth in mournful strains
Of his ungrateful shepherdess complains.

Returning springs the faded year renew,
And summer-gales the wintry storms ensue,

But no vicissitude of joy I prove,
No change of season to my hopeless love.
The falling sun in western shades declines,
Refresh'd again the purple morning shines;
But no kind smiles with dawning rays appear
In Sylvia's eyes, my gloomy breast to chear.
The silver moon wheels her pale course above,
And midnight stars in solemn order move,
Envy itself, and faction find repose;
While no relief my wilder passion knows:
Or if disorder'd slumbers close mine eyes,
Coy Sylvia still before my fancy flies;
Through dusky groves and vales I seem to trace,
Her fleeting form, that mocks my fond embrace;
I wake to new despair, and tell my pain
To whisp'ring winds and sounding rocks in vain:
Yet these, relentless fair, more kind than thee,
In sighing echoes seem to plead for me.
Gay nature now to gentler thoughts invites,
And the fair season calls for soft delights;
The vig'rous sun smiles on the fruitful earth,
And gives a thousand beauteous flow'rs their birth;
The conscious trees their verdant branches spread,
Inviting lovers to their friendly shade:
These scenes were made for love; each whisp'ring stream,
And painted vale require the tender theme.
Love triumphs here, and on the peaceful plains,
The gentle god his empire still maintains;

The busy city's restless noise he shuns,
And far from factious courts affrighted runs:
Hither his quiver, and his torch he brings,
And hov'ring round the air with downy wings,
Among the swains his sportive darts he flings.
Th' immortal race oft seek the calm retreats,
And for their pleasures chuse the rural seats.
In the Sabean groves, and Cyprian bowers
The queen of beauty spent her softest hours:
The fair Aurora, too, a nymph divine,
With rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes like thine,
But gentler far; on Hæmus' dewy head
Pursu'd a youth, who her embraces fled.
Diana's self, thy boasted goddess, lov'd,
Nor still, like thee, inflexible has prov'd:
Mæander's winding banks, and Lycus' shore
Have heard her oft her rig'rous fate deplore;
The Carian hills were witness to her grief,
There wand'ring round, she vainly sought relief:
Nor roves a savage huntress as before,
Her hand a pointed jav'lin shakes no more,
While thro' the woods she tracks the foaming bc
To diff'rent cares her thoughts were now confin
Endymion's image had possess'd her mind.
On Latmos' top the lovely youth she found,
Gently reclin d upon the verdant ground,
His senses all in balmy slumbers drown'd.
Not young Adonis ever look'd more fair;
An am'rous breeze plays with his careless hair;

: virgin goddess fix'd her wond'ring sight;
ove her own transparent orb roll'd bright,
l all the stars lent their officious light.
views his blooming charms with fond surprise,
isual transports in her bosom rise;
unaccustom'd wish her breast inspires;
l now she checks, now soothes her wild desires,
roaches softly now, and now retires:
ast resolv'd, a modest kiss she steals,
le Venus laughing, all the theft reveals.
hus gods and men to love's imperial sway
nit, and his resistless laws obey:
trust me, Sylvia, some propitious hour
l yet arrive, when thou shalt feel his pow'r.
ie shepherd ceas'd, the nymphs his numbers praise;
ı Sylvia, soften'd by his melting lays,
ırns a smile; then with a decent pride
res, and strives her alter'd thoughts to hide.

To Chloe. *An Epistle.*

ı Chloe, leave the noisy town, and try
at artless sweets the country-scenes supply:
ile the young year in all its pride invites,
l promises a thousand gay delights;
ile the glad sun his fairest light displays,
l op'ning blossoms court his chearful rays.
: nymphs for thee *shall deck* some rural bow'r
h ev'ry verdant branch and painted flow'r;

To thee the swains full canisters shall bring,
Of all the fragrant treasures of the spring:
While some young shepherd in the sounding grove
Shall tune his reed for thee to strains of love.
Nor from the soft, inchanting accents run,
For who the pleasing charms of love would shun;
Such love as in these guiltless seats is known,
Such as a state of innocence might own.
No frauds, no treach'rous arts are practis'd here,
No perjur'd vows deluded virgins fear.
The gentle god with mild indulgence sways,
And ev'ry willing heart his laws obeys.
All hail, ye fields, and ev'ry happy grove!
How your soft scenes the tender flame improve,
And melt the thoughts, and turn the soul to love!
'Twas here Mirtillo's charms my bosom fir'd,
While all the god the am'rous youth inspir'd;
Divine his art, prevailing was his tongue,
While in the shades the skillful shepherd sung;
On downy wings young Zephyrs took the sound,
And chear'd the plains, and all the valleys round:
The list'ning streams were conscious of his flame,
And ev'ry grove acquainted with my name.
No nymph but envy'd me Mirtillo's praise,
For I had all his vows and tender lays.
Nor could such truth and merit plead in vain,
I heard his sighs, and pity'd all his pain;
While Venus smil'd propitious from above,
And crown'd our vows, and blest our mutual love.

ip'rous fates attend the happy day,
ling joys for ever make it gay!
:nce we date our bliss, and still improve
delights, as through the woods we rove:
y meadows, groves, and fragrant bow'rs,
id free, we spend the lightsome hours.
ive the Dryads, thus the sacred race
nt the valleys, and the fountains grace;
l scenes indulge their warm desires,
i their joys, and feed immortal fires.
ho in heav'n could guard her breast,
os' flow'ry fields the god confest.
:, but his, among the swains is known,
love is all the pow'r they own;
illing tribute to his shrine they bring,
and lambs, and all the blooming spring,
) their tuneful harps his praise they sing.
Zephyrs bear the charming accents round,
ks and mossy caves retain the sound;
nd wolves grow wild, the tim'rous fawns,
:ed, skip along the open lawns,
id myrtles bloom, the am'rous doves,
the warbling chorus own their loves:
lding groves, and falling floods reply,
confess the pow'rful deity.

THE CONFLAGRATION. *An Ode.*

I.

is men before the deluge lay,
g joys and luxury dissolv'd,

'Till swift destruction swept them all away,
The stupid world will then be found;
In all licentiousness and sin involv'd,
When loud to judgement the last trumpets sound.
Then time shall be no more,
Nor months and years proportion'd by the sun;
Which ne'er again shall run,
With vig'rous pride, the shining zodiac o'er.

II.

A sudden change the living shall translate
To an immortal from a mortal state:
While those that slumber in the grave awake
In crowds their former vehicles to take,
Endu'd with principles that may sustain
Celestial pleasure, or infernal pain.

III.

And now begins the universal wreck;
The wheels of nature stand, or change their course,
And backward hurrying with disorder'd force,
The long establish'd laws of motion break.
The refluent rivers to their fountains run,
Their ancient paths and well-known channels shun.
The seas their sandy banks deride,
And know their bounds no more,
Against the rocks, with stormy pride,
The angry billows roar:
Now swelling, like transparent mounts appear,
Which to the clouds their lofty summits rear,
And mingle with the virgin waters there:
Here, like the mouth of hell, vast whirlpools yawn,

nd down the rapid gulph whole floods and isles are drawn.

IV.

Prodigious thunders shake the sky,
s from their cells with clam'rous rage they break;
Prodigious lightnings kindle as they fly,
nd trace the clouds with many a fiery streak:
While in the darken'd air
Vith horrid beams malignant comets glare.
Encount'ring tempests strive,
Vhich mighty winds across each other drive.
oos'd from the spacious cavities below,
rom all the adverse points of heav'n they blow,
nd murmur from afar with stormy sound;
Vhile burning bolts and hailstones rake the ground.
esistless whirlwinds bluster here and there,
rees from their roots, stones from the rocks they tear.

V.

The central fire within its prison raves,
nd all the globe with strong concussions shakes,
As from its urn in sulph'rous waves
The dreadful element breaks;
hrough all the gloomy vaults around it flows,
hrough ev'ry cleft and winding fissure glows,
And wild excursions makes:
s course no subterranean damps oppose,
rom vein to vein the active particles take fire,
nd towards the surface of the globe aspire;
/hole groves, and hills, and buildings undermine,
/hole groves, and hills, and palaces drop in;

Wide gapes the direful gulph, and where
Tall mountains stood, prodigious chasms appear.
With wilder fury here
The fierce materials outward rush,
And where, ev'n now, a level plain was spread,
Vast rocks and frowning steeps erect their hideous he:
From whose dark entrails livid torrents gush,
And glowing cataracts spout:
Like Ætna now the new Volcano roars,[1]
Unwieldy stones, and burning craggs throws out,
With show'rs of sand, and seas of melted ores.

VI.

While louder still on high the trumpets sound,
And reach the dreary kingdoms under ground.
Hell's deep foundations the strange echoes shake,
With terrors fill each raging fiend,
The earth with strong concussions rend,
And wide disclose the vast infernal lake,
With all the execrable dens below,
The dwellings of unutterable wo.
Thick steams from the unbottom'd gulph arise,
And blacken all the skies:
The startled sun winks at the horrid sight,
And robs the moon of all her silver light:
While ev'ry gay, ethereal flame expires,
Or to its first original retires.
Now mightier pangs the whole creation feels:
Each planet from its shatter'd axis reels,
And orbs immense on orbs immense drop down,
Like scatt'ring leaves from off their branches blowr

VII.

Again, the great archangel's summons fly
Thro' earth, thro' hell, and all the ample vaults on high.
Wide fly the portals of eternal day,
To give the King of glory way:
And lo! the Son of God descends,
Heav'n's everlasting frame beneath him bends;
On lowring clouds he sits inthron'd,
Whence ruddy flames, and pointing lightnings play,
And bellowing thunders with shrill voices sound:
To judge the world he comes with awful state,
Ten thousand times ten thousand on him wait,
Cherub and Seraphim,
With mighty chiefs and splendid dignities,
Dominions, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of heav'nly thrones the num'rous regencies.
And (if a muse might dare
Things so extremely distant to compare)
Like Hesperus leading on the countless stars,
The God before his radiant train appears;
Divine his form, ineffable his air,
At once benignant, solemn, and severe;
Around him dart refulgent beams,
And from his eyes approachless glory streams.

VIII.

The waters see, and downward fink,
The mountains melt like wax before the fire,
The folding heav'ns together shrink,
And with a mighty noise the clashing orbs retire.

Despairing, trembling, mad, the vitious fly,
And to the falling rocks for shelter cry;
To hell's impenetrable shades would run,
The face of their vindictive Judge to shun.
The shudd'ring fiends t'avoid his sight,
Beneath the burning deeps would hide;
Unable now to bear celestial light,
Or the resplendence of his looks abide.

IX.

Unmov'd alone the virtuous now appear,
And in their looks a calm assurance wear,
Nor hell, nor all its horrors fear.
From east, from west, from north, and south th
To take from the most righteous Judge their
Who thus to them, with a serene regard;
(The books of life before him laid,
And all the secret records wide display'd);
"According to your works be your reward;
"As my reproach and cross you did not fear,
"To men and angels I approve you here;
"Possess immortal kingdoms as your due,
"Prepar'd from an eternal date for you."

X

The glitt'ring legions shout above,
And down ten thousand heav'nly guardians fly
T' attend their joyful charges to the sky:
And upward now with wondrous pomp they m
Melodious welcomes they receive on high,
With shining robes, victorious palms and crow
Celestial dignities, and everlasting thrones;

While beauty, life, and joy, with love divine,
Break from their eyes, and on their faces shine.

XI.

Th' apostate spirits rage, as when they fell
From off th' ethereal battlements to hell,
To see the humble race of man supply
Their once illustrious stations in the sky.
The sinners gnash their teeth for envy too;
To whom thus speaks the wrathful Deity.
"From me accurst! for ever go,
"And dwell with endless burnings, endless night and
"wo.
"In vain in your adversity you cry,
"Inexorable to your cries I'll be,
"As you were once to me."

XII.

Like stings these fatal accents wound,
And all the wretched sinners pleas confound;
Opprest with shame, confusion, and despair,
They sink, nor can the heavy judgment bear.
Th' unfathom'd deep, to swallow them gapes wide;
And now without controul
The fiery surges roll,
And hell extends itself on ev'ry side:
Where, without intermisson, without end,
Howling and lamentations loud ascend;
With flames and hellish smother, which appear
To form about the globe a dreadful atmosphere.

XIII.

Why vice was prosp'rous, virtue why distres
With all the deep-writ sense,
The dark mysterious ways of providence,
To men and angels now are manifest.

A LAPLANDER'S *Song to his Mistress.*

I.

SHINE out, resplendent god of day,
On my fair Orramoor;
Her charms thy most propitious ray,
And kindest looks allure.

II.

In mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
I'd climb the tallest tree,
Could I from thence my absent love,
My charming rover see.

III.

I'd venture on a rising cloud,
Aloft in yielding air,
From that exalted station proud,
To view the smiling fair.

IV.

Should she in some sequester'd bow'r,
Among the branches hide,
I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Till there she was descry'd.

V.

From ev'ry bird I'd steal a wing
To Orramoor to fly;

And, urg'd by love, would swiftly spring
Along the lightsome sky.

VI.

Return and bless me with thy charms,
While yet the sun displays
His fairest beams, and kindly warms
Us with his vital rays.

VII.

Return before that light be gone,
In which thou shouldst appear;
Unwelcome night is hast'ning on
To darken half the year.

VIII.

In vain, relentless maid, in vain
Thou dost a youth forsake,
Whose love shall quickly o'er the plain
Thy savage flight o'ertake.

IX.

Should bars of steel my passage stay,
They could not thee secure:
I'd through inchantments find a way
To seize my Orramoor.

A Hymn *of Thanks, on my Recovery from the* Small-Pox.

I.

To God, my great Deliv'rer, and my Trust,
My Life, my Love, and ev'ry tender name

That makes my gratitude and homage just;
Let heav'nly ardour all my soul inflame!

II.

To thee my muse some tuneful gift would bring,
And humbly consecrate her noblest verse;
Fain would she touch, for thee, her sweetest string,
And in immortal strains thy love rehearse.

III.

But, oh! what words of men can reach the theme
What human eloquence express thy praise?
Immense thy pow'r, unspeakable thy name,
Thy throne surrounded with majestic rays.

IV.

Yet let my grateful zeal accepted prove,
Since weak mortality can give no more;
I cannot speak, 'tis true, but I can love,
I love, and what I cannot praise, adore.

The HYMN *of the three Eastern* MAGI, *adoring our Saviour at his Nativity.*

FROM those blest regions where the sun displays
His blooming light, and spreads his earliest rays;
Where fragrant groves for sacred incense spring,
To thee, great Son of God, our zealous vows we bring.
Hail mighty Infant, offspring of the skies!
Celestial glory lightens in thy eyes:
Thy smiles presage immeasurable grace,
And scenes of paradise are open'd in thy face.

)re than the race of man surprising fair !
lovely than thy own propitious star !
ı first its chearful lustre blest our sight,
d with superior beams, and well distinguish'd light.
e sun its conqu'ring glories met by day,
fac'd his rival with a fainter ray ;
lden robes, amidst the shades it blaz'd,
: night, with all her eyes on the fair stranger gaz'd.
rich Judea still it led the way;
ıov'ring where th' immortal infant lay ;
darting beams it gilds the blest abode,
o our longing eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd God.
ıom thus with pure devotion we adore,
reely offer all our costly store ;
as a tribute to the new-born King,
ncense to the God, with humble zeal we bring.
: spacious East shall soon converted be,
ll her splendid monarchs kneel to thee.
ın no more, in folding clouds array'd,
nourn the impious honours to his lustre paid.
s shall cease to bellow through the crowd,
gilded horns, and flow'ry garlands proud ;
:a's costly gums shall smoke no more
ds of monstrous shape, on Nile's polluted shore.
thou shalt rise in fame, illustrious Child,
mankind, the Great REDEEMER styl'd ;
l in ev'ry language known and blest,
ry bending knee ador'd, and ev'ry tongue con-
st.

Temples to thee with gilded spires shall rise,
And clouds of fragrant incense shade the skies:
In lofty hymns, and consecrated verse,
Succeeding times shall speak thy praise, and thy great name rehearse.
And thee, unblemish'd maid, divinely fair,
Whose tender arms th' eternal Monarch bear:
Thrice happy thee posterity shall call,
Pride of thy lovely sex, and grac'd above them all.

A PASTORAL.

In Imitation of DRAYTON'S *second Nymphal,*

CLEON and Lycidas were jolly swains,
Their worth distinguish'd on th' Arcadian plains.
Cleon, a hardy youth, on mountains bred,
O'er craggy rocks his browzing goats he led;
At rural festivals he still appear'd,
A challenger in ev'ry combat fear'd:
For none like him the weighty sledge could throw,
Or manage with more dextrous art the bow;
In wrestling skill'd, and foremost in the race,
Advent'rous still, and eager for the chace;
Through savage woods, o'er hills with summits hoar,
Arm'd with a spear, he trac'd the tusky boar.
But Lycidas among the nymphs was bred,
The flow'ry vales he sought, and verdant mead,
And there, by curling streams, his flocks were fed.
His goodly stature, and well-featur'd face,
Of ev'ry shepherdess obtain'd the grace.

axen hair, in ringlets from his crown,
th his shoulders carelessly hung down.
e'er he danc'd, Apollo's self was seen,
proportion'd step, and graceful mien;
oke so fine, so artfully he sung,
but Myrtilla could resist his tongue.
arms but her's his numbers could inspire;
ymph was fam'd, a sylvan God her sire.
nother of the Naiad's beauteous race:
her she took the sweetness of her face.
Venus' self could boast a face more fair,
rosy lips, or more enticing hair.
looming innocence, her lovely eyes,
perfect shape, did ev'ry heart surprise.
oice could ev'n a rising torrent stay,
ngry lion's fiercest rage allay,
keep the list'ning savage from his prey.
naid by gentle Lycidas was lov'd,
vilder Cleon less enamour'd prov'd.
overs both attend the usual hour,
brought Myrtilla from her fragrant bow'r,
reathe the balmy morning's pleasant air;
n full of warm desires the swains prepare,
songs and promis'd gifts, to gain the fair.

LYCIDAS.

snowy lamb I've bred, so full of play,
ll entertain my shepherdess all day;
ee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
thy fair hands alone to take its food;

Then to express its joy, with many a bound
And airy frisk, 'twill seem to scorn the ground:
And this, with all my future vows, are thine,
If thou, for me, my rival wilt decline.

CLEON.

My proffers now, and artless language hear,
And turn from his smooth tales thy list'ning ear
For I can boast a kid more white than milk,
And softer far than the Siberian silk;
Whene'er you walk, 'twill walk as gently by,
And at your feet, whene'er you sit, will lie;
If o'er the plains you run with nimble pace,
'Twill skip along, and seem to urge the race;
And this, bright maid, I frankly offer thee,
To quit my rival, and to live with me.

MYRTILLA.

Have you, indeed, such valu'd things in store
And never boasted of your wealth before?
Your offers, gentle youths, I own most fair,
And such a kid and lamb are wond'rous rare:
What virtue so severe, what maid so vain,
Such lovers, and such presents to disdain?
Yet Minx, my dog, I dare a wager lay,
As many tricks as both of them shall play.

LYCIDAS.

But I two sparrows will on thee bestow,
Their plumes unsoil'd, and white as falling snow
Venus herself had warm'd them in her breast,
Had her unlucky son but found the nest.

The sprightly birds are bred so tame, they'll stand,
And chirp, and sweetly prattle on thy hand;
Wanton, among thy curling locks they'll creep,
And, if permitted, in thy bosom sleep.

CLEON.

Fair nymph, his boasted sparrows do not mind,
As good in ev'ry common bush I'll find.
But I a pair of am'rous doves will bring,
With shining plumes, and nicely-chequer'd wing;
Their changing necks more various colours show,
Than Iris paints on the celestial bow;
Should Cytherœa on them cast an eye,
The birds she'd with her golden apple buy.

MYRTILLA.

With such fine doves and sparrows will you part,
Unthinking youths! to gain a trifling heart?
On Venus, who so well their worth must know,
The wond'rous birds you'd better far bestow;
Your costly zeal the goddess may reward,
And your soft vows propitiously regard.

LYCIDAS.

To crown thy temples, garlands I'll compose
Of bull blown lillies, and the budding rose;
With those the golden hyacinth I'll twine,
And blushing pinks, and purple vi'let's join;
Fresh nosegays from the fields each day I'll bring,
Made up of all the sweetness of the spring.

CLEON.

His wreaths and painted nosegays will decay,
And lose their proudest beauty in a day;

But I've a gift which all his trifles mocks:
As towards the beach I lately drove my flocks,
Three coral sprigs I found among the rocks:
These nicely plac'd among thy braided hair,
As little ornaments may serve my fair.

MYRTILLA.

With yellow hyacinths, pinks, and vi'lets blue,
In garlands wreath'd and painted nosegays too,
With coral-sprigs so deck'd, and wond'rous fine,
A lady of the May I shall outshine.
But while I trim my braided locks so gay,
And waste in dressing half the fleeting day,
My flocks, I fear, would thus neglected, stray.

LYCIDAS.

As on Alphæus' banks my sheep were fed,
I form'd a little barge of bending reed;
So closely wrought, and twisted round the sides,
That on the dancing wave secure it rides:
In this, if thou wilt try the silver stream,
Another sea born goddess thou shalt seem;
While twelve white swains, with wreathing woo
bines ty'd,
And tassell'd flow'rs, the floating pomp shall guide

CLEON.

On yonder hill, with lofty forests crown'd,
A nymph of bright Diana's train I found,
Who from her sisters heedlessly had stray'd;
And by a brutal satyr seiz'd, the maid
On her chaste goddess call'd aloud for aid:

I to her succour running, nimbly threw
A bearded arrow, which the monster slew,
On me the grateful virgin would bestow
Her painted quiver, and her polish'd bow.
The bow and gilded shafts thou may'st command,
And both are worth of Diana's hand:
Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the woods shalt rove,
And seem another goddess of the grove.

MYRTILLA.

Through savage woods to hunt wild beasts with thee,
To love must needs a mighty motive be;
But I the dang'rous pleasure dare not prove,
Ev'n to be thought a goddess of the grove:
Nor less I fear to try the promis'd boat
And venture on the dancing waves to float.
I've no ambition o'er the floods to ride,
Tho' drawn by swains with wreathing woodbines ty'd;
Rather secure, through peaceful vales I'd stray,
And watch my flocks in humble shades all day:
But if a tender thought could warm my breast,
In two such worthy lovers I were blest;
Whose merits with such equal claims appear,
That 'twere injustice either to prefer;
While both rejected, both must be content;
And treated thus, you've nothing to repent,
But that, like me, an hour you've idly spent.

An Ode on Beauty.

I.

Beauty, my soft transporting theme,
Assist my muse, and all my soul inflame:

With ev'ry grace, and ev'ry tender charm,
Exalt my fancy, and my bosom warm.
Thou canst the coldest breast inspire
With sacred rapture, and refin'd desire:
Not glory, friendship, wealth, or liberty,
Attract and charm like thee.
The prince, the swain, the tim'rous, and the brav
Thou, by a sov'reign title, dost inslave:
Thee, ev'n the saint and libertine obey,
And uncontroul'd and boundless is thy sway.

II.

By thee the holy hermit fir'd,
In ecstacies sublime,
Far from the sensual crowd retir'd,
Spends all his happy time;
While smiling forms, and glorious visions roll
Uninterrupted through his ravish'd soul.

III.

Nor human minds alone thy pow'r confess,
A kind of homage brutes themselves express;
Vanquish'd by thee, fierce lions quit their prey,
And harmless o'er the Lybian deserts stray.

IV.

With admiration, ecstasy, and love,
Thou fill'st the num'rous shining worlds abo
There are thy triumphs shown,
For thee each heav'nly lyre is strung;
Thy force, to no celestial breast unknown,
Is the perpetual subject of their song.

V.

The mighty Being whom we all adore,
Immortal beauty, owns thy pow'r:
A whole eternity roll'd on,
While with his own supreme perfections he
Solac'd himself, immensely blest in thee,
And pleas'd with the bright images which shone
In his own beatific mind,
He all things visible by them design'd,
And after those complete ideas wrought.
When from the black abyss of night
He drew the beauteous light,
And comely order from confusion brought;
He rais'd the sparkling arches of the skies,
And bade the sun in golden splendour rise;
He gave the moon her silver blaze,
And lent the glimm'ring stars their rays.
To him the morning owes her crimson vest;
His skill with flow'rs the smiling valleys drest,
And cloath'd with various furs the beast;
In shining scales he arm'd the finny race,
And gave the painted birds their plumy grace.
Nor here creation ceas'd;
With the great work th' almighty Maker pleas'd,
Still from a brighter copy of his mind,
He man with God like faculties design'd:
Surveying then the universe around,
The universe his approbation found,
In ev'ry *part with* perfect beauty crown'd.

On Love.

Venus, the beauteous offspring of the day,
From thy bright orb dart one propitious ray;
Awake the gentlest passions in my breast,
And be thy pow'r through all my soul confest.
From faithless waves thou art but feign'd to rise;
Nor gloomy Saturn gave thee to the skies;
No wanton crowds at Cyprus thee invok'd,
Nor impious incense on thy altars smok'd.
Divine thy lineage, thy resplendent star,
With chearful glory glads the fields of air:
From thee the sweet, the fertile spirit flows,
That (source of life,) through total nature glows
And bids her jarring parts one beauteous all compose.
The poets justly would thy pomp display,
In dazzling triumph rolling o'er the sea:
While all the ranks of life, or sense, that rise
In fields, or floods, or through the spacious skies,
Confess the force of thy inspiring flame,
And pay their homgae to thy mighty name.

To Mrs Arabella Marrow, *in the Country.*

Whate'er delights the verdant field,
The grove, and mossy fountain yield;
Whate'er the gentle, blooming spring,
Or summer in their glory bring;

Let them all conspire to bless
Belinda, in her soft recess.
All ye tuneful feather'd throng,
Salute her in your artless song.
Ye Zephyrs flying through the vales,
Meet her with your fragrant gales.
Ye purling brooks, indulge her sleep,
And gently by your borders creep.
Whene'er she wanders o'er the green,
Let all Arcadia there be seen.
May the charming visions rise,
That dance before the poet's eyes,
When the solitary muse
Does rural shades its subject chuse;
While nymphs, like Stairs, adorn the scene,
Graceful, like her's, their looks and mien.
Hence ye gilded toys of state,
Ye formal follies of the great,
Nor e'er disturb this peaceful seat.
No sound of faction hither fly,
Ambition, hate, or jealousy;
No envious tattle enter here,
That wrongs the innocent and fair:
But let the graces and the loves
Wander round these gentle groves,
And banish from Belinda's breast,
Whatever may her joys molest;
While here she finds that soft repose,
Which *from virtue only* flows.

A Pastoral.

In vain my muse would imitate the strains
Which charm'd the nymphs on Windsor's verdant plains;
Where Pope, with wondrous art in tuneful lays,
Won from Apollo's hand immortal bays.
The morning scarce appear'd, when Phillis rose,
And call'd Aminta from a short repose;
With cautious steps they left the peaceful bow'r,
Both, by appointment, chose the silent hour;
To tell, in rural strains, their mutual care,
And the soft secret of their breasts to share:
Securely seated near a purling stream,
By turns they sing, while love supplies the theme.

PHILLIS.

The starry lights above are scarce expir'd,
And scarce the shades from open plains retir'd;
The tuneful lark has hardly stretch'd her wing,
And warbling linnets just begin to sing;
Nor yet industrious bees their hives forsake,
Nor skim the fish the surface of the lake.

AMINTA.

Nor yet the flow'rs disclose their various hue,
But fold their leaves, oppress with hoary dew,
Blue mists around conceal the neighb'ring hills,
And dusky fogs hang o'er the murm'ring rills;
While Zephyr faintly sighs among the trees,
And moves the branches with a lazy breeze.

'ial pipe resounds along the plains,
their hamlets sleep the drowsy swains.

PHILLIS.

me Myrtillo sighs; the charming youth
des with so much eloquence and truth,
:'er he talks, my flocks unheeded stray;
ır him I could linger out the day,
l till night, till all the stars were gone,
er the eastern hills the morn came on.

AMINTA.

me Silvander pines, as full of truth,
ret too, perhaps, I love the youth;
eat him ill, while with dissembled pride;
k his vows, his soft complaints deride;
ly him swifter than a sportive fawn
through the woods, and dances o'er the lawn.

PHILLIS.

practis'd in the turns of female art,
)oks declare the meaning of my heart;
vn so just and innocent a flame,
x no blemish on a virgin's name:
i first my lips the tender truth express'd,
usand joys Myrtillo's eyes confess'd.

AMINTA.

boasting swain such truths from me shall hear.
words shall never reach Silvander's ear.
Thisbe once, his fav'rite dog, I play'd,
h from his master thro' the woods had stray'd:
)n the path my watchful eyes I kept,
from the thicket the pleas'd owner stept;

His smiling looks an inward joy confess'd,
To find by me the darling dog caress'd:
Surpriz'd, from off my lap his dog I threw,
And swift as lightning through the forest flew.

PHILLIS.

Whene'er Myrtillo's sportive kid I find,
With wreathing flow'rs his twisted horns I bind,
And fondly stroke him in his master's sight,
Nor e'er abuse the harmless thing in spight,
Or think the guiltless favour worth my flight.

AMINTA.

The nymphs and swains Apollo's revels grac'd,
In sprightly dances the smooth green they trac'd;
Silvander begg'd I would his partner stand,
I turn'd, and gave to Corilas my hand.

PHILLIS.

I to Myrtillo did my hand refuse;
But after that, no other swain would chuse;
At Cynthia's revels Hylas strove in vain,
And Lucidas the favour to obtain.

AMINTA.

A basket of the finest rushes wrought,
With jess'mine, pinks, and purple vi'let's fraught,
With modest zeal, to me Silvander brought:
His present I rejected with disdain,
And threw the fragrant treasures on the plain.
Soon as the youth retir'd, with wondrous care
I search'd them round, nor would one blossom spare
With some, in wreaths, my curling locks I grac'd,
And others nicely in my bosom plac'd.

PHILLIS.

Fresh sprigs of myrtle oft my breast adorn,
And roses gather'd in a dewy morn:
Of all the garden's flowery riches, these
Myrtillo loves, and I his fancy please.

AMINTA.

Silvander told a secret in my ear,
Which twice I made pretences not to hear;
He nearer drew, invited to the bliss,
And in the am'rous whisper stole a kiss.
My rising blushes the bold theft reveal'd,
Dorinda scarce from laughing-out with-held:
I left the shepherd, feign'd myself enrag'd,
And with his rival in discourse engag'd.

PHILLIS.

In yonder bow'r I sat, when tow'rds the place
Myrtillo hasten'd with a lover's pace;
I feign'd myself to careless sleep resign'd,
My head against a mossy bank reclin'd;
Approaching near, sweet may thy slumbers be,
He softly cry'd, and all thy dreams of me!
I laugh'd, nor longer could conceal the cheat,
But told the am'rous youth the fond deceit.

AMINTA.

When in the echoing vale Silvander plays,
And on his reed performs the rural lays,
Behind the shading trees I oft retire,
And undiscover'd, the sweet notes admire.
But when *in public I his* numbers heard,
To his unskilful Egon's I preferr'd;

Though with the swan's expiring melody,
The cuckow's tiresome note as well may vye.

PHILLIS.

Whate'er Myrtillo dictates meets applause,
His voice attention still as midnight draws;
His voice more gentle than the summer's breeze,
That mildly whispers through the trembling trees;
Soft as the nightingale's complaining song,
Or murm'ring currents as they roll along;
Without disguise, the skilful youth I praise,
Admire his numbers, and repeat his lays.

On the Death of Mr THOMAS ROWE.

IN what soft language shall my thoughts get free,
My dear Alexis, when I talk of thee?
Ye muses, graces, all ye gentle train
Of weeping loves, assist the pensive strain!
But why should I implore your moving art?
'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart,
And all that knew the charming youth will join
Their friendly sighs, and pious tears to mine:
For all that knew his merit must confess,
In grief for him there can be no excess.
His soul was form'd to act each glorious part
Of life, unstain'd with vanity, or art.
No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
But what he might have own'd to heav'n and earth!
Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
And shone with more than its own native light.

Whatever noble warmth could recommend
The just, the active, and the constant friend,
Was all his own——but, oh! a dearer name,
And softer ties my endless sorrow claim,
Lost in despair, distracted, and forlorn,
The lover I, and tender husband mourn.
Whate'er to such superior worth was due,
Whate'er excess the fondest passion knew,
I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
My prayers themselves were thine, and only where
Thou wast concern'd, my virtue was sincere.
Whene'er I begg'd for blessings on thy head,
Nothing was cold, or formal, that I said;
My warmest vows to Heav'n were made for thee,
And love still mingled with my piety.
O thou wast all my glory, all my pride!
Through life's uncertain paths, my constant guide;
Regardless of the world, to gain thy praise,
Was all that could my just ambition raise.
Why has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has Heav'n dissolv'd the tie so soon?
Why was the charming youth so form'd to move!
Or why was all my soul so turn'd for love?
But virtue here a vain defence had made,
Where so much worth and eloquence could plead.
For he could talk——'twas ecstasy to hear,
'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear!
Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft and *transporting* as the muse's song:

List'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to rest,
And love and silent rapture fill'd my breast;
Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only measur'd by delight.
I hear the lov'd, the melting accents still,
And still the kind, the tender transport feel:
Again I see the sprightly passions rise,
And life and pleasure sparkle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
But, oh! the dear delusion mocks my fond embrac
The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,
And scenes of horror swim before my sight.
Grief and despair in all their terrors rise,
A dying lover pale and gasping lies;
Each dismal circumstance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new:
His anguish, with the quickest sense I feel,
And hear this sad, this moving language still.
"My dearest wife! my last, my fondest care!
Sure Heav'n for thee will hear a dying prayer:
Be thou the charge of sacred Providence,
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy head,
When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry just,
My future fame and honour are thy trust.
From all engagements here I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring soul with thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel:

But haste to meet me on those happy plains,
Where mighty love in endless triumph reigns."
He ceas'd, then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming sacrifice to death:
But, oh! what words, what numbers can express,
What thoughts conceive the height of my distress?
Why did they tear me from thy breathless clay;
I should have staid and wept my life away.
Yet, gentle shade, whether thou now dost rove
Through some blest vale, or ever verdant grove;
One moment listen to my grief, and take
The softest vows that constant love can make.
For thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego,
For thee my tears shall never cease to flow;
For thee at once I from the world retire,
To feed in silent shades a hopeless fire:
My bosom all thy image shall retain,
The full impression there shall still remain.
As thou hast taught my constant heart to prove
The noblest height and elegance of love;
That sacred passion I to thee confine,
My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.

On the anniversary return of the day on which Mr ROWE *died.*

UNHAPPY day! with what a dismal light
Dost thou appear to my afflicted sight?
In vain, *the chearful spring* returns with thee,
There is no future chearful spring for me.

While my Alexis withers in the tomb,
Untimely cropt, nor sees a second bloom,
The fairest season of the changing year,
A wild and wintry aspect seems to wear;
The flow'rs no more their former beauty boast,
Their painted hue, and fragrant scents are lost.
The joyous birds their harmony prolong,
But, oh! I find no music in their song.

Ye mossy caves, ye groves, and silver streams
(The muses lov'd retreats, and gentle themes,)
Ye verdant fields, no more your landscapes pleas
Nor give my soul one interval of ease;
Tranquillity and pleasure fly your shades,
And restless care your solitude invades.
Nor the still ev'ning, nor the rosy dawn,
Nor moon light glimm'ring o'er the dewy lawn,
Nor stars, nor sun, my gloomy fancy chear;
But heav'n and earth a dismal prospect wear;
That hour that snatch'd Alexis from my arms,
Rent from the face of nature all its charms.

Unhappy day! be sacred still to grief,
A grief too obstinate for all relief;
On thee, my face shall never wear a smile,
No joy, on thee, shall e'er my heart beguile.
Why does thy light again my eyes molest?
Why am I not with thee, dear youth, at rest?
When shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead

To Philomela.

Occasioned by her Poem *on the death of her* Husband.

I.

HILE you in soft harmonious strains bewail
)ur dear Alexis, we attend the tale,
id lose our grief, as kinder thoughts prevail.

II.

Justly you tell what merit in him shone,
t, though unartfully, you then make known,
more resplendent characters, your own.

III.

Twas thought unjust by his unspotted mind,
h matchless worth should be to one confin'd;
modestly he all his right resign'd.

IV.

ince then you must the sacred passion move
:ach admiring swain, how can you prove
him more faithful, than once more to love?

To the Author *of the foregoing Verses.*

:RACT thy impious lines, too guilty youth!
wrest the laws of constancy and truth.
uld cruel death, amidst thy softest charms
youth and wit, from some fond woman's arms
r thy reluctant soul, thus may she prove
thee, the heights of gratitude and love!
ate'er *such early worth* as thine might claim,
te'er *the public* owes thy future fame;

O let the pensive fair thy rules obey,
Be grateful in thy own exalted way,
And by a second choice thy vows repay!
Thus let her tender heart thy merit mourn,
And all thy blooming ardour thus return;
With pious care transmit the sacred flame,
And add immortal honours to thy name;
When thou hast modestly thy right resign'd,
And left the gentle charmer unconfin'd,
To shine propitiously on all mankind.

The Resignation.

'Tis done! the darling idol I resign,
Unfit to share a heart so justly thine;
Nor can the heav'nly call unwelcome be,
That still invites my soul more near to thee;
Thou dost but take the dying lamps away,
To bless me with thy own unmingled day.
Ye shades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams adieu!
With smiles I now your parting glories view.
I see the hand, I worship, I adore,
And justify the great disposing Pow'r.
Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
Why should my fond, ungrateful heart complain?
Whate'er of beauty in his ample round
The sun surveys, in thee is brighter found;
Whate'er the skies, in all their splendid cost,
Their beamy pride, and majesty can boast;

r the restless mind of man desires;
er an angel's vaster thought admires;
: 'tis found in its unchanging height,
irst great spring of beauty and delight?
ave I lost of excellent, or fair,
l, or good, that thou canst not repair?
ave I lost of truth and amity,
at deriv'd its gentle source from thee?
; there here of excellence, or grace,
one bright smile from thee would not efface?
kind look, one sparkling glance of thine,
pride must languish and decline.
done, at last, the great deciding part!
rld's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;
: for joys which that can ne'er bestow,
reads itself too wide for all below;
s the vast creation far behind,
esses forward, free and unconfin'd:
boundless prospect still before,
te upon my former joys no more;
l passions kindle in my soul,
'ry low, inglorious thought controul.
: ! ye sacred gusts, ye pure delights,
v'nly sounds, ye intellectual sights;
is of paradise, that lull to rest,
l with silent calms the peaceful breast;
ou, transporting hopes, that boldly rise,
'ell, in blissful torrents, to the skies;
ar with angels on their splendid wings,
arch th' arcana of celestial things.

Here let me dwell, and bid the world adie
And still converse, ye glorious scenes, wit
Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
Ye gaudy shews, and flatt'ring snares of s
Ye gay varieties on earth, adieu!
However soft, and pleasing to the view:
And all ye dazzling wonders of the skies,
Ev'n you my now aspiring thoughts despis
No more your blandishments my heart det
Beauty and pleasure make their court in v
Objects divine and infinite in view,
Seize all my pow'rs, ye fading toys, from
'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding pa
The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my
It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,
Nor needs another separation fear.
No fatal chance through endless years sha
The series of my pleasure to surprise;
No various scenes to come, no change of
Shall e'er thy image from my soul efface;
Nor life, nor death, nor distant height abo
Nor depths below, shall part me from thy

Translated from the Italian of PETR

Contentatevi, o cieli chiarissimi, &c.

Permit me, O ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
While you the envious curtains prove,
That from my sight conceal my love.

I know my guilty eyes unmeet
The splendor of the stars to greet,
And more deserves to view below
The caves where streams of sulphur glow:
These prospects all my soul confound,
My hopes in vast despair are drown'd;
'Till I the glorious methods trace,
The triumphs of almighty grace;
When thus my soul transported cries,
Permit me, O ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
While you the envious curtains prove,
That hide the object of my love.

Ye starry lights, ye gaudy flames,
That deck the spheres with golden beams,
You that pave the milky way,
You that constant rules obey,
Or wand'ring, through the ether, stray;
In your gay courses ye declare
How much more bright those glories are,
By everlasting love prepar'd
Unshaken virtue to reward.
Thy joys, vain world, no more invite
My flatter'd sense to false delight;
Celestial objects fire my soul,
And ev'ry humbler wish controul.
Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
For you the envious curtains prove,
That from my sight conceal my love.

But while I fondly gaze on you,
And bid all human things adieu,
Your beauties all my pain renew.
Then view the anguish of my breast,
With love, impatient love, distrest;
Those interposing clouds divide,
That all my joys and treasures hide;
But you are deaf.—Ye sons of light,
That gaze on the transporting sight,
And lose yourselves in vast delight.
That know the boundless heights of love
Yet nothing but its pleasures prove:
Oh! tell me where my Lord to find,
For you are still to mortals kind;
Yet now, regardless of my care,
You leave to winds my fruitless pray'r:
Permit me then, ye radiant skies
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
Since you the envious curtains prove,
That from my sight conceal my love.
Thou charming author of my pain,
Let me at last my suit obtain;
Or if deny'd so high a grace,
In the bright skies to view thy face,
Thy paths I'd through some desert trace
Savage as that, where thou the scorn
Of tempting fiends, for me hast borne;
Or to the dismal garden's shade,
Where terrors did thy soul invade;

Or let me climb, to follow thee,
The painful steep of Calvary:
However gloomy be the place,
May I but there behold thy face;
A paradise to me 'twill prove;
High heav'n, and all the joys above:
But, ah, my pray'rs are still deny'd,
And still thou dost thy beauties hide.
Permit me then, ye radiant skies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
Since you the envious curtains prove,
That hide the object of my love.

On the Divine Goodness.

Awake, my soul, and to th' Almighty King,
In lofty strains, triumphant praises sing;
Let all thy pow'rs their noblest force excite,
And spread his glory with sincere delight;
Extol him with uninterrupted joy,
And let his love thy longest breath employ,
Come, you blest adorers of his name,
And listen while his goodness I proclaim:
But, oh! my trembling tongue attempts in vain
The boundless subject, in a mortal strain;
Some angel lend me his melodious lyre,
And with celestial skill my breast inspire;
On wings of sacred rapture let me rise
And join *my hallelujahs* with the skies.

But, mighty God, how shall a mortal worm,
A span of earth, the glorious task perform?
Swallow'd in pleasure and divine surprise,
I view thy love's unbounded mysteries:
In all thy wond'rous paths I gladly trace
Indulgent goodness and stupendous grace.
When I the dreadful precipice survey,
Where thoughtless and insensible I lay;
While fiery billows roll'd along below,
And gaping gulphs shew'd scenes of endless wo;
'Twas then, 'twas then, unmeasurable love
Did to my soul its glorious methods prove.

Psalm lxiii.

O God, my first, my last, my stedfast choice,
My boundless bliss, the spring of all my joys!
I'll worship thee before the silver moon,
With silent pace has reach'd her cloudy noon;
Before the stars the midnight skies adorn,
Long, long before the slow approach of morn.
Thee I'll invoke, to thee glad anthems sing,
And with my voice join each harmonious string:
The midnight echoes at thy name shall wake,
And on their wings the joyful burden take;
While one bright smile from thee, one pleasing ra
Through the still shades shall dart celestial day.
As the scorch'd trav'ller in a desert land,
Tracing, with weary steps, the burning sand;

And fainting underneath the fierce extremes
Of raging thirst, longs for refreshing streams;
So pants my soul, with such an eager strife
I follow thee, the sacred spring of life.
Open the boundless treasures of thy grace,
And let me once more see thy lovely face;
As I have seen thee in thy bright abode,
When all my pow'rs confess'd the present God.
There I could say, and mark the happy place,
'Twas there I did his glorious footsteps trace;
'Twas there (O let me raise an altar there!)
I saw as much of heav'n as mortal sense could bear;
There from his eyes I met the heav'nly beam,
That kindled in my soul this deathless flame.
Life, the most valu'd good that mortals prize,
Compar'd to which, we all things else despise;
Life, in its vig'rous pride, with all that's stor'd
In the extent of that important word;
Ev'n life itself, my God, without thy love,
A tedious round of vanity would prove.
Grant me thy love, be that my glorious lot,
Swallow'd in that, be all things else forgot!
And while those heav'nly flames my breast inspire,
I'll call up all my pow'rs, and touch the tuneful lyre;
With all the eloquence of grateful lays,
I'll sing thy goodness, and recite thy praise.
The charming theme shall still my soul employ,
And give me foretastes of immortal joy;
With silent rapture *not to be* exprest,
My eager wishes here shall richly feast.

When sullen night its gloomy curtains spreads,
And soothing sleep its drowsy influence sheds;
I'll banish flatt'ring slumbers from mine eyes,
And praise thee 'till the golden morning rise;
Those silent hours shall consecrated be,
And thro' the list'ning shades I'll send my vows to t

Psalm lxxii.

Blest Prince of righteousness and peace,
The hope of all mankind!
The poor, in thy unblemish'd reign,
Shall free protection find.

Secure of just redress, to thee
Th' oppress'd his cause shall bring;
While with the fruits of sacred peace
The joyful fields shall spring.

Through endless years thy glorious name
The righteous shall adore.
When sun and moon have run their course,
And measure time no more.

Thou shalt descend like the soft drops
Of kind celestial dews;
Or as a show'r, whose gentle fall
The joyful spring renews.

The just shall flourish in thy days,
And sacred truth abound,
While in the skies the changing moon
Restores her nightly round.

Peace shall with balmy wings o'ershade
Our favour'd walls around:
With grass the meads, with plent'ous corn
The mountains shall be crown'd.

A handful scatter'd on the earth,
Shall rise a wond'rous crop;
Thy loaded stalks shall bend like trees
On Lebanon's high top.

Thy glory no eclipse shall see,
But shine divinely bright,
While from his orb the the radiant sun
Darts undiminish'd light.

Converted nations, bless'd in thee,
Shall magnify thy grace,
Call thee their glorious Ransomer,
And hope of all their race.

With love and sacred rapture fir'd,
Thy lofty name we'll sing:
Thou only wond'rous things hast done,
The everlasting King!
From all the corners of the earth
Let grateful praise ascend:
Let loud Amens, and joyful shouts,
The starry convex rend.

Psalm cxlvi.

Prepare the voice, and tune the joyful lyre,
And let the glorious theme my soul inspire:

To thee, my God, I sing; thy mighty name
With heavenly rapture shall my soul inflame.
My tuneful homage shall like incense rise,
And glad the air, and reach th' approving skies;
While life and breath remain, the sacred song
Shall fill my breast, and dwell upon my tongue.
As some fair structure, whose firm basis lies
On strength of rocks, the threat'ning winds defies;
So stedfastly my hopes on heav'n are plac'd,
Nor earth, nor hell, my confidence can blast.
Let others still for human help attend,
And on the flatt'ries of the great depend;
Relentless death shall mock their airy trust,
And lay their boasted confidence in dust.
As the fantastic visions of the night,
Before the op'ning morning take their flight
So perish all the boasts of men, their pride,
And vain designs, the laughing skies deride.
But he alone securely guarded lives,
To whom the mighty God protection gives;
The mighty God, who made the stedfast earth,
And gave the springs that swell the ocean birth;
Who form'd the stars, and spread the circling skies,
And bade the sun in all his glory rise:
No breach of faithfulness his honour stains,
With day and night his word unchang'd remains:
On human woes he looks with pitying eyes,
To help th' oppress'd, and answer all their cries;
The orphan's soft complaint, and widow's tears,
Obtain redress, and fix his list'ning ears.

His throne from changes stands for ever free,
And his dominion shall no period see.

CANT. vi. 5.

O VEIL thy heav'nly beauties from my sight!
I cannot yet sustain celestial light
The dazzling lustre of thy eyes controul,
Their pointed glories wound my tender soul;
I cannot yet these sacred transports bear,
Too feeble I, thou too divinely fair.
Return to the gay climes of day again,
Celestial frames thy splendour may sustain;
Acquainted with those bright, those blest extremes,
With stedfast eyes they meet thy glorious beams;
Unveil'd, they view the radiant Diety,
Lost in the heights of blissful ecstacy;
But, oh! these flights are too sublime for me;
These raptures would my brittle frame destroy,
And overcome me with excess of joy:
Then veil thy heav'nly beauties from my sight,
I cannot yet sustain celestial light.

CANT. viii. 6.

O SET me as a signal on thy heart,
And let the deep impression ne'er depart!
O let me ne'er by thee abandon'd prove!
I were undone, if thou should change thy love;
I could no greater mis'ry undergo,
'Twere hell itself, the blackest hell of wo!

My hopes, my joys are plac'd in thee alone,
Robb'd of thy smiles and favour, all were gone.
My life, my happiness depends on thee,
Without thee what were all the world to me?
I should detest the light and vital air,
And waste my days in sorrow and despair.
Forgive my fears, the sure effect of love,
Its mighty force and violence they prove.
The thoughts of losing thee I cannot bear,
Less cruel death, than that tormenting fear;
It blasts my blooming joys, disturbs my rest,
And fills with deep anxiety my breast;
That thou mayst once my wretched soul desert,
This cruel doubt wounds my desponding heart.

A Hymn.

In imitation of Cant. v. 6. 7.

Ye pure inhabitants of light,
Ye virgin-minds above,
That feel the sacred violence,
And mighty force of love.

By all your boundless joys, by all
Your love to human kind,
I charge you to instruct me where
My absent Lord to find.

I've search'd the pleasant vales and plains,
And climb'd the hills around;

But no glad tidings of my love,
Among the swains have found.

I've oft invok'd him in the shades,
By ev'ry stream and rock;
The rocks, the streams, and echoing shades,
My vain industry mocks.

I trac'd the city's noisy streets,
And told my cares aloud;
But no intelligence could meet
Among the thoughtless crowd.

I search'd the temple round, for there
He oft has blest my sight,
And half unveil'd, of his lov'd face
Disclos'd the heav'nly light.

But with these glorious views, no more
I feast my ravish'd eyes,
For veil'd with interposing clouds,
My eager search he flies.

O could I in some desert land
His sacred footsteps trace,
I'd with a glad devotion kneel,
And bless the happy place.

I'd follow him o'er burning sands,
Or where perpetual snow
With horrid aspect clothes the ground,
To find my Lord I'd go.

Nor stormy seas should stay my course,
Nor unfrequented shore,
Nor craggy Alps, nor desart wastes
Where hungry lions roar.

Through ranks of interposing deaths
To his embrace I'd fly,
And to enjoy his blissful smiles,
Would be content to die.

EXODUS iii. 14. *I am that I am.*

WHATE'ER thou art, to thee, and thee alone,
The first almighty Cause of all, is known;
Yet would I strive ambitiously to raise
My voice to the delightful work of praise:
But oh! what human words those heights can i
What bolder thought the flight divine can stret
Ev'n angels, in their sweetest ecstacy,
When they behold the smiling Deity,
Their want of pow'r and eloquence confess,
When they thy boundless glories would expres
In heav'n they find no metaphors for thee,
And what resemblance then can mortals see?
Yet I must talk, and talk of thee alone,
Be to my tongue all other themes unknown!
In holy songs I would my silence break,
In raptures, everlasting raptures speak.
O, 'tis the work of heav'n, almighty King!
To love, adore, and thy high praises sing;

And this my everlasting bliss shall be,
My lips shall talk, my heart shall fix on thee.
Thy excellence, and ev'ry glorious name
To angels known, shall feed the holy flame:
I then shall see thee lovely as thou art,
And feel what boundless joys thy smiles impart;
The beatific scene, without controul,
Shall open all its splendour on my soul.

A Song of Praise.

Prepare, my soul, thy noblest lays,
And speak thy great deliv'rer's praise.
Awake, my voice, and gentle lute,
Nor let one grateful string be mute;
And, oh! ye sacred pow'rs of love,
Let me all your influence prove:
Ye heav'nly virtues, guide my tongue,
Or teach me some celestial song;
Such as your own flame inspires,
When you touch your golden lyres;
And in the fair ethereal bow'rs,
Sing away your happy hours.
Begin, begin the tuneful lays,
While the morning's early rays
All their golden lustre spread
O'er the tow'ring mountains head;
Nor cease 'till noon, 'till sable night
Conceal *the world from* mortal sight.

From the lowest depths of care,
To God I send a doubtful pray'r;
Yet he lent a gracious ear,
And scatter'd all my groundless fear.
While these lips draw vital breath,
Till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy favours prove,
Beneath thy shadowing wings defence
I'll place my only confidence;
In ev'ry danger and distress,
To thee I will my pray'r address.
Let all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast;
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.
You that sink in dark despair,
To God direct your humble pray'r;
From his lofty seat he hears
Our sad complaints, and drys our tears;
He regards the pensive breast,
And gives the weary pilgrim rest:
On human mis'ries, from his throne
With soft compassion he looks down;
The weight of all our grief he knows,
And seems to share our secret woes.
Lord, what is man, that he should prove
The object of such boundless love?
Whence can such wond'rous bounty spring,
To such a vain and worthless thing?

Why should he so largely share
Thy favour, and thy tender care?
Why thy sacred thoughts employ,
In the heights of perfect joy?
O let ev'ry grateful tongue
Speak thy praise in lofty song;
And thou, my soul, join all thy pow'rs,
In this blest work employ thy hours.

CANT. i. 7.

O TELL me, thou for whom I prove
The softest languishments of love,
Thou dearer than all human things,
From whom my purest pleasure springs.
Thou lovely object of my care,
Whom more than life I prize by far;
O tell me in what verdant mead,
Or flow'ry vale, thy flocks are fed;
Or by what silver current's side,
Thou gently dost their footsteps guide!
Instruct me to what shade they run,
The noon-day's scorching heat to shun.
They follow thee, they hear thy voice,
And at the well known sound rejoice:
O let me too that music hear,
Let one kind whisper reach mine ear;
My soul shall that soft call obey,
Nor longer from thee wildly stray.

CANT. *Chap.* v.

THE night had now her gloomy curtains spread,
And ev'ry chearful beam of light was fled;
This dismal night, my Lord, who ne'er before
Had met a cold refusal at my door,
Approach'd, and with a voice divinely sweet,
My ears with these persuading words did greet.
" My fairest spouse, my sister, and my love!"
(But, ah! no more these charming names could move
" Arise, for through the midnight shades and dew
" I thee, the object of my cares, pursue."
His heav'nly face and moving words I heard,
And knew the blest design my Lord prepar'd;
But long with poor excuses, I delay'd,
And careless stretch'd on my enticing bed.
Tir'd with my cold delay, " Farewell," he cries:
These killing words my fainting soul surprise;
With fear distracted to the door I run,
But, oh! the treasure of my life was gone;
Yet of his recent presence signs I found,
For heav'nly fragrance fill'd the air around,
I rove wherever love directs my feet,
And call aloud, but no return could meet;
Echoes alone to my complaint reply
In mournful sounds, as through the shades I fly.
I from the watchmen hop'd in vain, relief.
With cruel scorn they mock'd my pious grief.
But you, Jerusalem's fair daughters, you
That know what pity to my cares is due,

) ! if you meet the object of my love,
'ell him what torments for his sake I prove ;
'ell him how tenderly his loss I moan,
'ell him that all my joys with him are gone.
'ell him his presence makes my heav'n ; and tell,
) tell him that his absence is my hell !
What bright perfections does he then possess,
'or whom thou dost this tender grief express ?
O ! he's distinguish'd from all human race,
ly such peculiar, such immortal grace,
'hat you among ten thousand may descry
lis heav'nly form, and find for whom I die.
'here's nothing which on earth we lovely call,
lut he surpasses, far surpasses all.
le's fairer than the spotless obs of light,
Vor falling snow, compar'd to him, is white.
'he roses that his lovely face adorn,
)ut-blush the purple glories of the morn.
'he waving ringlets of his graceful hair,
llack as the shining plumes the ravens wear.
lis eyes would win the most obdurate heart,
Victorious love in ev'ry look they dart.
lis balmy lips diffuse divine perfumes,
\nd on his cheek a bed of spices blooms.
lis breast, like polish'd iv'ry, smooth and fair,
With veins which with the sapphires may compare,
)tately his height, as those fair trees which crown,
With graceful pride, the brow of Lebanon.
lis voice *so sweet, no harmony* is found
*n earth to equal the delight*ful sound.

He's altogether lovely——This is he
So much belov'd, so much ador'd by me.

The Submission.

However hard, my God, thy terms appear,
Howe'er to sense afflicting and severe,
To any articles I can agree,
Rather than bear the thoughts of losing thee:
Exact whate'er thou wilt, we'll never part,
Nothing shall force thy image from my heart.
Thou still art good, howe'er thou deal with me.
Spotless thy truth, unstain'd thy purity:
Amidst my suff'rings still I'll own thee just,
And in thy wonted mercy firmly trust.
Whate'er becomes of such a wretch as me,
Thy equal ways shall still unblemish'd be;
The sons of men shall still thy grace proclaim,
And place their refuge in thy mighty name;
Through all the wide extended realms above,
Bright angels shall proclaim thy wondrous love:
Ev'n I shall yet adore thy wonted grace,
Though darkness now conceals thy lovely face.
But, oh! how long shall I thy absence mourn!
When, when wilt thou, my sun, my life, return:
Thou only canst my drooping soul sustain,
Of nothing but thy distance I complain.

The Wish.

I should renounce this heart from being mine,
If all its loves were not entirely thine.

jects of sense my passions may inflame,
: thou dost still my nobler reason claim.
ıld I these stubborn faculties controul,
d manage all the motions of my soul,
serious grief by pious tears I'd prove,
· each offence against forgiving love :
breast should ne'er admit a spark of joy,
: when thy favour did my thoughts employ.
th early zeal I would myself present,
ıen to thy holy dwelling place I went :
breathe my soul in lofty praise to thee,
d join with angels in their harmony.
ravish'd heart should at thy table prove
e heights of ecstacy and sacred love ;
' immortal food immortal strength should give,
that alone my active hopes should live.
hymns should still prevent the rising sun,
e that, with joy, my vig'rous race I'd run :
en from his height he downward glory streams,
mounting praise should meet his noon-day beams ;
ı still untir'd to thee, my God, I'd sing.
ile the grey ev'ning stretch'd her shady wing.
/ name and works should be my daily theme,
d constant subject of my nightly dream :
estial visions should employ my sleep,
ıile angels round my bed their watches keep.
· life, by one bright course of piety,
ıd not by months and years, should measur'd be
y glory all my actions should design,
hear no voice, obey no call but thine.

At thy command I would the world forego,
And no such things as self or int'rest know.
For thee I would my dearest friend resign,
And from my heart blot ev'ry name but thine.
Thy love, the fountain of my happiness,
Thy love should all my ravish'd soul possess:
And while I'm thus entirely bless'd in thee,
No happy monarch should my envy be;
Lost in the high enjoyment of thy love,
What glorious mortal could my wishes move?
I'd view each charming object as the glass,
In which my eyes with vast delight should trace
The lov'd, though faint resemblance of thy face
I'd nothing lovely call, no beauty see,
But that which led my rising soul to thee:
No harmony should e'er my ears rejoice,
Without the welcome music of thy voice.
Not the bright sun, in dazzling glory gay,
Nor the soft lustre of the lunar ray;
Not all the sweets that give the spring to please
The morning zephyr, or the ev'ning breeze;
The murm'ring rill through flow'ry borders dra
The secret covert, or the open lawn;
The verdant valley, or the fragrant field,
Abstract from thee, should any solace yield:
I'd be insensible of all delight,
But what unstain'd devotion should excite.
More I would speak, but all my words are fai
Celestial love, what eloquence can paint?
Nor more can be by mortal words exprest,
But vast eternity shall tell the rest.

On the Works of CREATION.

ITY complete, and majesty divine,
l thy works, ador'd Creator, shine.
re'er I cast my wond'ring eyes around,
God I seek in ev'ry part is found.
uing thee, the flow'ry fields I trace,
read thy name on ev'ry spire of grass.
low thee through many a lonely shade,
find thee in the solitary glade.
et thee in the kind, refreshing gale,
gently passes through the dewy vale.
pink, the jess'min, and the purple rose,
um'd by thee, their fragrant leaves disclose.
feather'd choir that welcome in the spring,
hee were taught their various notes to sing.
hee the morning in her crimson vest,
ornaments of golden clouds is drest.
sun, in all its splendour, wears thy beams,
drinks in light from thy exhaustless streams.
moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring ray:
umber'd stars thy glorious paths display.
dst the solemn darkness of the night,
thoughts of God my musing soul delight.
k shades and night thy dread pavilion form;
tate thou rid'st upon the flying storm:
ile thy strong hand its fiercest rage restrains,
l holds the wild, unmanag'd winds in reins.
at sparklings of thy majesty appear,
en through the firmament swift lightnings glare?

When peals of thunder fill the skies around,
I hear thy voice in the tremendous sound.
But, oh! how small a part is known of thee,
From all thy works immense variety?
Whatever mortal men perfection name,
Thou, in an infinite degree, dost claim.
And while I here thy faintest shadows trace,
I pine to see the glories of thy face;
Where beauty, in its never changing height,
And uncreated excellence shines bright.
When shall the heav'nly scene, without controul,
Open in dazzling triumph on my soul?
My pow'rs with all their ardour shall adore,
And languish for terrestrial charms no more.

On Love.

Ye stars that sparkle in the midnight skies,
Propitious love shines out in all your eyes;
Nor does the moon the glorious truth conceal,
But darts soft glances through her gloomy veil.
The sun comes forth in majesty above,
And kindles, as he goes, the flames of love;
With gentle beams he warms the teeming earth,
And gives ten thousand various forms their birth.
Whatever shape thou wear'st, thy bright abode
Was from eternity, the mind of God:
There thou hast triumph'd in the splendid height
Of uncreated and essential light;
The spring, the fountain of the life divine,
The constant end of ev'ry great design.

pirit of nature, its informing soul;
u dost the pow'rs of heav'n and earth controul:
the degrees of life and sense that rise
ields, or floods, or through the spacious skies;
feel the force of thy inspiring flame,
l joy and triumph in thy mighty name.
hou art all in all! the highest end,
t boundless grace and wisdom could intend!
l lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights above,
l finally be swallowed up of love:
further changes then, but fully blest
Maker, and his finish'd work shall rest.

To MR PRIOR, *on his* SOLOMON.

USE, devoted to celestial things,
in for thee prophanes th' immortal strings;
stars, the myrtle shade, and rosy bow'r,
quits, to revel in thy iv'ry tow'r;
music of the spheres and heav'nly throngs
minds no more, to listen to thy songs.
anted with thy lovely Hebrew king,
riel in vain displays his purple wing;
sts of his golden zone, and bright attire,
starry crown, soft voice, and charming lyre;
h all his fine address, and glitt'ring show,
muse abandons the celestial beau:
erted by *the Jewish* monarch's eyes,
fondly turns apostate to the skies,

And envies Abra's beauty, while it shines
With undecaying bloom in Prior' lines.

A Sonnet.

Translated from the Italian of Signior Rolli:
Canzonetta xxiii.

Glide gently on, thou murm'ring brook,
And soothe my tender grief;
'Twas here the fatal wound I took,
'Tis here I seek relief.

With Sylvio on the verdant shore
I fondly sat reclin'd,
Believ'd the charming things he swore,
Too credulous and kind!

While thus he said; "This purling stream
"Back to its spring shall flow,
"O Pastorello! e'er my flame
"The least decay shall know."

Ye conscious waves, roll back again!
Back to your crystal head!
The false, ungrateful, perjur'd swain
Has broke the vows he made.

And yet he swore, till the last breath
Of life he should resign,
Till fate should close his eyes in death,
His stedfast love was mine.

Perhaps some fairer shepherdess
His faithless breast has warm'd,

And those kind vows and soft address
Her guiltless heart has charm'd.

But tell the nymph, thou gentle stream,
If e'er she visits thee,
The treach'rous youth has vow'd the same,
Yet broke his faith with me.

An Answer to an Italian Song, that begins thus.
Venere bella, per un instante,
Deh, mi concede le grazie tutte
Del dio d' amor, &c.

The soft petition soon ascends,
Nor wanders through the air,
Smiling, the queen of love attends
To her new vot'ry's pray'r.

Ask any thing, the goddess cries,
In this propitious hour;
My breast is fill'd with glad surprize,
To hear thee own my pow'r.

To thee my charms and gentle art,
With pleasure I resign:
Cupid presents thee ev'ry dart,
His conqu'ring bow is thine.

Had I describ'd my tender care
In thy harmonious strain,
Adonis had been won to hear,
A goddess tell her pain.

The Description of the DROUGHT.

Translated from the beginning of the xiiith *book of* TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

WHILE Godfrey in his active mind revolves,
The martial plan, and mighty things resolves,
Now enter'd the celestial Crab, the sun,
With beams direct, unusual heat darts down:
The sacred troops for warlike toil unfit,
Drooping beneath their useless armour sit.
Each gentle star's extinguish'd in the skies,
While in their stead ill-boding planets rise;
Which on the army noxious fervors shed,
And through the air a baleful influence spread.
Horrors on horrors rise, a fatal night
Succeeds the fatal day's malignant light:
The fatal day's malignant light reveals
Signs of new terror, and augmented ills.
The sun all dreadful in his rising seems,
With sanguine tresses, and polluted beams;
With blood distain'd his radiant face appears,
And sad presages all his aspect wears:
Till having gain'd the zenith's burning height,
He darts a stronger and more piercing light;
Blasts all the verdant beauty of the meads,
While ev'ry plant and flow'ry blossom fades.
Mountains and valleys desolate appear,
The cleaving hills all wither'd, curst, and bare,
The dismal marks of Heav'n's displeasure wear.
The rivers, at their inmost springs decay,
While horrid signs the fiery clouds display,

airy space a smoking furnace seems,
ı stifling vapours, and pernicious steams.
:ool the air no gentle gales arise,
ı zephyr silent in his cavern lies;
the south from Afric's burning sands,
ı scorching blasts infests the Christian bands:
milder breezes with the ev'ning come
sultry still, and all inflam'd the gloom;
le gliding fires, and comets strangely bright,
e through the sable shadows of the night.
languid moon shades from her silent sphere
:ooling dews the thirsty ground to cheer:
flow'rs decay, each tree and verdant plant
at their roots, and vital moisture want.
n these unquiet nights sleep takes its flight,
ain the troops the drowsy god invite.
thirst, of all their ills the worst, remains,
dies who drinks, he dies whoe'er abstains.
poisons mingled by the Pagan king,
cted ev'ry stream and bubbling spring:
e gloomy Styx, or cursed Acheron,
black, contagious, troubled waves roll on.
:ce silver Siloah glides above its sands,
ose streams before supply'd the Christian bands:
now the swelling Po, that mighty stream,
sate their thirst would scarce sufficient seem;
r Ganges, nor great Nile, when all around
rising waves o'erflow their loftiest bound.
e tempting thought of cool, unsully'd streams,
d bubbling springs, the fierce disease inflames;

And he who had observ'd some crystal pool,
Or down the Alps a living torrent roll,
Recalls the flatt'ring images again,
Which still exasperates his fervid pain.
The mightiest chiefs with noble heat inspir'd,
Whom neither arms, nor toilsome march had tir'd,
Projected now, and gasping on the ground,
Unwieldy burdens to themselves are found;
While inward fires, by slow degrees, exhaust
Their vital springs, and manly vigour waste.
The steed, late fierce, now scorns his proffer'd meat,
And faulters in his once imperious gait;
His former victories are all contemn'd,
With martial glory now no more inflam'd,
His rich caparisons no more adorn,
But as a loath'd, inglorious load are worn.

CANT. ii. 8. 9.

Is it a dream? or does my ravish'd ear
The charming voice of my beloved hear?
Is it his face? or are my eager eyes
Deluded by some vision's bright disguise?
'Tis he himself! I know his lovely face,
Its heav'nly lustre, and peculiar grace,
I know the sound, 'tis his transporting voice,
My heart assures me by its rising joys.
He comes, and wing'd with all the speed of love,
His flying feet along the mountains move;
He comes, and leaves the panting hart behind,
His motion swift and fleeting as the wind,

O welcome, welcome, never more to part!
I'll lodge thee now for ever in my heart;
My doubtful heart which trembling scarce believes,
And scarce the mighty ecstasy receives.

The Petition.

You fairest offspring of immortal love,
That revel in the fragrant bow'rs above,
The brightest products of your Maker's skill,
In visions to the gentle maid reveal
Your glowing beauties, your celestial charms,
And free her breast from all the wild alarms,
The fatal sallies of an earthly flame;
Let Heav'n alone the reigning passion claim:
At once unfold the sparkling scenes of joy,
The raptures which your happy hours employ:
While crown'd with mirth, with love, and sacred song.
Eternal years unclouded dance along.
Describe the glitt'ring natives of the skies,
Their rosy bloom, soft smiles, and radiant eyes;
With all your skill the favour'd nymph allure,
And from the arts of mortal race secure:
Be she your constant, your propitious care!
O grant my wish, and hear the friendly pray'r!

Verses *presented to her Royal Highness the Princess* Amelia, *at Marlborough, June the* 18*th*, 1728.

Ye sylvan shades, ye fair inchanting seats,
Of peace and guiltless love the soft retreats;

Be all your flow'ry elegance display'd,
To charm, with nature's pomp, the royal maid.
Let ev'ry prospect wear a lively grace,
Clear as the blooming beauties of her face.
Ye various plants your fragrant tribute bring,
The painted product of the lovely spring.
Ye whisp'ring breezes, and refreshing gales,
That fly with downy wings along the vales,
Take the soft music of Amelia's name,
Breathe it to ev'ry list'ning grove and stream.
Let nature shew a pleasure unconfin'd,
And speak the sense of Hertford's gen'rous mind.

Part of the third Scene of the third Act of PASTOR FIDO, *translated.*

MYRTILLO.

UNGRATEFUL nymph! thy too severe command,
To narrow bounds would limit those desires,
Whose vast extent scarce human thought can grasp.
That I have lov'd, and lov'd thee more than life,
If still thou doubt, the fields, the conscious groves,
The savage race can tell; and these hard rocks,
Soften'd by my complaints, can witness too.
Look on thyself, thy matchless beauty proves
The justice, truth, and grandeur of my flame.
Whate'er the earth, or azure skies can boast
Of excellence, 'tis all summ'd up in thee.
So high the spring of my unbounded passion,
'Tis nature, 'tis necessity——As flame

s, as water sinks, as floats the air,
s the earth, as roll the circling spheres;
ich perpetual force, my eager soul,
s restless motion, tends to thee,
uperior bliss: and who would tear
istant heart from thee, as well might change
ature's long establish'd laws, turn back
ning planets from their ancient course,
om its stedfast centre shake the world.
ince thy harsh commands enjoin my tongue,
f to tell the story of my pain;
st speak no more, my parting breath
ll thee that I die a victim to thy scorn.

From the same, Act III. Scene iv.

AMARYLLIS *alone.*

, my lov'd Myrtillo! could'st thou view
ret inclinations, this severe,
ruel Amaryllis, soon would find
thee that pity, thou dost now implore.
and am belov'd; yet what avails
oft engagement, but to make us wretched?
hy, ye deaf, inexorable pow'rs,
e for ever part what love unites?
her why, too fond, perfidious love,
hou unite what sacred rites divide!
the savage race, that through the woods
their pleasures unconfin'd by laws!
igid laws that nature would restrain!
imperfect nature that resists!

O sacred virtue! let my tongue recall
These impious accents; thine's a name divine,
And still my soul pays homage to thy pow'r:
To thee I sacrifice these wild desires,
And fall a victim to thy holy rigour.

Part of the thirteenth Book of TASSO'S JERUSALEM *translated.*

THE vast machine was scarce in ashes sunk,
Which from their walls the fearful Pagans drove,
When new designs the curs'd magician forms:
How to prevent the Gauls from fresh supplies
Of useful timber from the neighb'ring wood,
That might more formidable engines raise,
And Sion's trembling walls again alarm.
At distance from the Christian camp there rose
Amidst a silent, solitary vale,
A lofty forest thick with ancient trees,
Whose folding branches all beneath diffuse
A dusky horror, and malignant shade.
Nor here the radiant sun at brightest noon
E'er smiles with chearful rays, but feebly casts
A dim, discolour'd, and uncertain light;
Uncertain as the cloudy skies display,
While rising night and parting day contend.
But when the sun the gay horizon leaves,
Blackness and terror all the place possess,
Blackness and terror, imitating hell;
Which mortal eyes with fearful darkness veils,

And fills with deep anxiety the soul.
For here for shade the shepherd leads his flock,
Or here the herdsman drives his grazing charge:
No pilgrim enters here, unless misled;
But hastens far with cautious steps away,
And beckons trav'llers from the fatal road.
The goblins here nocturnal revels keep,
A monstrous congress, in the gloom they meet;
With dragons wings some break the tortur'd air,
Others with cloven hoofs, skip o'er the hills:
A lewd assembly, who, with tempting wiles,
And soft, fallacious images, entice
The minds of men from virtue's sacred ways.
With hellish rites, and execrable pomp,
Their impious banquets here they nightly keep;
The Pagans this assert, nor lift an ax
Within the confines of the haunted grove;
Which yet the Christians boldly violate,
And carry thence materials for the war.
Amidst the deepest silence of the night,
Ismenes hither comes to prove his arts;
And uncouth figures on the ground inscribes,
Thrice shakes his wand, and murmurs potent words,
And invocation sinful to recite.
The twinkling glories that adorn the sky
Look pale, and sicken at the dreadful sound:
The troubled moon withdraws her feeble beam,
And wraps her silver horn in folding clouds.
Millions of spirits by his charms compell'd,
Astonish'd from their sev'ral quarters come;

By thousands some the realms of air forsake;
While others through the cleaving earth ascend,
All black and sullen from the gloomy deep.
Take you, the wizard cries, these trees in char
As souls their bodies, animate each trunk,
Secure them from the bold encroaching Gauls,
And force them, terrify'd, from hence to fly.
Displeas'd, the tardy spirits undertake
A task, that kept them from the war; and lodge
In ev'ry sprig, and ev'ry leaf possess.
Ismenes joyful to the king returns,
And boasting, all his curst success relates.
He adds, your regal seat is now secure,
Nor can your foes their proud machine repair:
But still their worst misfortunes are behind.
Within the course of some revolving days,
Hot Mars and Phœbus in the Lion meet,
With angry aspects and malignant rays;
Whence heat so strong and violent ensues,
That nothing shall its fierce extremes allay;
Nor winds, nor clouds, nor dews, nor cooling show
Not more intemp'rate flames the Indian burn.
This all the stars and face of heav'n predict.
To us the disadvantage will be less,
With swelling springs, and grateful shade suppply'
By Heav'n abandon'd, first their camp shall fall
An easy conquest to the Egyptian troops.
Thus sitting, you the victory may gain,
And try no more the doubtful chance of war.
But if the proud Argantes this withstands,

r conduct must his headlong rage restrain.
e all beyond to Heav'n, which soon will bring
mph to you, confusion to your foes.
ıese speeches soothe the king, who now commands
breaches of the wall to be repair'd:
chearful citizens and slaves assist
nend the wall, and fortify the town.

EPISTLE *from* ALEXIAS, *a noble Roman, to his wife, hom he left on his wedding-day, with a design to it the Eastern churches.*

health to thee, still dearer than my life,
lovely mistress, and more charming wife!
n'd by a heav'nly vision, from thy bed,
tender arms, yet unenjoy'd, I fled.
e, cries the shining form, without pretence,
nish'd man, 'tis heav'n commands thee hence;
mighty message leaves thee no defence.
e, and the rest to Providence resign,
deed shall in immortal legends shine.
lute with surprize, I took my sudden flight,
sted by the covert of the night.
friendly pow'r conducts me to the shore
hose lov'd regions I must view no more;
winds to see the destin'd vessel bore.
deep and all its stormy dangers past,
reach the happy Asian coasts at last:
ıll the Christian churches there as sent,
h pious zeal to visit them I went.

Another heav'nly charge constrains me then
To quit the dear society of men;
In some remote and humble hermitage,
Far from the world to spend my blooming age.
Now through uncouth and pathless woods I stray,
Frequented only by the beasts of prey,
Who trembling haste at my approach away.
O'er Libya's scorching sands, or Scythian snows,
Undaunted innocence and virtue goes
All night, unguarded, in the woods I lie,
The stars my lamps, the clouds my canopy.
With wholesome fruits my hunger I suffice,
My thirst a bounteous silver spring supplies.
To Heav'n alone in this retreat I live,
And all my hours to strict devotion give;
Deep contemplation, sacred hymns, and pray'r,
In solemn turns, my constant leisure share.

Sometimes, my sinking forces to renew,
The scenes of everlasting pain I view,
The dreadful fate to curst apostates due:
My shudd'ring fancy seeks the shades below,
The realms of death, and dismal seats of wo;
I trace the burning banks, the sulph'rous streams,
And tremble at the never-dying flames.

A nobler view my virtue now excites,
And pleasure's charming name my soul invites;
The boundless joys, the crown, the vast reward,
In heav'n for stedfast piety prepar'd.
My tow'ring thoughts in raptur'd sallies rove,
Through all the wide resplendent worlds above;

I view the inmost glories of the skies,
And paradise lies open to my eyes;
Whole floods of joy come pouring on my soul,
And high the flowing tides of pleasure roll.
These blissful prospects urge my virtue on,
No toil too great for an immortal crown!
No path that leads to happiness is hard,
Short the fatigue, eternal the reward!
The course of some few fleeting minutes o'er,
And I shall gain the long expected shore;
And from these dark tempestuous coasts remove
To the calm skies, and peaceful climes above.
With transport there, with transport all divine,
My lov'd Emilia, shall my soul meet thine:
To endless years our raptures we'll improve,
And spend a whole eternity in love.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of ——

To thee my muse's softest skill I owe,
For thee, Amintor, I indulge it now;
Yet by my praise I would not make thee less,
But something great and worthy thee express;
Yet while I strive the daring thought to paint,
Its beauties in the flat expression faint.
For there's in thee I know not what divine,
Which must the brightest metaphors outshine.
When angels cloth'd in human forms appear,
Such grandeur, such benignity they wear:

If they discourse, like thine must be their sense,
Like thine their accent, and their eloquence.
Not all the gaudy pageantries of state,
But thy own native lustre makes thee great.
In all things modest, fortunate, and brave,
To custom, vice, nor virtue's self a slave;
That's reason, thought, and gen'rous choice in thee,
And not the low effect of dull necessity.
With beauty thou, and blooming life art crown'd,
While flatt'ring pleasures court thee all around;
But thou, with an heroical disdain,
Unconquer'd, unseduc'd doth still remain,
And with a philosophic pride engage
The num'rous follies of a vitious age;
Nor breaks the sun less sully'd from a cloud,
Than thou from all the vices of a crowd.

On an unsuccessful attempt to draw Lord BOYLE's *picture.*

In vain, with mimic skill, my pencil tries
To paint the life that sparkles in those eyes.
What art, what rules of symmetry can trace
That air of wit, that bloom, and modest grace?
What soft degrees of shade or light express
The inward worth those speaking looks confess?
'Tis more than beauty here that charms the sight,
And gives our minds an elegant delight:
Were virtue seen by mortal eyes, she'd wear
Those peaceful smiles, and that engaging air.

l Boyle's *answer to the foregoing verses.*

f wit, no beauteous grace I boast:
ms are native innocence, at most.
y pencil, and thy numbers charm,
ry eye, and ev'ry bosom warm,
n years, if e'er I chance to tread,
ice, triumphant, rears aloft her head;
re the paths of virtue I'll pursue,
a my fair and kind director you.

---

s Rowe, *occasioned by her verses on Lord* Boyle.

By Mr N. Muncky.

it, the good, for arms or arts renown'd.
rows with laurel, or with olive crown'd)
m thy art a double life receive,
hy lays, or from thy pencil live.
rt the life thy colours can supply,
's and Kneller's teints, and thine must die:
hy lays; more lasting fame they give,
their theme to endless ages live.
mer's verse remains the muse's boast,
euxes' later labours now are lost.
ore in works like these thy skill display,
: what roiling years shall take away;
: Boyle's blooming charms invoke the nine,
him in immortal numbers shine:
ly form posterity shall view,
arm uninjur'd, and each feature true.

Thus shall he flourish in unfading bloom,
The joy and wonder of each age to come.

On the death of the honourable Mrs THYNE.

If virtue can immortal honour give,
Thy worth the muse's boasted theme shall live.
But mine's a private, unambitious part,
Where nature dictates, negligent of art:
In shades retir'd, I breathe my secret grief,
And soothe my sorrows, hopeless of relief.
O sacred shade! the impious wish forgive,
That fain would have thee yet a mortal live;
That fain would bring thee from celestial joys,
To these wild seats of vanity and noise.
Could tears prevail, how many weeping eyes
Would join with me to tempt thee from the skies!
A just compassion, sure, would touch that mind,
Which here was gentle, and sincerely kind:
The gen'rous disposition reigns above,
Distinguish'd in the peaceful realms of love.
Would Heav'n permit, I could my sorrows paint,
Invoking thee as some protecting saint;
Such warm devotion rises in my breast,
So bright a flame thy virtues have impress'd!
I talk to winds——the happy spirit roves
Through lightsome plains, and ever-verdant groves,
Pleas'd with harmonious strains, nor lends an ear
To the ungovern'd language of despair.

et let my grief the rites of friendship pay,
weep my sorrows o'er thy breathless clay,
: with just respect thy silent tomb,
soothe my anguish in the mournful gloom.
) could I hear thy gentle voice again,
)ne short moment's sight of thee obtain;
ıt to take a last, a sad adieu——
.t vain illusions my wild thoughts pursue?
shades of death are drawn, perpetual night
ever hides thee from my longing sight;
d destiny shall ne'er that bliss restore,
earth, and sea, and heav'n, shall be no more.
ut, sacred friendship, thy superior flame
l time outlive, and be unchang'd the same.
en all the fond relations nature knows,
en all the ties that human laws impose
cancell'd, when the mighty league expires,
ıt holds the universe, when yon gay fires
re wasted all their glory; thou shalt rise
riumph o'er the ruins of the skies:
r pow'r, immortal friendship, then confest,
ll fill with transport ev'ry heav'nly breast.

Mrs Rowe, *on her elegy on the death of the honourable Mrs* Thyne.

By the Right Honourable John *Earl of* Orrery.

sweet *you sing, so* well your Laura paint,
:p *so pathetic* a departed saint,

That with fresh rage my sorrows you renew,
And call my Henrietta to my view.
Before my eyes the charmer stands confest,
Again I see her, and again am blest.
Oh, no—the vision's gone—an airy dream,
Rais'd by the magic of your mournful theme:
But since by fate we are alike opprest,
Since ling'ring sorrows both our minds infest,
From hence let mutual consolation flow,
And let each breast with new-born friendship glow
Thus when the tedious race of life is run,
And all our fleeting earthly joys are gone,
Together to the realms of light we'll fly,
You to meet Laura, Henrietta, I.

Marston, Dec. 17. 1734.

To Mrs ROWE, *occasioned by the foregoing elegy.*

By another hand.

WHILE, Philomel, you breathe your plaintive sighs
O'er Laura's loss, and friendships broken ties,
To my pain'd thought that fatal hour appears,
When (all the wise, and all the good in tears)
Number'd no more with mortals, thou shalt rise
To meet thy kindred minds in yonder skies.
(Late be that hour, let years on years roll slow,
E'er that sad hour shall plunge a world in wo!
Long, long may worth like thine this earth adorn,
The joy and wonder of a race unborn!

Ah! how shall then thy wretched friends sustain
The woes of absence, and the parting pain?
Yet then, ev'n then, not full despair their doom,
One chearful ray relieves the mournful gloom;
Amid their copious tears, one soothing smile
Thy verse permits, their anguish to beguile.
When ev'ry sick'ning star shall feel decay,
And earth, and sea, and skies, shall pass away;
To pay the pangs of parting, fate ordains
A blissful meeting on the heav'nly plains;
To join in friendship, and unite in joy,
Which absence cannot part, nor death destroy.

To the Right Honourable JOHN *Earl of* ORRERY.

IMMORTAL friendship, thou unblemish'd name!
Why should I fear t' admit thy sacred flame?
Why with fantastic rules thy force controul,
And damp the noble ardour in my soul?
When thou art banish'd from the human breast,
Envy and rage the gloomy seat infest.
Thy gentle warmth inspires the worlds above,
Those pure abodes of innocence and love.
Then come, a welcome inmate to my breast,
And be thy pow'r through all my soul confest:
When such distinguish'd merit is in view,
The sacred tribute is entirely due.

A Hymn.

From Racine's Athalia. *Act I. Scene 4.*

I.

Th' Almighty's grandeur fills the universe,
E'er time had birth, his empire was the same.
Let heav'n and earth his benefits rehearse,
Adore his greatness, and invoke his name.

II.

In vain our impious foes
A rig'rous silence on our tongues impose;
Though ev'ry tongue should silent lie,
His glory with th' instructing sun would fly
Around the world, and fill the vaulted sky.

III.

From him the fruits receive their blushing pride
By him in all their various hues,
The gaudy flow'rs are dy'd;
His bounty with the ev'ning's gentle dews,
And morning gales, the verdant field renews.

IV.

At his command the sun displays
Its vital warmth, and spreads its golden rays:
Nor chiefly here his goodness stands confest,
Of all his gifts to man his law exceeds the rest.

To Mr Thomson, *on the Countess of* ——'s *praising his Poems.*

Secure of glory, crown thy head with bays,
Ambition sets its bounds in Delia's praise;

What she approves eternity shall claim,
And give the favour'd muse unrival'd fame:
She well can judge, who knows with tuneful art,
In tender strains to move the coldest heart.

When through the flow'ry vale, and dusky groves,
Her muse retir'd, with guiltless freedom roves,
With new delight we seek the calm abodes,
Detest the town, and wander through the woods;
The sylvan scene conscious of joy appears,
And charms like thy own summer-ev'ning wears;
No longer the sad nightingales complain,
But learn from her a more exalted strain:
Her tuneful numbers ev'ry care beguile,
And make the solitary prospect smile.

But when she sets the lyre to themes divine,
An angel speaks in ev'ry flowing line:
She takes from vice its undeserv'd applause,
And dares assert abandon'd virtue's cause.
Express'd in heav'nly eloquence we find
The perfect image of her beauteous mind;
Her beauteous mind, that with distinguish'd grace
Shines in her eyes, and sparkles in her face,
Gives ev'ry blandishment, and charming air,
Makes all harmonious, and completely fair.

On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

LET those that hate thee tremble at thy name,
Thy being is my confidence and joy.
Abstract from all things else, I find in thee

A secret, an unfailing spring of peace:
Alacrity and pleasure fill my soul,
To think thou art, and that, compar'd to thee
Things seen, and things unseen, deserve no name.
Thou only art without variety,
Or shadow of a change, immutable.
Perish this visionary form of things!
In darkness be the gay creation lost!
While thou remain'st unchanged, with joy these eye
Could gaze on nature's universal wreck,
See heav'n and earth in one vast ruin sink,
And smile upon the glorious desolation.
Thou hast no attribute but gives me joy,
Be as thou art, severe in holiness!
My highest reason loves thy perfect laws,
Thou righteous King of saints! Pure as thou art,
And sinful as I am, I triumph still;
My guilt is all my own, and thou art clear.
From the low depths of misery and dust,
With angels and archangels round thy throne,
To thy dominion and unbounded sway
I join my glad assent.——Be all thy foes
In just derision had, and vile contempt,
While thy bright throne for ever stands secure!
Be absolute! be uncontroul'd and free!
Thou canst not be unjust, howe'er above
The view of man thy ways.———A time will con
When all shall be explain'd; and conqu'ring love,
The splendor and the beauty of thy face,
Victorious love, shall shine on all thy works.

or, oh! what daring thought shall limit thee,
u darling attribute of the Most High,
greatest of his names?——A heart subdu'd
: mine, must make its loudest boasts of thee;
life, my glory, and salvation's thine,
thine shall be my everlasting song.
these cold regions thou hast warm'd my heart,
gently trac'd some faint resemblance there.
oh! thou charming Pow'r, that canst efface
:he remains of enmity and pride,
sform me to thine image, let me wear
:haracter but thine: be thou my life,
pring, its motion, constant as my breath;
ll on my tongue, and govern all my soul,
faith and hope be swallow'd up of thee.
hese eyes shall see thee then supremely fair;
arent in the heights of excellence,
perfect beauty thou shalt stand reveal'd;
ings and smiles, unmeasurable grace,
ntial glories, ever-blooming life,
pects of pleasure, regions of delight,
heav'n of heav'ns, visions ineffable,
nce shall all their dazzling pomp unfold,
open in thy fair unclouded face.

On the name of JESUS.

ve, if joy, if gratitude can speak,
red rapture can its silence break;

Yet once more let me tune my harp for thee,
Thou source of the divine benignity:
On this side heav'n yet once more let me sing,
E'er to thy praise I set th' immortal string;
In mortal strains permit me to rehearse
Thy name, and with it grace my humble verse.
Ye winds, to heav'n the sacred accents bear,
For heav'n delights the glorious sound to hear.
Ye angels, take it on your golden lyres,
Voices like yours the mighty word requires.
Seraph and cherub, speak, is there a sound
More sweet than this in all your language found?
Is there within the bounds of paradise
A note of harmony compar'd to this?
Ye heav'nly pow'rs, your gentle warmth infuse,
And tell me what sweet eloquence you use;
I burn in sacred flames like yours, and fain
Would talk and sing in your immortal strain;
My voice would mix with the melodious spheres,
And please, with soft attraction, angels ears.
Ye winds, to heav'n the glorious accents bear,
For heav'n delights the charming name to hear.
I'll breathe it with the morning's fragrant air,
Its pleasing echoes shall the ev'ning chear.
The fields, the lawns, and ev'ry shady grove,
The sweet retirements, and delights of love,
Shall learn from me the dear, inspiring name,
And all be witness to my holy flame.

DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

Soliloquy I.

Eternal Maker, hail! hail, Pow'r divine!
The heav'ns and earth, the day and night are thine.
Matter and form to thee their being owe,
From thee, their great original, they flow:
When yet the mingled mass unactive lay,
Thou gav'st it motion by thy quick'ning ray;
Chaos and night thy pow'rful mandate heard,
And light and glorious order soon appear'd,
If thou but hide thy face, the creatures mourn,
But life and pleasure with thy smile return;
Thy gentle smile dependant nature chears,
Revives its hopes, and dissipates its fears.
The earth and skies through various changes run;
But thou whose wond'rous being ne'er begun,
Canst ne'er through all eternity decay,
While time's swift flood bears all things else away.
By thy direction, the fair orbs above,
In perfect order, through the ether move;
And all that's lovely, all that's pure below,
Immediately from thy bright essence flow.
Fountain of life! from thy immortal flame
All ranks of intellectual beings came:
Our Maker thou, our great Original,
We own thy right, and thee our Father call.

Soliloquy II.

Celestial love, my ever charming theme,
Ten thousand blessings rest upon thy name!

From the Divinity thou hast thy source,
And God himself attests thy wond'rous force.
Some angel, speak in your immortal strain,
How love does o'er th' immense Creator reign;
But, oh! that glorious truth what angel can explain?
You saw him quit the pleasures of the sky,
And veil the glories of the Deity;
You saw him born, and, wond'ring, heard him wee
Wond'ring you saw the world's protector sleep;
You saw him wander here despis'd, unknown,
Without a place to rest his head, his own;
You knew his grief and inward agony:
You saw the heav'nly lover bleed and die.
Victorious love, how infinite thy pow'r,
How great thy triumph on that solemn hour!
The sun, the moon, and sparkling stars on high,
Stood witness to the vanquish'd Deity.
Strike up your golden harps, ye sons of light,
Some mighty genius the vast song indite;
And, oh! ye sons of men, unite your voice,
Let all the ransom'd tribes on earth rejoice;
Ye ransom'd tribes, peculiarly from you
Unbounded thanks, and endless praise are due.
Triumph, and shout, begin th' eternal strains,
To him that died, but now for ever reigns;
To him that lov'd, and wash'd us in his blood,
And made us kings, and chosen priests to God:
For worthy is the Lamb, that once was slain,
Of praise and blessing in the highest strain.

Soliloquy III.

Whatever various turns my life shall see,
Of downy peace, or hard adversity;
Let smiling suns shine on my prosp'rous ways,
Or louring clouds obscure my gloomy days;
The praises of my God shall still employ
My tongue, and yield my thoughts perpetual joy;
For he is all my glory, all my boast,
Be ev'ry name, but his, for ever lost?
My trust alone is his almighty name,
All other aids my tow'ring thoughts disclaim.
In God, my glorious Saviour, I'll rejoice,
And still exalt him with my grateful voice.
His angels, he himself surrounds the just,
And guards the saints who in his promise trust.
O taste and see, how blest, how highly blest
Are they who on his boundless mercy rest!
He, with indulgent care, their want supplies,
And guides their steps with ever watchful eyes;
His gracious ears are open to their pray'r,
And hear with soft compassion all their care;
When darkness and despair their steps surround,
Their gentle guide and succour he is found.
Mercy and truth, through all his gracious ways
To human race, shine with distinguish'd rays.
O let my tongue on the blest subject dwell,
The wonders of his love to men and angels tell!
Angels and men their glad assent shall join,
And mix *their loud applauding* notes with mine.

SOLILOQUY IV.

Too low my artless verse, too flat my lays,
To reach thy glory, and express thy praise;
Yet let me on my humble reed complain,
And mourn thy absence in a pensive strain;
My own soft cares permit me to rehearse,
And with thy name adorn my humble verse.
The streams shall learn it, and the gentle breeze
On its glad wings shall waft it through the tree
The list'ning nymphs, instructed by my flame,
Shall teach their hearts to make a nobler claim;
The swains no more for mortal charms shall pin
But to celestial worth their vows resign.
The fields and woods the chaste retreats shall pr
Of sacred joys, and pure, immortal love;
And angels leave their high abodes again,
To grace the rural seats, and talk with men.

SOLILOQUY V.

By sighs, by gentle vows, and soft complaint,
Deluded lovers all their suff'rings paint;
Their joys in smooth similitudes they dress,
And all their griefs in flowing words express:
But what are flowing words? how poor, how vai
These high celestial ardours to explain!
Can human sounds such wondrous things unfold,
As angels warble to their harps of gold?
O teach me all your sweet melodious art,
To breathe the tender dictates of my heart!
To talk——of what——for you alone can tell
What minds inflam'd with holy transports feel.

You feel them, when you touch th' immortal strings,
And gaze, and love, and talk immortal things;
When ev'ry blissful shade, and happy grove
Repeat the sound, and softly breathe out love.

SOLILOQUY VI.

O speak! and in the music of thy voice
My soul shall antedate immortal joys;
The tempting calls of sense shall all be drown'd
In the superior sweetness of that sound:
Nature and studious art would strive in vain,
To reach the charms of that victorious strain.
O let me hear thee but in whispers break
Thy silence, and in gentle accents speak!
Such accents as ne'er ravish'd mortal ears,
Such as the soul in calm retirement hears;
When from external objects far away,
Her highest pow'rs the call divine obey:
That voice that to ineffable delights,
From mortal things the willing mind invites;
More charming than the notes which angels play,
When they conduct a dying saint away;
While raptur'd he resigns his parting breath,
And smiles on all the solemn pomp of death.
When wilt thou speak, and tell me thou art mine?
O how I long to hear that word divine!
When that transporting sound shall bless my ear,
Fly sullen grief, and ev'ry mortal care;
Fly days, and hours, and measur'd time, with speed,
And let the blest eternity succeed!

Till then the rolling orbs my love shall hear,
And let the whole creation lend an ear.
Witness, ye crystal streams, that murm'ring flow,
For you the secret of my passion know;
Ye fields, ye glades, and ev'ry shady grove,
The sweet retirements, and delights of love,
I call you all to witness to my flame,
For you have learnt the dear inspiring name;
In gentle echoes you have oft reply'd,
And in soft breezes through the valleys sigh'd;
The valleys, mossy caves, and open lawn,
The silent ev'ning, and the chearful dawn;
Thou moon, and ev'ry fair conspicuous star,
Whose silver rays the midnight horrors chear;
And thou bright lamp of day, shall witness prove,
To the perpetual fervour of my love.
To heav'n and earth my tongue has oft confess'd,
And heav'n and earth my ardour can attest.
Angels, for you the solemn truth can tell,
And ev'ry pious midnight sigh reveal;
You feel the warmth of this celestial flame,
And bless with me the dear transporting name;
Be witness that my raptur'd vows aspire,
To the high theme of your immortal lyre.
But oh! my life, my hope, to thee alone
I strive to make my ardent wishes known;
To thee alone, to thee I would reveal,
My tender cares, to thee I dare appeal.
Thou that dost all my secret soul behold,
Pierce all its depths, and ev'ry veil unfold,

Ev'n thou, my glorious Judge, thyself shall prove
Th' eternal witness of my truth and love.

SOLILOQUY VII.

Celestial gift, by Heav'n alone inspir'd,
And not by man, in all his pride acquir'd,
What wonders hast thou done; thy sacred force
The skies obey, and nature turns her course.
At thy command the sun has backward fled,
Th' astonish'd moon stood still with silent dread.
If thou but speak, the raging winds obey,
The waves divide, and leave an open way:
Thy potent breath dissolves the rock, and brings
From solid marble, softly bubbling springs;
At thy request mortality is fed
From heav'n's high store-house, with celestial bread;
Thy wide commands no limits can confine,
Whate'er Omnipotence can do is thine.

SOLILOQUY VIII.

Why does the sun with constant glory burn?
Why does the day to guilty man return?
To guilty man? whose insolence and pride
The glories of th' eternal sun would hide.
Why do the stars with nightly splendor shine,
While mists from hell obscure the light divine?
Back to your fountain turn your lucid streams,
To holier regions lend your gentle beams.
O let me weep in some sequester'd shade,
Whose dark recess no light shall e'er invade;
Where mortal joys shall offer no relief,
To intermit the just, the serious grief.

O could my tears the public vengeance stay!
And yet suspend the desolating day!
But see it comes! the threat'ning tempests rise,
Presaging darkness gathers in the skies.

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SOLILOQUY IX.

From thee, my God, my noblest pleasures spri
The thoughts of thee perpetual solace bring.
How does my soul, from these exalted heights,
Contemn the world, and all its poor delights;
And wing'd with sacred rapture, pass the rounds
Of circling skies, and all created bounds!
Celestial prospects, visions all divine,
Unfold their glories, and around me shine.

Thus let me live, nor hear, nor see nor know
What mortals, in their madness, act below.
Be thy refreshing consolations mine!
And I the world, with all its boasts, resign:
Deluding shews, I give you to the wind!
My soul a nobler happiness must find.

SOLILOQUY X.

If e'er again I find my soul's delight,
With love's soft fetters I'll restrain his flight;
And e'er I with the darling treasure part,
The sparks of life shall quit my trembling heart;
That life, which soon would prove a tiresome loa
Without the charming hopes to find my God.
O thou that dost my panting breast inspire,
With all the ardour of celestial fire,
Thee I must find, or in the search expire!

In vain the tempting world its glory shews,
All it can give would yield me no repose;
Renounc'd at once let all its proffers be,
My bliss shall be completely full in thee;
Here is my rest, my vain pursuits are o'er;
Here let me fix, and never wander more?

SOLILOQUY XI.

No change of time, nor place, shall change my love,
Nor from my God my stedfast thoughts remove:
The flatt'ring world, with all its tempting art,
Shall never blot his image from my heart.
Should hell with all its stratagems combine,
They could not quench an ardour so divine:
Their false allurements, nor their proudest rage,
Shall e'er my resolution disengage.
Pleasure shall court in vain, and beauty smile,
Glory in vain my wishes would beguile.
The persecutor's rage I would not fear;
Let death in all its horrid shapes appear,
And with its keenest darts my breast assail;
When breath, and ev'ry vital spring shall fail,
The sacred flame on brighter wings shall rise,
And unextinguish'd reach its native skies;
With an eternal force the heav'nly fire
Shall to its bright original aspire.

SOLILOQUY XII.

Dance on, ye hours, on soft and downy feet!
Roll swift, thou ling'ring sun, and let us meet!
Come, ye *blest moments*, with a sprightly grace
Let the gay period shew its smiling face!

What is the day? what is its useless light,
Unless it shews me that transporting sight?
No beauteous object smiles below the skies,
To charm my thought, and fix my longing eyes;
Celestial excellence my eyes inspires,
And kindles in my breast immortal fires.
Thou bright, unrival'd object of my love,
To thee alone my soft affections move;
Thine are my rising hopes, my purest fires,
My noblest wishes, and sublime desires.

SOLILOQUY XIII.

Ye happy minds, that free from mortal chains,
Possess the realms where boundless pleasure reigns,
That feel the force of those immortal fires,
And reach the bliss to which my soul aspires;
Who meet, unveil'd, that radiant Majesty,
Of which, to gain one transient glance, I'd die;
I charge you, by the boundless joys you feel,
My tender cares to my Beloved tell;
Make all th' aspiring inclination known,
In such high strains as you describe your own;
In such exalted numbers as explain
The sacred flames which in your bosoms reign;
When all the heights of ecstacy you prove,
And breathe the raptures of immortal love.
O tell the glorious object, whom I prize
Beyond the chearful light that meets mine eyes,
Beyond my friend, or any dearer name,
Beyond the breath that feeds this vital frame,

ıd whate'er is charming here below,
nd the brightest joys that mortals know,
nd all these, O tell him that I love!
him what anguish for his sake I prove;
him how long the hours of his delay,
what I suffer by this tedious stay;
him his absence robs my soul of rest;
le cruel jealousy torments my breast.
t him know that my distracted mind
eal joy, while he withdraws, can find;
all my hopes are center'd in his love,
lost without it, how undone I prove!
him that nothing can that loss repair,
help the soul that dismal stroke to bear,
ing ensues but grief, and black despair:
ing beyond my soul could undergo;
death! 'tis hell! 'tis all unmingled woe!

SOLILOQUY XIV.

stay, thou sacred object of my love,
from my longing eyes so soon remove!
yet, nor let me lose thy charming sight!
'till the midnight shadows take their flight!
'till the morning-star's illustrious ray
kes the dawn, and leads the blushing day!
'till the sun unveils his golden light,
joyful birds their early songs recite;
ırn, my life, or let me follow thee!
world affords no solace now for me.
h thee I ev'ry smiling hope forego,
in thy absence no delight can know:
; *thou art all my* happiness below!

Soliloquy XV.

Come, gentle death, release my struggling soul
From those dull fetters which her flight controul
Less eagerly the hireling waits the close
Of the long, tedious day, to find repose.
A pilgrim here in this detested clime,
I rove and sigh away the ling'ring time.
O come, thou wish'd-for messenger of peace!
The pris'ner longs not more for a release;
The wretch that under painful bondage groans,
With less concern his misery bemoans.
How shall I bless the hour that sets me free,
And gives my soul her native liberty!
With eager joy I'd bid the world adieu,
And with contempt its parting glories view;
To mortal vanities I'd close mine eyes,
Led on by sacred love I'd upward rise,
And in a moment reach the blissful skies.

Soliloquy XVI.

On Libya's burning sands, and trackless waste,
Or Zembla's icy coast, let me be cast;
On some bleak shore, or solitary den,
Far from the path, and chearful haunt of men:
However sad and gloomy be the place,
Let me but there behold thy smiling face;
The wildest cave a paradise would be,
Celestial plains, and blissful groves to me:
Danger, and solitude, and lonesome night,
At thy propitious presence take their flight.

Beauty, in all its soft variety,
And love, and crowding joys attend on thee.
Immortal life springs up, where-e'er thou art,
And heav'nly day breaks in from ev'ry part.
Thou moon, ye stars, and thou, fair sun, adieu!
I ask no more thy rising beams to view;
For oh! the light himself, with rays divine
Breaks in, and God's eternal day is mine.

SOLILOQUY XVII.

Be hush'd, ye gentle pow'rs of harmony,
Whatever soothing sounds in nature lie!
Whatever art, through all her wide controul
Of changing notes, has found to touch the soul,
Be hush'd for ever! while my thoughts attend
That voice which might ev'n hell itself suspend,
Lull all its anguish, calm its fiercest pains,
Open its gates, and loose th' infernal chains;
That sacred voice, whose efficacious sound
Gave motion to the spheres, and set their tuneful round;
O let those charming accents from above
Breathe down celestial harmony and love:
Eternal joys on the smooth current roll,
And boundless pleasure overwhelms my soul.
Ye angels, I resign your tuneful choirs,
Nor envy seraphim their golden lyres.

SOLILOQUY XVIII.

The angels call, they call me from above,
And bid me hasten to the realms of love:
My soul with transport hears the happy doom,
I come, ye gentle messengers, I come;

Ye minstrels of the palaces above,
Who consecrate your golden lutes to love;
When I am ent'ring on the dreary plain,
Death's dismal realms, touch the melodious strain;
The charming sound shall ev'ry care beguile,
And make the seats of desolation smile.
My soul prepar'd by holy ecstacy,
Shall learn and join the chorus of the sky.
Though yet a stranger to the sacred fire,
The heights of love that your high strains inspire;
Some kindling sparks within my bosom move,
Which shall improve in the gay worlds above.
When these material clouds shall be dispell'd,
And God in perfect excellence reveal'd;
These eyes shall see thee then, and bless the sight,
And in thy presence view immortal light;
See beauty in its heav'nly prime unveil'd,
And wisdom's boundless treasuries unseal'd;
See thee in sparkling majesty ador'd,
Extoll'd and own'd the universal Lord.

SOLILOQUY XIX.

Ye soft complaints, and tender sighs,
That from my anxious bosom rise,
Take wing, and reach the distant skies.
Your gentle eloquence may move
The sacred object of my love,
To heal the anguish of my breast,
Of God forlorn, and robb'd of rest.
But oh! what sighs, what soft complaint,
My grief and wild distress can paint?

What lover's pains can equal mine,
While at thy absence I repine!
Without thee pleasure is no more,
I die till thou my bliss restore.
At once thy lovely face reveal,
And all these gloomy fears dispel.
My lov'd Redeemer! let that name,
Which does thy tenderness proclaim,
Let that thy soft compassion move,
And waken all thy former love.
Thou taught'st my infant lips thy name,
And didst my first desires inflame:
Recall the kindness of my youth,
When first I gave my plighted truth;
Ev'n then I felt the fire divine,
My young affections all were thine.

SOLILOQUY XX.

Fair Eden lost, my fancy oft renews,
And still with grief the beauteous scene reviews.
But oh! nor verdant plants, nor painted flow'rs,
Nor crystal rills, sweet shades, nor fragrant bow'rs,
Excite my envy; these I could resign,
Nor for the tree of life itself repine:
The nobler bliss, in high converse to rove
With friendly angels, through the happy grove,
Content I would forego; but oh! I mourn
Delights that ne'er to guilty man return,
Delights that guilty man could never boast,
Since the blest *age of innocence* was lost;

Among the trees with God himself to walk,
And in sweet converse to his Maker talk :
The scenes of paradise appear'd more fair,
Nature rejoic'd, and heav'n itself was there.
O highly favour'd, hail ! how blest thy fate !
How much unlike thy future wretched state !
O highly favour'd, hail ! the angels cry'd,
The echoing skies in cheerful sounds reply'd.
Roll back, thou sun, and bring those glorious views,
Those envy'd joys ! 'tis these my soul pursues.

SOLILOQUY XXI.

To thy high praises be my lips unseal'd,
And in chaste strains celestial love reveal'd.
O thou bright cause of this celestial flame !
In sacred rapture let me speak thy name ;
That name which ev'ry sullen care beguiles,
That dear lov'd name still breath'd with heav'nly smiles
That makes the wildest storms of passion cease,
And fills my breast with unmolested peace.
How much I love thee, thou alone canst tell,
On thee, on thee my thoughts for ever dwell.
To all but thee my joys, my hopes are lost :
How fair thou art to what the world can boast !
When I but meet a smile from thy bright eyes,
Nature in all her blooming glory flies ;
And let the whole creation disappear,
I have enough ; for God himself is here !

SOLILOQUY XXII.

I'll spend the silent hours in vows to thee,
Nothing shall come betwixt my God and me.

No other image shall my soul employ,
No earthly pleasure, no unholy joy.
From all the charms of sensual objects free,
My spirit disengag'd shall spring to thee.
The whole creation I at once resign,
I ask no more, be thou, great God, but mine!
'Tis thou alone shall fill my thoughts, to thee
All my desire in its full heights shall be.
Be thou my portion, my eternal lot,
And be the world in ev'ry form forgot!
In silence, undisturb'd with pomp and noise,
Let me be swallow'd in immortal joys:
Full in my view place all the bliss above,
The scenes of pleasure and eternal love;
From op'ning heav'ns let streaming glories shine,
And thy sweet whispers tell me thou art mine!

DEVOUT SOLILOQUES.

In Blank Verse.

Soliloquy I.

O thou to whom the fairest angel veils
With folded wings, the beauties of his face,
'Tis thee, 'tis thee alone my wishes seek:
For thee I'd break the fondest ties below,
Forget the names of amity and love,
And ev'ry gentle blandishment of life.
O turn aside the vale that hides thy face,
And holds the glorious vision from my view,
Pity the agonies of strong desire,

And stand in open majesty confest !
If when a few short moments are expir'd,
And this frail substance to its dust returns,
If thou wilt then unfold thy lovely face,
And in the heights of excellence appear:
Why wilt thou not indulge a moment's bliss,
Disclose one beam of thy unclouded light,
To chear the joyless gloom of mortal life ?
Forgive the fond impatience of my soul,
Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,
No entertainment in this lonesome world;
'Tis all a dismal solitude to me.

SOLILOQUY II.

Where am I ? surely paradise is round me !
My soul, my sense is full of thy perfection.
Whatever nature boasts in all her pride,
The blooming fragrancy of thousand springs
Are open to my view; and thou art all
The charming, the delicious land of love.
I know not what to speak ! for human words
Lose all their pow'r, their emphasis and force,
And grow insipid when I talk of thee,
The Excellence supreme, the God of gods:
Whate'er the language of those gods, those pow'
In heav'nly places crown'd; however strong,
Or musical, or clear their language be,
Yet all falls short of thee; though set to strains
That hell would smile to hear, and wild despair,
Discord, and mad confusion stand compos'd
In fix'd attention to the charming song.

When wilt thou blow away these envious clouds,
And shew me all the dazzling scenes within?
Those heav'ns of beauty and essential glory;
Those sights which eyes of mortals never saw,
Nor ear has heard, nor boldest thought conceiv'd.
What will these wonders prove! how shall my pow'rs
Be to their full capacity employ'd
In ecstasy and love? how shall I rove
For ever through those regions of delight,
Those paths, where joy ineffable leads on
Her smiling train, and wings the jocund hours?
Come, ye triumphant moments! come away,
Thou glorious period! where I fix my eyes;
For which I hourly chide the ling'ring course
Of sun, and moon, and ev'ry tardy star.
Thou end of all my grief, the happy date
Of care, and pain, and ev'ry human ill!

SOLILOQUY III.

Absolve the penance of mortality,
And let me now commence the life divine.
I sicken for enlargement.—Where's the bar?
Thy Spirit is not strait'ned, thou canst raise
Thy creature to what eminence thou wilt.
Unmerited, the brightest ranks above
Receiv'd their flame and purity from thee.
I dare not article with the Most High,
Nor boast but of my wants and indigence.
Let me be poor, necessitous, and low,
Or any thing, that thou may'st be advanc'd?
If I must glory, let me glory here,

That I can make no claim, nor ask reward.
O be thy goodness free! give like thyself,
And be thy own magnificence the rule.
Still undiminish'd, from thy endless store
Eternal bounty cannot lessen thee.
Why shouldst thou bound thyself, and check course
Of thy own glorious nature: which is all
O'erflowing love, and pure beneficence?
'Tis thy delight and glory to dispense
Treasures of wisdom, life, and heav'nly love
To souls that pine and languish after thee.
O thou canst never lavish out thy store!
The sun, that from his radiant exaltation
Looks down, and blesses universal nature,
Nor from the meanest worm keeps back his rays,
That sun is but a feeble type of thee.
Millions of happy spirits draw in life
And pleasure from thy smiles; yet still the spring
The fresh, the ever-rising springs of joy
Unwasted flow—Thou to thy glorious Self
Art all-sufficient, the sum, the plenitude
Of thy own bliss; and canst thou not supply
The utmost wishes of created minds?

SOLILOQUY IV.

Let God himself, to whom I dare appeal,
Let God, my glorious Judge, be witness here!
Unfold my inmost soul, for thou shalt find
No rival form, no image but thy own.
So sure I love thee, I would stake my bliss,

mortality on this high truth.
lis existence real, or a dream?
t, is life, or is the sacred name
:ue dear? Do I love happiness?
re I do! and oh! 'tis full as sure
my God. If this is not a truth,
ot breathe, I have nor hopes, nor fears,
v not where, I know not what I am,
nder in uncertainty and doubt.
is not a truth, why have I shut
es on all the beauty of the world?
lave I stopt my ears to ev'ry call
ry and delight? why do I shun
ths of pleasure? why despise the joys,
ntertainments of society;
st to all, in solitary shades,
p my hours, and ev'ry thought to thee?
od, I cry, the treasure of my soul,
ne my God, and let the world forsake me!
whole enjoyment in thy love consists;
rth, nor heav'n, nor the high heav'n above,
ct from thee, can furnish out a bliss,
tertain these infinite desires:
ou art all the solace of my life;
st thou but say thou hast no pleasure in me,
ere I am——but oh! the most undone
retched thing that the creation names:
must love thee still; howe'er thou deal'st
ne, still I must love thee for thy own perfections.
nguish for thee through eternal years.

SOLILOQUY V.

Can some fond lover by the charming force
Of mortal beauty held, invoke the groves,
The fields, the floods, and all the sparkling st
To witness his unshaken truth and love;
While the frail object of his boasted faith
Fades like a painted flow'r, and is no more:
And shall my heart, with heav'nly love inflam
Grow doubtful, while I swear eternal truth
To the prime Excellence, Beauty divine;
Shall I protest with caution? shall my tongue
Speak with reserve, and yield but half assent
No; let me find the most pathetic form;
Beyond the obligations men have known,
Beyond all human ties; solemn as when
Some mighty angel lifts his hand on high,
And by the living God attests his oath.
Thus let me bind my soul—and oh! be wi
Ye shining ministers, (for you surround,
And sanctify the place where holy vows
Ascend to heav'n,) be witness when we meet
Upon th' immortal shores, as soon we must,
Be witness! for the solemn hour draws near
That solemn hour, when with triumphant jo
Or exquisite confusion, I shall hear
Your approbation, or your just reproaches:
Your just reproaches if you find me false;
If this fond heart, ensnar'd by earthly charm
Shall break its faith, and stain the sanctity
Of plighted vows, and consecrated flames.

O thou! to whose all-seeing eye my soul
Lies all unveil'd, to thee I dare appeal:
If thou art not my chief, my only joy,
Let sacred peace for ever fly my breast,
And rest become an endless stranger there.
Let no harmonious sound delight mine ears,
If thy lov'd name is not the sweetest accent,
The most transporting music they convey.
Let beauty ne'er again attract my eyes,
Shut out the sun, and ev'ry pleasant thing
Its rays disclose, if e'er I find a charm
In nature's lovely face, abstract from thee.
Let all my hopes, my gayest expectations,
Be blasted, when they are not plac'd on thee.
O I might speak a bolder language still,
And bid thee cut off all my future hopes
Of heav'nly bliss, if thy transporting smiles
Are not the emphasis of all that bliss.

SOLILOQUY VI.

These eyes have never seen thy lovely face,
No accent of thy voice has reach'd my ear,
And yet my heart's acquainted well with thee;
To thee it opens all its secret store
Of joy and grief, and whispers ev'ry care.
I've known the names of father, husband, friend;
But when I think of thee, these tender ties,
These soft engagements vanish into air.
Amidst the gentlest blandishments and charms,
The smiles and flatt'ring boasts of human things,
My soul springs forward, and lays hold on thee;

Calls thee her only portion and defence,
Nor knows a thought of diffidence or fear.
Let nature fail, let darkness hide the stars,
And cover with a sable veil the sun;
Unchang'd and fix'd the truth of God remains,
Nor knows the least decay.—Here let me rest,
With full assurance and unshaken faith.
O thou unbounded, self-sufficient Being!
How rich am I! how happy! how secure!
How full my portion in possesing thee!
One gentle, one transporting smile of thine,
Thou darling of my soul! contains more wealth
Than this, or thousand brighter worlds can boast.
'Tis thou thyself art my immediate bliss,
My paradise, my everlasting heav'n!

SOLILOQUY VII.

I love thee—Here the pomp of language fails,
And leaves th' unutterable thought behind;
The eloquence of men, the muse's art,
Their harmony and tuneful cadence sink.
Whatever names of tenderness and love,
Whatever holy union nature knows,
Are faint descriptions of celestial fires.
But oh! may sinful breathing dust presume
To talk to thee of love and warm desires?
To thee! who sit'st supreme enthron'd on height
Of glory, which no human thought can reach?
Shall wretched man, whose dwelling is with dust
That calls corruption his original,
And withers like the grass, shall he presume,

With heart and lips unsanctified, to speak
On subjects, where the holy seraphim
Would stop their lutes; and with a graceful pause
Confess the glorious theme too great for words,
For eloquence immortal to express?
Yet I must aim at subjects infinite,
For oh! my love-sick heart is full of thee.
In crowds, in solitude, the field, the temple,
All places hold an equal sanctity;
While thy lov'd name in humble invocation
Dwells on my tongue, and ev'ry gentle sigh
Breathes out my life, my very soul to thee.

SOLILOQUY VIII.

Fountain of love, in thy delightful streams
Let me for ever bathe my ravish'd soul,
Inebriated in the vast abyss,
The plenitude of joy; where all these wide,
These infinite desires shall die away
In endless plenty, and complete fruition.
O my dear God! have I a single joy,
A thought of happiness, remote from thee?
Am I at rest? though thou hast crown'd my years
With smiling plenty, and unmingled peace.
Is not the joy, the solace of my life
Summ'd in thy smiles, and center'd in thy love?
What is this vain, this visionary scene
Of mortal things to me? my thoughts aspire
Beyond the narrow bounds of rolling spheres.
The world is crucify'd and dead to me,
And I am dead to all its empty shews;

But oh! for thee unbounded wishes warm
My panting soul, and call forth all her pow'rs.
Whate'er can raise desire, or give delight,
Or with full joy replenish ev'ry wish,
Is found in thee, thou infinite abyss
Of ecstacy and life!—How my free soul
Expatiates in these wide, these boundless joys!
How am I lost to ev'ry thought but thee,
Forgetting ev'n myself, forgetting all
But thee, my glorious everlasting theme!
Thou wilt, thou must return upon my soul,
'Till death, and after death, while I exist,
Ages, ten thousand ages I will fix
My full attention on thy bright perfections.

SOLILOQUY IX.

O blow these clouds away, and let me see
Those distant glories that attract my love!
I must be satisfy'd, these longings quench'd,
These infinite desires must find an object;
Or thou hast made thy noblest work in vain.
The beasts are happy: they attain the end
Appointed for them by the course of nature,
They reach whate'er their senses can enjoy,
Nor seek, nor apprehend superior bliss;
Insensible of thee, whose potent word
Call'd out their various clans from empty nothing
Yet unacquainted strangers to thy name,
Nor knowing higher good, they are at rest.
But man, capacious of immortal bliss,

Pursues, unseen, an object infinite;
And only there can find the rest he seeks.

SOLILOQUY X.

My great Redeemer lives! I know he lives!
I feel the sacred, the transporting truth
Exulting in my soul: he lives to plead
My cause above (unworthy as I am!)
He there appears to intercede for me.
My record is on high, and the blest Spirit
With gentle attestations pleads within;
Divine the voice, 'tis all celestial truth.
I yield my glad assent; triumphant hope,
And heav'nly consolations fill my soul.
I must, I will rejoice; 'tis God himself
Is my exceeding joy: he kindly smiles,
And heav'n, and earth look gay; while all the clouds
That conscious guilt spread o'er my shudd'ring soul
Vanish before those reconciling eyes.
Ye pow'rs of darkness, where are all your threats?
Speak out your charge, the black indictment read;
I own the dreadful, the amazing score;
But who condemns, when God does justify?
Who shall accuse, when freely he acquits?
He calls me bless'd, and what malignant pow'r
Shall call the blessing back? who shall reverse
What the Most High has said?—Nor life, nor death,
Nor depth below, nor endless height above
Shall part me from his everlasting love.

SOLILOQUY XI.

Where are the boasts of nature? where its pride,

When reason looks within with humble view,
And sanctity of judgment measures out
My conduct by the perfect laws of God?
But oh! let not my crimes recorded stand
Before thy sight, nor call me to account,
Thou righteous Judge; for who can answer thee
Can mortal man be just? can he be pure
Whose dwelling is with flesh? If thou shouldst p
Into my secret guilt, I am undone;
But if thou pardon the unnumber'd score,
The glory will be thine, whose clemency
Can know no bounds; for thou art uncontroul'd,
And absolute in all thy ways: no rule
But thy own perfect nature limits thee.
I sink, this empty shadow pays thee homage,
And vanishes to nothing; thou art all.
I am but vanity, this is my share;
I am content, be thou alone advanc'd!
Thy grace is free, thy favours unconfin'd:
Whate'er my pride can boast, my righteousness
Can never profit thee——The saints above,
The highest angels stand not unreproach'd,
Nor spotless in the presence of thy glory.
O do not strictly mark my num'rous crimes,
Nor ask what I deserve, but what becomes
The grandeur of thy name, thy glorious nature,
Thy clemency, and gentle attributes:
Act thou up to the heights of grace divine,
And be the glory and salvation thine!

Soliloquy XII.

hen will the journey end? this weary race,
tedious pilgrimage of life be o'er?
guilt, 'tis error, shades and darkness all!
hellish snare attends on ev'ry step,
I shall stumble, fall, and be undone;
ou one moment leave thy trembling charge,
trust me to myself, my treach'rous heart
give up all the boundless joys to come,
smiles of God, the raptures of his love,
:oys, for trifles, dross, and empty dreams.
foes are watchful; and my foolish heart,
credulous, unguarded and secure,
s easy entrance to the fatal arts
hose infernal pow'rs that seek my ruin.
ıt thou canst break the snare; and hitherto
Lord has help'd, be thine alone the praise!
ave me not at last to bring reproach,
ast a blemish on thy holy ways.
u know'st my folly, impotence, and guilt,
ıt darkness, what depravity controuls
nobler pow'rs; how when my rising thoughts
ıld fix on thee, this mortal part withstands.
bring my soul from this detested prison,
arge it, and my tongue shall speak thy praise!

Soliloquy XIII.

ome to my longing soul, that I may know
union with thee in immortal love:
s is the *secret language* of my heart.
e *appeal to thee, my* awful Judge,

Whose eyes can penetrate my inmost thought;
Thou art my first desire, my warmest wish:
These restless motions, these repeated sighs
Are all address'd to thee; at thee I aim,
In these imperfect flights, these upward views,
These frequent glances at the distant stars;
Fain would they pierce beyond the azure veil,
And gaze at those transporting sights within.

Put on your gaudy lights, ye rolling spheres!
Could I but see the brighter worlds beyond,
I should with joy bid sun and stars adieu,
With all the beauteous scenes their beams display.

I'm tir'd, I'm sick of all these trifling things,
The shew, the vain amusements of the world;
Thou art my only joy: again my soul
Attests its first, its early, glorious choice,
Under my hand, (behold, my present Judge,
For thou art here a witness to my truth),
Under my hand I take thee for my portion,
My present bliss, and all my future hope.

I cast reproach on ev'ry lower good,
And look with scorn on transitory things;
Divide them where thou wilt; 'tis thou thyself,
Thy smiles, the full fruition of thy love
My panting soul pursues: not all the pomp
Or pleasure of the skies, abstract from thee,
Could make me blest, or fill these large desires.

Soliloquy XIV.

The hour must come, the last important hour,
O let me meet it with expecting joy?

Nor let the king of terrors wear a frown,
Nor bring unwelcome tidings to my soul.
When all the springs of life are running low,
And ebbing fast in death; when nature tir'd,
Trembling and faint, gropes through the gloomy vale,
Nor human aid can give the least support;
Then may the cordials of eternal love
Pour in divine refreshments on my soul;
Then let him smile, whose gentle smiles could chear
The shades of hell, and scatter all its gloom.
Forget me not in that important hour;
Recal these earnest sighs, look kindly o'er
The long recorded file of humble pray'r
Sent to thy gracious seat: thou, who at once
Dost past, and present, and the future view,
Give back an answer in that sullen moment,
When all things else shall fail.—No sound of joy,
No sight of beauty, no delightful scene
Shall aught avail; nor sun, nor sparkling stars
Shall yield one gentle, one propitious ray,
To gild the fatal dusk, or chear the soul.
Then let the Sun of righteousness arise
With dawning light, and be the prospect clear
Beyond the dismal gulph; let darting beams
Of glory meet my view——Be hell defy'd,
On that triumphant day: O let me give
A parting challenge to infernal rage,
And sing salvation to the Lamb for ever!

SOLILOQUY XV.

Thou lovely object of my utmost hope,

Whate'er my soul stretch'd to its vast extent,
And wide capacity of bliss can grasp!
I would be from this moment free from all
Terrene delight, and joy in God alone.
Here I might still expatiate in the realms
Of boundless bliss, and drink the springs of life
Unsully'd at the native fountain head.
O thou that by a soft, but certain band
Of everlasting love hast drawn my soul;
Continue the attraction, bring me near,
Nor let us part for ever!—What words can pain
The horrors of that doom, that should divide
My soul from all its bliss? accurss'd division!
O be it ne'er my lot! Let dark oblivion
Extinguish this frail spark of entity,
Blot me, in mercy blot me from existence,
Rather than blot me from the book of life!
What pangs, what agonies would shake my soul
To take a last, a sad farewell of thee;
The rage of love, an everlasting fire,
Must prey for ever on the softest sense,
And feeling of the soul.——Rather let loose
Thy mighty hand, and crush me into nothing;
At least efface thy image from my heart,
Those traces of an excellence divine:
Tormenting view! if ne'er to be enjoy'd,
Let me forget thee, and forget myself;
Lose all remembrance of thy favours past,
Nor e'er recall to mind those blissful hours,
Spent in a sweet communion with my God.

Should these transporting scenes return in view,
I sure shall curse myself, defy the saints
That in thy temple dwell, and see thy face:
Perhaps, this tongue (O emphasis of woe!
The lowest depth, the horror of damnation!)
Perhaps, this tongue, urg'd with infernal rage,
With impious blasphemies may wound thy name;
That dear, adorable, transporting name,
That name imprinted on my inmost soul,
That now is all my joy, my final hope!

SOLILOQUY XVI.

Draw me, O draw me then with eager haste,
Unweary'd I shall run the sacred paths
Thy word directs; but if unmov'd by thee,
A lump of dull unanimated clay
As well might rise, and mount the lofty sky:
As well these cold, these senseless stones may wake,
May find a living voice, and call thee Father.
I live, I move, but as thy quick'ning pow'r
Exerts itself, and animates my being;
And longer than thou draw'st, I cannot move.
For I am weak and vain, my nature sunk
From its primæval rectitude and grace,
Helpless and destitute of all that's good:
But thus I humbly cast myself on thee,
Imploring succour at thy gracious hands:
Imploring wisdom, to evade the wiles
Of my infernal foes, that hourly watch
My steps, to tempt them into fatal snares,
And labyrinths of darkness.——Take my hand,

And gently lead me in the dang'rous road
Of mortal life, this gloomy pilgrimage:
My great directing Light, if thou withdraw,
I wander, and inevitably perish.
And, oh! 'tis endless ruin, deep perdition;
A loss, (distracting thought!) a loss that ne'er
Through everlasting years can be repair'd;
The loss of God, and all the boundless joys,
Th' immortal rapture that his presence gives.

Soliloquy XVII.

Mine eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv
The wonders of thy face; and yet unseen
Thou dost attract and raise my warmest love.
I live in thee, in thee alone am blest;
Thou art my darling thought; my soul exults,
It boasts in thee, and triumphs all the day.
That thou art happy gives me perfect joy;
I am at rest in thee.——Let kingdoms sink,
Thou dost ordain their fall; or let them rise,
Thy pleasure is fulfill'd.——Be thou supreme!
Be absolute!——I join my glad assent,
With all the prostrate angels round thy throne,
Unquestion'd be thy will! for oh! 'tis just,
And righteous all thy ways. Be thou ador'd
For ever in the heights of majesty:
Thy grandeur fills me with a just contempt
For all the pomp on earth; that thou art fair
(O how divinely fair!) gives fresh delight
And transport to my soul.—How I rejoice
To find thee still beyond similitude,

Still rising in superior excellence
To ev'ry lovely thing thy hands have made:
Ev'n seraphim in their immortal bloom,
Those morning-stars, the first born smiles of Heav'n,
If once compar'd to thee, their brightest charms
Would fade away, and wither in thy sight.

SOLILOQUY XVIII.

I will not leave thee; bid me not be gone,
Repulse me not, for I will take no nay.
As thou dost live, I will pursue thee still,
Nor e'er let go my hold: I'm fix'd on this,
To wrestle with thee till I gain the blessing.
I cannot be deny'd; thy word is past,
'Tis seal'd; 'tis ratify'd; thou art oblig'd,
Engag'd, confin'd by thy own clemency,
And spotless truth, to listen to my call.
I come, I enter by the strength of faith
The holy place; through the atoning blood
I kneel, I humbly worship at thy seat,
My great request is to obtain thy grace,
Through my Redeemer's merits: here's the way
By which I would approach thy sacred throne.
O let me never meet with a repulse,
While I invoke thee by that charming name;
That name, in which is center'd thy delight,
That name, which at thy own command I use;
Nor can it be in vain.——Thy word is past;
Nor canst thou vary, or deny thyself,
And change thy purposes, like fickle man.
The earth shall change her form, the shining skies

Shall lose their light, and vanish into shade;
But not a title of thy sacred word
Shall fail the hopes of them that rest on thee.
Be gone, ye impious, unbelieving fears!
I am a sinner, freely 'tis confest,
Unmeriting the least regard from thee;
But here the riches of thy grace will shine;
To thee immortal honour will arise,
When such a worthless wretch as I shall stand
Acquitted by an act of sov'reign will
Before thy gracious sight; cleans'd from my guilt
By a Redeemer's blood, that healing balm
For all the wounds within——In heav'nly strains
My lips shall tell the story of thy grace;
Ages shall in a long succession roll,
While the blest theme employs my joyful tongue:
Unbounded gratitude shall swell my soul,
And all its nobler faculties enlarge.

Soliloquy XIX.

Vanish my doubts, and let me give the glory
Due to th' eternal name, by stedfast faith,
Hope against hope, believe above belief!
For he that said, is able to perform:
His word annihilates, his word creates;
And he can open the eternal stores,
And pour ten thousand blessings on my head.
Why shouldst thou bound thyself? why shouldst thou stay
The sacred bias of thy glorious nature?
For thou art love supreme, essential love,

Ev'n my unworthiness can be no bar.
Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
And check the progress of almighty grace?
Shall dust and vanity obstruct the course
Of thy omnipotence, and spoil the boast
Of free, of absolute benignity?

Love is thy life, in its transcendent height
And full enjoyment; thy eternal thought,
In boundless wisdom, mark'd it as the end
Of all thy glorious works; and it shall rise
Triumphant and victorious over all
The obstacles that seem to check its course.

In this transporting, amiable form,
The mild, the gentle glories of thy nature,
Let me behold and meet thy gracious smiles:
Here I can triumph, here my hopes run high:
They know no bounds, but infinitely free
Grasp all a blest eternity contains.

SOLILOQUY XX.

O God of ages! view my narrow span,
Behold how short a period thou hast set
The limits of my life! how like a shade,
A passing cloud, my vain existence flies!
Yet all my boundless hopes, my future views
For endless ages on this narrow span,
This little rivulet of time, depend:
And oh! how fast the gliding current flows!
Nothing retards its everlasting course;
Ev'n now my hasty moments pass away,
For ever, O for ever they are gone!

I die with ev'ry breath; no calling back
The nicest point of all my vain duration,
'Tis past beyond retrieve!——but oh? there r
Eternal things on this important point:
This span of life, this short allotted span,
Is all I have to manage for the stake
Of an immortal soul; the glorious weight
Of heav'nly crowns and kingdoms are suspende
And oh! if lost, can never be recall'd.
This *now*, this fleeting transitory *now*,
Contains my all; and yet this awful truth
Sits lightly on my soul, and faintly moves
My drooping pow'rs to action.
Yet there's a strict account that must be made
When the great day, the day of reck'ning com
The solemn hour draws nigh, nor sleeps my dc
'Twill soon decide my everlasting state,
And no appeal will ever be allow'd.

SOLILOQUY XXI.

O thou! whose glorious, whose all seeing e
Marks all the dubious paths that lie before me
Who from my mother's womb hast been my g
And led me through the various turns of life;
Conceal not now thyself in darksome shades,
But let me clearly know thy sacred will,
To guide me through the wild, uncertain scen
Of mortal life, and let not hell deceive me;
For I am wholly thine; thou know'st I am
Devoted to thy fear. For this my soul,
Whose secrets thou canst tell, appeals to thee.

Oh! thou dost see my thought's most distant aims,
And art my glorious witness, how sincere,
How perfectly my will's resign'd to thine.
Behold me here attending thy commands,
With low submission, oh! behold me here,
List'ning to catch the whispers of thy voice;
In humble silence I attend the sound,
And wait thy sacred orders ——O determine,
Determine all my steps, and mark my path!
For I am blind, and bent to vanity.
The pow'rs of hell conspire with my own heart
To lead me on to sin and fatal snares:
But leave me not in the last darksome tracks,
The closing part; let that be all serene;
Let that be spent in works of love and praise,
To fit me for the ecstacies above.
As the ascending sun new glory gains,
Till at bright noon he shines in full perfection;
Thus let me reach the highest point of virtue,
As far as frail mortality can rise:
Then let me set in glory, and in smiles.
Victoria let me sing: be thine the crown,
Be thine alone, redeeming grace, the praise!

SOLILOQUY XXII.

I have thy word, thou canst not call it back,
I have thy oath, by thy own glorious name
Attested and confirm'd—Lord, 'tis enough!
My unbelieving fears are all subdu'd.
God of *my pious* fathers, who didst set
Thy love on them, and chuse their worthless race,

Ev'n me, of all thy family the least,
To magnify thy own peculiar grace:
For thy prerogative is absolute,
And uncontroul'd thy will; whate'er has pleas'd
Thy own unerring counsel thou hast done.
O think on all thy kind and gracious words;
And what thy mouth hath spoken let thy hand
In ev'ry point fulfill; let nothing fail:
For thou art rich in grace, though I am poor
In merit, and can nothing claim from thee.
I dare not plead a debt; yet thou hast sworn,
Sworn by the glory of thy holiness.
That thou wilt not in any wise deceive me.
Thou all things canst; ev'n my unworthiness
Can be no bar, no obstacle to thee:
It is not what I am, but what thou art,
And what thy gracious influence can effect.
Can dust and ashes plead desert before thee?
The height of holiness and majesty
Can view no merit in the clay he form'd.
But oh! what bounds has goodness infinite?
What limits shall almighty love confine?
Who works in all things as his counsel guides,
Mov'd by his own benignity; the spring,
The everlasting spring, from whence arise
All the bright schemes, and well-contriv'd design
That love in its omnipotence could form.
Ye heights ineffable, ye wond'rous ways,
Ye glorious mysteries, ye trackless paths,
Of the great Sov'reign of the earth and skies;

Whate'er I am, whate'er I hope, through all
Futurity, in ev'ry blissful scene,
The fountain must be free, unbounded grace.

SOLILOQUY XXIII.

Lo, here I stand divested of the world!
I give its empty glories to the wind:
Forsaking all that mortals covet here,
I come to thee, attesting thy great name,
That thou art singly in thyself my hope,
Renouncing all things else, my full delight.
Let me be banish'd to some place remote,
Where no created thing could give me joy:
Let me have sweet communion there with thee,
Breathe on me there the fragrance of thy love,
Those ever-blooming sweets, and let me hear
Immortal music, harmony divine
In thy transporting voice: be this my lot,
And give the laughing world their jovial choice!
How poor, how empty all its joys, compar'd
To those sublime, to those exalted pleasures,
That break upon my soul, when thou dost smile!
A time will come, (O haste the blissful day!),
When I shall see thy lovely face unveil'd;
When these blest eyes shall recreate their views
With visions all divine, the dazzling scenes
Of uncreated excellence and light.
But now I love thee distant and unseen:
I feel a flame, which these created things
In all their pride and studied elegance
Can never gratify; should they assume

The graces of the skies, the highest bloom
Of charms immortal, and unfading life;
Yet these are not my God.
Should angels open the eternal scenes,
And stand reveal'd before my wond'ring eyes
In all their pomp of splendour and perfection:
Or if beyond them there are fairer forms,
Beauties un-nam'd, and unreveal'd to men;
Where'er creation ends, the distance still
Is infinite from that for which I pine.

Soliloquy XXIV.

Where fly my wishes? what aspiring views
Are these that animate my tow'ring hopes?
What boundless aims does my ambition take?
'Tis God himself, the great eternal God,
That spread the heav'ns, and kindled all the ligh
That roll on high, 'tis he is all my bliss!
My soaring thoughts can take no lower aim,
Thither alone my bold desires ascend.
Ye splendours unconceiv'd, ye joys unknown,
Ye sights that mortal ken has ne'er explor'd,
O when in dazzling pomp will you unfold
Your fair transporting prospects to my soul?
This low creation gives me no delight,
The brightest objects sicken on my sense,
The sun and stars emit their chearful rays
In vain; in vain to me the beauteous spring
Her blooming sweets diffuses through the air;
In vain her gay variety, her pomp
Of party-colour'd beauties she displays:

Nothing can recreate my drooping thoughts,
Or fill the boundless vacancy within.
When shall I close my eyes on mortal things,
And bid these dark, these guilty seats adieu?
Break from this prison, drop this hated chain,
And spring with full enlargement to my God?

SOLILOQUY. XXV.

The solemn hour draws near, when I must stand
Before the holy, the tremendous Judge
Of all the earth, whose quick, all searching eye,
Views all the dark recesses of my soul;
Those secret, those impenetrable deeps
To mortal search unknown, the close disguise,
The specious flatteries, whose soothing wiles
Impose with fair delusions on my thoughts.
I know not what I am; mistaken views,
And partial judgment hide me from myself.
O thou that know'st my heart, disclose its depths,
Take off the spacious, the deceiving mask,
And shew me to myself. I am undone,
If here mistaken, flatter'd and deluded
With empty hopes, and airy expectations:
An error here will prove eternal ruin,
Remediless despair——O gracious Lord!
Avert the sad presage, the fatal doubt;
Nor leave me in this comfortless suspence.
If I shall see thy glorious face in peace,
If I shall meet the beatific light,
And view that radiant vision all unveil'd,
If those bright hopes are not a vain delusion,

O seal the blissful, the transporting truth
With sacred demonstration, to my soul;
Dispel these cruel, these tormenting doubts,
With one propitious ray! for oh! my care
Is of important weight; 'tis vast eternity,
'Tis boundless glory hangs on the event.
O could I know my worthless name is writ
Among the chosen race; that in the book
Of life, (transporting thought!) eternal love,
And sov'reign grace, has mark'd my glorious lot
Where'er thou giv'st, the blessing must be fre
And undeserv'd; for who among the ranks
That shine about thy throne can plead desert?
Who has prevented thee with benefits,
That he should proudly claim a recompense?

SOLILOQUY XXVI.

Sweet name of Jesus! in whose syllables
The animating pow'rs of harmony,
The soul of music dwells; thou shalt inspire
My sweetest numbers on th' immortal strings,
The golden harps of heav'n.——My only hope!
I have no other refuge from the storm,
No rock for shelter, no refreshing shade,
No calm retreat to rest my weary soul.
Thou Saviour of the sinful race of man!
For whom descending from the heights of glory,
From songs, from triumphs, and the loud applaus
The shoutings of ten thousand times ten thousan
Myriads of shining hosts, thy bright adorers,
Thou deign'st to quit them all, and veil the form

Of radiant Godhead in a cloud of flesh.
Yet hast thou seen the travail of thy soul,
The purchase of thy blood? or is that blood,
(Tremendous thought!) or is that blood profan'd,
Thy grace rejected, and thy love despis'd?
Why shines the sun? why are the stars unseal'd?
Why spreads the moon her mild indulgent beams
To chear the midnight shades? Why keeps the spring
Her annual round, and with her vital sweets
Perfumes the seasons for a miscreant race,
Ungrateful and profane! that dares blaspheme
The awful God of nature, and of grace?

SOLILOQUY XXVII.

How slowly moves the sun? how dull the wheels
Of nature? Roll along, ye planets, fly
In shorter rounds, and measure out my day,
This tedious day, this interval of woe!
I wait with longing looks, and mark the skies,
As men impatient for the breaking morn.
This world has nothing worth a careless thought;
I have no treasure here, 'tis all above,
And there my heart in fix'd attention dwells.
With just disdain I cast a languid look
Around the vain creation; then repine,
And half pronounce those various products evil,
Which God himself approv'd, and call'd them good:
Yet independent of the sov'reign bliss,
They yield no solace, give me no repose.
What have I here to hold my soul from thee?
To entertain me one short, fleeting hour?

I have no friend on earth, and none would have:
I'm grown a stranger here, my heart disowns
Acquaintance here; I'm sick of this vain world,
Its tiresome repetitions load my sense:
The sun's bright eye, in all its circuit views
No equal entertainment, none to hold
My heart in these inhospitable realms.
Yet if I must a stranger here remain,
O condescend to visit these abodes,
And speak in frequent whispers to my soul:
Let me converse with thee, and hear thy voice;
Retir'd from men in some wild solitude,
My hours would sweetly pass, nor seek delight
Beyond that heav'nly bliss: there I could rest
Superior to the turns of human things.
These eyes no more should view the impious way
Of human race; these ears no longer hear
The daring blasphemies that loudly rage
Against that gracious mediating Pow'r,
That keeps avenging thunders from their heads.
O let me die in peace, dismiss me hence!
I'm but a sojourner, a stranger here;
Wand'ring thro' darksome ways and gloomy wilds,
Beset with hellish snares, and oft betray'd
By a deceitful, treach'rous heart within:
Tir'd with perpetual toil I cast my eyes,
To yonder peaceful worlds, and long for rest.

SOLILOQUY XXVIII.

O thou whose wisdom leads the countless stars
In constant order through their shining course,

And sets the blazing sun his annual race!
All nature owns thy law; the raging winds,
And foaming billows in their swelling pride
Reluctant sink at thy commanding voice.
But I with prostrate homage at thy feet
Devote my will obsequious to thy sway.
I have no choice, no conduct, no design,
No wav'ring wish that I can call my own;
For I am wholly, absolutely thine:
And as the potter turns the ductile clay,
Am I in thy almighty forming hands.
O thou canst mould and fashion ev'ry thought,
My passions turn, and make me what thou wilt:
Thy hand can trace the characters divine,
And stamp celestial beauty on my soul.
Creating Spirit, speak the potent word,
Let there be light! and cloudless day will rise:
Dispel the clouds of ignorance and sin,
Banish whate'er opposes thy designs
Of love and grace, and freely work thy will.
Conform'd to thee, the harmony divine,
My soul would find the most exalted bliss.
Were there no future hell, no penalties
To guard thy righteous laws; were there no heav'n,
No sparkling crowns to recompense the just;
Yet would my thoughts approve thy pure commands,
And find exalted pleasure in the rules
Thy sacred word enjoins. Could I but reach
The rectitude I wish, in serving thee
I meet a full reward, and gain the first,

The great design for which I had a being:
I breath'd at thy command; and 'tis the boast,
The glory of my life, to live for thee.

SOLILOQUY XXIX.

My God, support me in that gloomy hour,
When nature droops, and death's impending shad
With fatal darkness hovers o'er my head;
When honour, pleasure, wealth, and mortal frien
Shall prove but empty names, unmeaning sounds,
And lying succours to my fainting soul;
While hell with all its complicated rage
Shall raise its last effort to break my peace.

Rebuke the tempest then, and let thy voice
In gentle accents bid the storm subside;
And dart a beam of glory on my soul,
When shiv'ring on the darksome verge of life,
She trembles at the first uncertain step,
That sets her on the strange, eternal coast,
Where all is new, amazing, and unknown,
Nor ever yet conceiv'd by human thought,
In all its energy and liveliest flights.

Then be the shore or gloomy, or serene,
On which the spirit, freed from earthly chains,
Shall set her dubious foot to meet her Judge;
Whose doom will be exact, impartial, just;
And oh! when past, unchangeable and fix'd.

Eternity!——amazing, dreadful word!
Eternity!——in vain I would explore
Thy distant bounds; my wand'ring thoughts w
I know not where to fix, 'tis all confusion!

Soliloquy XXX.

ighty love, thou great mysterious theme,
eloquence of man can talk of thee?
thought has fathom'd thy eternal depths,
asur'd out thy lengths? What angel's wing
ach'd thy heights? What seraph's flowing song,
the pow'rs of heav'nly harmony,
int thy charms, and to the ravish'd soul
thy beauties in their native light?
u art the splendour of the face divine,
liss of angels, the delight of saints,
fe, the triumph, and the happiness
m in whom the springs of joy remain.
hen with smiles ineffable, with looks
lart eternal ecstacy and life,
ll the peace of paradise unfold,
hou, my God, shine on my raptur'd soul?
shall I meet thy quick ning influence,
ee that glorious vision all unveil'd?
irest copies of creating pow'r,
: with transcendent art thy skillful hand
awn bright beauty in her heav'nly prime,
ade before the splendour of thy face.

Soliloquy XXXI.

at shall I speak? how celebrate thy praise?
language use to paint my gratitude?
oldest words would poorly speak the sense
at my soul experiences within.
ow thou dost attract my warmest thoughts,
n I lost to all delights, but those

That from thy love proceed! how vain this world
How empty all its low delights, compar'd
To those divine, those pure, exalted joys,
That sparkle on my soul, when thou dost smile!
And yet I see but darkly through the cloud,
And catch a glimm'ring ray with eager eyes;
While thou dost keep the fuller glories back,
And hide the sacred splendour of thy throne.
O turn the veil aside! I can but die:
Shine out, and let the dazzling sight o'ercome
The pow'rs of nature.——Thus I would expire,
Thus yield my spirit up in ecstacy.
If this must be deny'd; yet come, my Lord,
Let me have such communion with thee here,
As saints in holy raptures have enjoyed;
Such as may kindle up the life divine,
Imprint the image of thy holiness,
And feed the heav'nly flame; 'till dead to sense,
And all the false attractions of the world,
I live alone completely bless'd in thee.

SOLILOQUY XXXII.

O let me shrink to nothing in thy sight,
And lay the boasts of nature at thy feet!
Be all my pride abas'd to lowest dust,
There lie whate'er my vanity calls worth!
Corruption, misery, and guilt is all
I have to boast; this is indeed my own,
My rightful claim, my just inheritance.
But hence thy praise shall spring, thy glories
My indigence shall raise thy triumphs high.

A wondrous instance of forgiving love,
In its divine magnificence display'd,
I shall for ever stand: for ever stand
A monument of free, unbounded grace,
That chose a wretch like me to shew its pow'r;
That triumph'd in its own victorious strength,
O'er ev'ry opposition hell could raise.
How wondrous are thy ways, almighty love!
How much above the narrow thoughts of men!
Lord, whence is this to me? to me, so vile,
So guilty, so unworthy of thy grace?
When thousands pass unbridled to perdition?
O why am I thus graciously restrain'd:
'Tis thou hast done it by thy sov'reign right,
And who shall ask thee why?
What can I speak? I must be silent here,
Or lost in wonder, breathe imperfect sounds;
Yet read my thought, the gratitude, the praise
I would return—for human language fails.

Soliloquy XXXIII.

Bless'd Jesus! 'tis thy name to which I trust
My noblest int'rest, my superior hopes;
Thou covert from the storm, a hiding place
From the black tempest of avenging wrath!
I see my guilt, but this augments the debt
Of gratitude and love; I see my guilt,
But see it cancel'd by redeeming blood.
Transporting thought! how shall I speak my joy!
In what gay figures paint the ecstacy!
O mayst thou reign exalted and ador'd,

Ador'd on earth, as in the highest heav'n!
With all the shouting myriads round thy throne
I join my grateful voice——Ye glitt'ring crowds
Receive a mortal militant below
To your triumphant choir; with you I'll bless
My great Redeemer's name——transporting nam
'Tis graven on my heart, 'tis deep imprest,
Immortal is the stamp; nor life, nor death,
Nor hell, with all its pow'rs, shall blot it thence.
Thou joy of angels, the desire of nations,
The hope, the glorious hope of all mankind!
What shall I speak, what gentle language use,
When thou art my transporting tender theme?
The tongues of angels cannot reach a strain
Too solemn, too pathetic to express
The charming sentiments I feel for thee.
How dear thou art, how precious to my soul,
'Tis thou alone canst tell——O fairer far
Than all thy wondrous works! what excellence
Bears thy similitude? Thy Father's image,
The plenitude, the brightness of his glory.
The eloquence of heav'n is far below
Thy worth; for thou art infinite perfection,
The fulness of the Godhead dwells in thee,
Thine is the pow'r, the kingdom, and the glory;
All, all is thine in the high heav'ns above,
On earth, and in the deep.—May ev'ry tongue
In blessing thee be blest; may blessings fall
In torrents on their heads that plead thy cause;
Smile on their active piety and zeal,

Strengthen their hands, and fortify their hearts,
With peace divine and holy consolation.
Let them appear bright as the vig'rous sun,
When tow'ring from his clear meridian height,
He fills the spacious firmament with glory.
So let them prosper, while thy vanquish'd foes
In humble homage bow beneath thy feet!
From sea to sea be thy great empire spread,
And let the utmost isles thy glory see:
The eastern kings their incense then shall bring,
And sweet Sabæa's groves shall bloom for thee.

Soliloquy XXXIV.

Look down, with pity, gracious Lord, look down,
From thy unbounded heights of happiness,
On me a wretched, but a suppliant sinner.
Thy times are always; mine will soon be past,
And measur'd out; while thine are still unchang'd;
In boundless life, and undiminish'd bliss
Thou sitt'st secure; while all created things
In a perpetual motion glide along,
And ev'ry instant change their fleeting forms.
O be not slack to hear! my time is wing'd,
See how my sun declines! 'tis sinking fast,
And dying into darkness; the night is near,
The fatal night of death, when I shall sleep
Unactive in the damp and gloomy grave.
This is th' important hour, the hour of grace
And offer'd life; salvation hangs upon it.
Nor let my importunity offend thee,
'Tis now, 'tis now or never I must speed;

This day, this hour, this fleeting moment's mor
Than I can boast, or truly call my own ;
Ev'n now it flies—'tis gone—'tis past for ever !
But oh ! the strict account I have to give
Remains uncancell'd ; yet my pardon stands,
Perhaps, unseal'd, or not to me confirm'd.
Regard my anguish while I call aloud
For mercy, and a signal of thy love.
Before I die, O let my longing soul
Receive an earnest of its future bliss

SOLILOQUY XXXV.

Be thou alone advanc'd !——If there's a tho
Of favour plac'd on me, let it be all
Devoted to the Lord. Mayst thou stand high
In ev'ry heart, though I am wholly lost
In dark obscurity——Be thou advanc'd !
This is my noblest, my superior end,
My great design, my everlasting view.
O be thy int'rest safe, thy cause secure !
Whatever clouds hang on my future hours,
I pass them all, thy sacred will be done !
I am of no importance to myself,
Be thou alone exalted ! All my soul
Bows to thy grandeur, offers ev'ry thought
Of love and honour, friendship and esteem
To thee ; whatever kind impressions rais'd
In any heart for me, let it be thine !
All glory be to thee ! 'tis justly due ;
Mine is but borrow'd at thy gracious hands ;
My light is but a faint reflected ray,

From thee its sacred source—O may it guide
My soul with constant energy to thee!
Thou art my boast, my treasure, and my joy!
Content with thee, in solitary shades
I am at rest, nor miss the vain delights
This world can give, or with deceiving shews,
And lying visions, promise to my hopes.
Mine eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd
The wonders of thy face; and yet unseen
Thou dost attract and raise my warmest love:
The cause is all divine, above the reach
Of reason's boldest and most daring flight.

SOLILOQUY XXXVI.

O fairest of ten thousand! whose bright smiles
Enlighten heav'n, and open paradise
In all its blissful and transporting scenes,
Vouchsafe me but a short, a transient glimpse
Of thy fair face, if I can gain no more.
Forgive the fond impatience of my heart,
Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,
No entertainment in this lonesome world;
'Tis all a dismal emptiness to me.
Hence all ye clouds, ye separating shades,
Which hide his charming face! Ye days and hours
Dance on your speedy course, and let us meet?
Rise thou bright Morning star, the joy of heav'n,
The beauty and the pride of paradise,
The bliss of angels, their eternal theme,
While *in high transports* they enjoy thy smiles.
I must talk on, the glorious subject warms

My wid'ning soul; I feel immortal life,
And taste the joys of heav'n.—Thou art my he
The land of light and love, my fullest hope!
I have no other wish in all the round
Of endless years. Thou from the morning's w
Hast still the dew, the fragrant dew of youth:
Eternal bloom sits smiling in thy looks,
Heav'n opens in the splendour of thine eyes,
And streams in torrents of eternal light.
Thy voice is music, harmony itself
In its transporting charms.—Ye golden harps
Which angels tune for ever silent lie;
Let me but hear my Lord's sweet, gentle voice
Breathing celestial solace to my soul,
And peace ineffable, the peace of God.

Soliloquy XXXVII.

O Jesus! let eternal blessings dwell
On thy transporting name, let ev'ry tongue
In heav'n and earth conspire, above, below,
Where'er creation stretches out its bounds;
Let them with me unite to praise my King,
My Lord, my life, my gracious Ransomer!
Who bought my soul from hell at the high pric
Of his own sacred blood: amazing love!
Unutterable grace! Here let me fix
My soul in an eternal ecstasy.
Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
Let thy lov'd image be for ever present;
Of thee be all my thoughts, and let my tongue
Be sanctify'd with the celestial theme.

Dwell on my lips, thou dearest, sweetest name!
Dwell on my lips, till the last parting breath!
Then let me die, and bear the charming sound
In triumph to the skies.—In other strains,
In language all divine, I'll praise thee then;
While all the Godhead opens in the view
Of a Redeemer's love.—Here let me gaze
For ever gaze; the bright variety
Will endless joy and admiration yield.
Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
Fly from my soul all images of sense,
Leave me in silence to possess my Lord:
My life, my pleasures flow from him alone,
My strength, my great salvation, and my hope.
Thy name is all my trust.—O name divine!
Be thou engraven on my inmost soul,
And let me own thee with my latest breath,
Confess thee in the face of ev'ry horror,
That threat'ning death or envious hell can raise;
Till all their strength subdu'd, my parting soul
Shall give a challenge to infernal rage,
And sing salvation to the Lamb for ever.
To him, my glorious Ransomer, I'll sing;
To him my heart shall gratefully ascribe
The crown of conquest, his unquestion'd right;
While list'ning angels pleas'd shall hear me tell
The wonders of his love, the strange event
Of his surprizing grace.—Transporting theme?
Where shall the song begin?—Turn back the rolls
Of vast eternity—still, backward still

The dazzling records turn.—Where shall I find
The glorious point? where fix the shining date,
When everlasting love design'd my bliss?

Soliloquy XXXVIII.

Thou who canst make a passage through the sea,
And find a way amidst the rolling waves;
Thou who canst open wide, and none can shut,
Unfold the gates of brass! break all the bars
Of opposition! let the mountains sink,
And ev'ry valley rise to level plains!
Be darkness light, and let the smiling Sun
Of righteousness, the bright, the Morning-star,
Arise in all the glories of the Godhead?

Shine out, and let the clear distinguish'd rays
Convince thy proudest foes, and chear the hopes
Of those that love thee, love thee, though unseen;
Whose wounded ears now bear the loud reproach
Of thy insulting foes, whose fainting hearts
Bleed in the wide dishonours of thy name.

O rend the skies! divide the firmament!
Break the long standing pillars of the earth!
Let the hills tremble! let the forests flame,
To make thy greatness known! Be thou confest!
Be thou in full Divinity reveal'd!
And let the wreck of nature grace thy triumph!

Set open wide the everlasting gates!
Ye heav'nly arches, lift your heads on high,
And let the King of glory in the pomp
Of majesty ineffable descend!

.e nations then shall own thee for their God,
ıd ev'ry tongue confess th' almighty Judge.
When shall these eyes behold that welcome day,
ıat glorious, happy, long-expected period ?
hen shall my voice join with the gen'ral shout
f nations, languages, and tribes redeem'd ?
hen shall I hail the triumphs of that day,
hen thou shalt rise in the full heights of glory,
ırken the sun, confound the brightest star,
aze in the splendour of the Deity,
ıy Father's image perfectly exprest ?
Then shall the loud, the universal shout,
'IS FINISH'D! echo through the wide creation;
ıud triumphs sound, and hallelujahs ring.
The glory, the dominion is the Lord's,
And God omnipotent shall reign for ever!"

SOLILOQUY XXXIX.

Thy word is past, look on these sacred lines,
his heav'nly volume; here, great God, are writ
he records of thy truth, thy ancient works,
ıe bright memorials of thy pow'r and love;
ɔ thy immortal honour, to the joy
f ev'ry saint, they stand collected here.
Confirm thy promis'd grace, which I have made
y boast, my triumph, and peculiar aid:
make me not asham'd! for I have spoke,
'ith confidence undaunted for thy name,
hy honour, and approv'd veracity,
nd now I come distrest, and looking round
n human helps in vain; these lying aids

On thee alone, and not on erring man
I cast myself. O kindly guide my steps,
In all the paths of righteousness and peace
On thee alone, the everlasting rock,
On thee alone I rest? my father's God,
My mother's early trust, to thee I look.
O let my soul rejoice, rejoice in God,
Boast in his truth, and triumph all the day
In his almighty name, and gracious aid!
Be his veracity and truth my song!

There is no help, no confidence below:
But who relies on thy almighty arm,
A sure defence shall find; who on thy wor
Securely rests, shall never be deceived.

Can the Most High repent? can he reca
His sacred oath, and make his promise vain
O that be far from thee, the truth divine,
Th' eternal rectitude, whose plighted word
Stands firmer than the basis of the earth!

And by the flow'ry banks of Helicon,
Circle your brows with fading coronets;
While some romantic hero you adorn
With lying epithets, and airy praise:
Or some fantastic lover's fate rehearse
In notes that with a soft, enticing art,
A charming, but pernicious magic draw
The chastest minds from virtue's sacred paths.
Too long inspir'd by these unhappy flames,
In rural shades I sung the boasted pow'r,
And own'd the false divinity of love;
Reclaim'd, no longer I your aid implore,
But you, celestial muses, I invoke.
Ye muses, who above the lofty sky
Sit crown'd with wreaths of never-fading light,
And on your silver lutes, immortal songs,
Along the blissful streams that warbling flow,
With soft inimitable skill recite;
Assist me, while with an advent'rous flight
To everlasting glories I aspire;
While HE, the first almighty Cause, with you
In flowing numbers I attempt to sing.
From him, like you, I took the vital ray,
Him, as the spring of my existence, praise;
Tho' not with you, his happier race, allow'd
To view the bright unveil'd Divinity.
By no audacious glance from mortal eyes
Those mystic glories are to be profan'd:
Yet we may safely in reflection meet
His scatter'd beams, and find in all his works

The God in shining characters imprest.
I trace him round me now with vast delight,
Among the lavsi springs that proudly roll
Their silver riches o'er the painted meads:
Here spreading into broad transparent lakes,
Smooth as the face of heav'n they silent flow;
The sparkling sun the beauteous surface gilds,
Which double glory to the sky reflects:
Here under close impending shades they creep,
And roll along complaining to their shores.
The verdant meadows, and extended plains,
In all their pride and springing beauties drest,
The winding valleys and ascending hills,
The mossy rocks, the bow'rs and lofty groves,
The ev'ning close, and chant of various birds,
The sportive wind, and softly whisp'ring breeze,
Consenting, all acknowledge thou art far
More lovely and surpassing fair than they.
Thy glory in her silent course the moon,
And nightly lamps in their obscure sojourn,
The morning star with its bright circlet crown'd,
And early blushes of the day, reveal.
The circling sun thy glory manifests;
Whether ascending from the eastern wave,
With glancing smiles he chears the dewy fields;
Or mounted to the zenith's lofty height,
He blazes with transcending glory crown'd;
Or down the steep of heav'n he rolls amain,
And ends his flaming progress in the sea;
From east to west thy greatness he proclaims,

And thro' his radiant kingdoms spreads thy praise.
Thou rid'st upon the wild, tempestuous wind,
And flying storms obey thy pow'rful voice;
Sublime on clouds thy dark pavilion's set,
With shades and gloomy majesty involv'd.
Thy hands the pointed lightnings lance around,
While peals of thunder shake the firmament;
At thy approach the kindling forests smoke,
And from their base the trembling mountains start;
The rivers ebb and flow at thy command,
Observe their wonted course, or run reverse;
At thy rebuke the frighted waves divide,
And with stupendous motion backward roll
Their crystal volumes to their inmost springs.
Thou all things canst—thy mighty mandates heard,
Necessity and nature are no more;
Th' obedient elements dissolve their league,
And wonderful effects attest the God.
Thus far we trace thee by unerring lights,
But what thou art beyond is still unknown;
We launch in vain into the deep abyss,
Through vast infinity thou fly'st our search.

SOLILOQUY XLI.

Ye lagging months and years, take swifter wings,
And bring the promis'd day, when all my hopes
Shall be fulfill'd; when that resplendant face,
Which yonder folding clouds conceal, shall dawn
With everlasting smiles, smiles that inspire
Immortal life and undecaying joy.
Blest period! why art thou so long delay'd?

O stretch thy shining wings, and leave behind
The lazy minutes in their tedious course!
I call in vain; the hours must be fulfill'd,
And all their winding circles measur'd out;
In grief and wild complaints I yet must wait
The day, and tell my sorrows to the winds:
Forlorn I through the gloomy woods must stray,
And teach the murm'ring streams my tender theme:
The woods and streams already know my grief,
And oft are witness to the mournful tale;
While the pale moon in silent majesty
Her midnight empire holds, and all the stars
In solemn order on her state attend.
Thou moon, I cry, and all ye ling'ring stars
How long must you these tedious circles roll!
When shall the great commission'd Angel stay
Your shining course, and with uplifted hand,
Swear by the dread unutterable Name,
"That time shall be no more?"
Then you no more shall turn the rolling year,
Nor lead the flow'ry spring, nor gently guide
The summer on with all her various store;
Great nature then through all her diff'rent works
Shall be transform'd, the earth, and those gay skies,
Shall be no more the same! A brighter scene
Succeeds, and paradise in all its charms
Renew'd; but far the blissful state improv'd,
And fit for minds to whom the mighty Maker
Shall give the glorious vision of his face,
Unveil'd and smiling with eternal love.

O infinite delight! my eager soul
Springs forward to embrace the promis'd joy,
And antedates its heav'n. The lightsome fields,
And blissful groves, are open to my view,
The songs of angels and their silver lutes
Delight me, while th' Omnipotent they sing.
On all his glorious titles long they dwell,
But Love, unbounded Love, commands the song;
Their darling subject this, and noblest theme.
Here let my ravish'd soul for ever dwell,
Here let me gaze, nor turn one careless look
On yonder hated world, here let me drink
Full draughts of bliss, and bathe in boundless floods
Of life and joy, here let me still converse.
It cannot be! mortality returns.
Ye radiant skies, adieu! ye starry worlds,
Ye blissful scenes, and walks of paradise!
I must fulfill my day, and wait the hour
That brings eternal liberty and rest.
Yet while I sojourn in this gloomy waste,
And trace with veary steps life's doubtful road;
Permit me, ye gay realms, permit me oft
To visit you, and meditate your joys.
Whether my part in this great theatre
Be joyous or severe, let the fair hopes,
The charming prospect of eternal rest,
Be present with my soul, mix with my joys,
And soften all my intervals of grief.

SOLILOQUY XLII.

I will not let thee go without a blessing;

By thy great name I enter my protest,
Never to leave thee, till I see thy word
Accomplish'd to my vows, till thou with full
And cloudless demonstration to my soul
Reveal thy promis'd grace.—Regard my sighs,
My secret pantings to be near to thee!
Wilt thou for ever fly my earnest search,
Shut out my pray'r, and keep this painful distanc
Where is the obstacle, the fatal bar,
The curs'd partition that divides my soul
From all its joys? 'Tis sin, detested sin!
From hence arise these separating clouds,
These sullen shadows that conceal thy face,
And darken all the prospect of my bliss.
But thou, the fair, the bright, the Morning-sta
Canst with thy darting glories chase these shades,
And break the thick, the complicated night.
In great forgiveness thou wilt raise thy name;
And much forgiv'n, I shall love thee much,
And stand a glorious instance of thy grace;
Where sin abounds, its lustre shall abound.
My grateful heart and tongue to praises tun'd,
Shall tell with transport the amazing heights
Of love, of wisdom, of redeeming grace.
Jesus! my only hope, my advocate,
My gracious Mediator! O defend
My trembling guilty soul, from all the storms
Of wrath divine! be thou a hiding-place,
A covert from the wind, a safe retreat
From all the terror of avenging pow'r,

istice infinite! Thy blood can cleanse
epest stains, and purify my soul
all its native, and contracted guilt:
: clear fountain of immortal life
e be cleans'd, and th'roughly sanctified.
: a helpless miserable wretch,
arow myself, and all my future hopes,
:rcy infinite; reject me not,
Saviour of the sinful race of men!

PARAPHRASE ON CANTICLES.

IN BLANK VERSE.

A DIVINE PASTORAL.

CHAPTER I.

August, 1739.

O COME! and with thy balmy kisses soothe
holy languishments, and let thy breath
vital fragrance chear my drooping pow'rs:
picy wines with their delicious scent,
:ordial flavour, so revive the soul.
y name is music! when I mention thee,
ial sweetness fills the ambient air;
ist'ning virgins find the heav'nly charm,
ss thy worth, and catch the sacred flame.
draw me with the soft, resistless bands
ntle love, and I will follow thee
ose fair chambers, where my gracious King
royal banquets feasts my longing soul,
:eals his truth in sacramental wine.

But who can paint the rising ecstacy
His presence gives, while on his charming face
Sit smiling beauty, and immortal love?
Have I deserv'd this grace? my conscious hear
Forbids the guilty boast; for I am black
As Kedar's tents; expos'd at burning noon,
The sultry sun has stain'd my native hue.
But who shall ask my glorious Lover why
His favours, thus unmerited, are plac'd!
Conduct me, thou more dear to me than life!
Conduct me where thy snowy flocks are fed,
In verdant meads among the living springs
That gently wind around their flowr'y banks:
There let me, shelter'd in the cool recess
Of some delightful shade, repose at noon;
Nor ever from thy sacred pastures stray
In paths unknown, nor hear a stranger's voice.
He. Thou fairest object that the world can boas
Keep near the shepherds tents; thy little kids
May there securely feed, and safely rest,
Follow the bleating of my harmless flocks,
And mark their footsteps on the grassy plain.
What artless graces on thy mien appear!
Not Pharaoh's manag'd steeds with easier state,
In golden reins, the royal chariot draw,
Where'er I gaze, new beauties charm my sight.
The sparkling pendants on thy blushing cheeks
More warmly glow, while from thy lovely neck
The circling chain new blandishment receives.
Ye nymphs of Salem, with your nicest art

Prepare the nuptial vest: on braided gold,
Let silver foliage round the border shine.

She. While at his royal board the heav'nly King
Vouchsafes to entertain his joyful guests,
Let all my spikenard yield its rich perfume:
But oh! what sweetness like his rosy breath?
Not myrrh new bleeding from the wounded tree,
Nor blest Arabia through her spicy groves
Such fragrance blows. He all the silent night
Shall lean his head upon my peaceful breast.

As clust'ring camphire, with a liv'lier green
Distinguish'd, in Engedi's vineyard stands,
Thus with peculiar charms thy heav'nly form
Surpasses all the pride of human race.
Not half so bright the eyes of doves as thine,
Their lustre all similitude exceeds;
Description faints, when I would talk of thee.

But I shall praise thee in a loftier strain,
When in the blissful bow'rs above we meet;
Those glorious mansions rais'd by skill divine,
Where crown'd with peace and ever verdant youth,
The jocund hours dance on their endless round.

Chapter II.

He. A bloom like thine the vernal rose displays
On Sharon's flow'ry lawn: so pure a white
The fragrant lily of the valley wears:
As these among the rambling briers shine,
My fair excels the daughters of the land.

She. My Prince distinguish'd with superior charms

Outshines the brightest of the sons of men;
As some tall tree, with golden apples crown'd,
Stands eminent, the glory of the grove:
Beneath his cooling shade reclin'd I sat,
And sooth'd my taste with the delicious fruit.
Me to his house of banquetting the King
With gracious smiles invites, and o'er my head
The banners of immortal love displays;
Its sacred mysteries unfolded there,
Emblazon'd, shew the triumphs of his grace.
With flowing bowls from life's eternal spring,
And heav'nly fruits, refresh my fainting soul;
For I am sick of love.—O let me lean
My drooping head upon thy downy breast;
While thy left arm supports me, let thy right
Kindly infold me in a chaste embrace.
He. Jerusalem's fair daughters, that attend
The princely bow'rs, I charge you by the hinds,
The nimble roe-bucks, and the sportive fawns,
(Your sylvan joys) I charge you not to wake
My sleeping Love, nor break her golden rest.
She. What heav'nly music steals upon the dawn
'Tis my Beloved's voice! behold! he comes,
Light as a bounding hart along the hills;
Now through the lattice darts his radiant eyes,
And in this gentle language calls me forth:
"Arise, my charmer! see! the morning breaks
"In rosy smiles; the wint'ry storms are gone,
"The fragrant spring, with flow'ry chaplets crown
"Leads on her jovial train; the feather'd race

artless harmony unite their strains,
ile cooing turtles murmur in the glade;
: pregnant fig-tree shoots, the purple vine
:h promis'd clusters chears the pruner's hope;
:ure in all her vernal glory shines:
.se, my fair! arise, and come away!"

From the cool grottos of the marble rock
forth, my dove, display thy lovely face,
et thy charming voice delight mine ear;
'oice is music, harmony divine,
n thy face celestial beauty smiles.
keepers of my vineyard, spread the toils
tch the wily foxes, that destroy
welling clusters rich with purple juice.
. My Lord is mine, and I am wholly his
ırchas'd right, and voluntary vows,
ıg the lilies he delights to walk.
:lf more fragrant, and more fair than they!
:tay, nor leave me till the morning-rays
. from the east, and dissipate the gloom:
if I must a while thy absence mourn,
as the hart on Bether's airy hills,
:n again, and bless my longing eyes.

Chapter III.

'. 'Twas night, when on my restless bed I sought,
ought in vain the partner of my cares,
ıe was now withdrawn: in soft complaints
ıth'd my grief, but there was no reply.
haste I rise, and through the spacious streets

Distracted rove ; at last, the nightly watch
I met, but they no consolation give.
Not far from them my weary feet had gone,
E'er the bright object of my love appear'd ;
Eager I clasp'd him in my folded arms ;
Then gently drew him to my mother's house,
The sacred seat where first our mutual flames
With solemn vows, and holy rites were seal'd.
Virgins of Salem, by the forest roe,
And skipping fawn, I charge you not to wake
My slumb'ring Lord, nor break his soft repose.
See ! where he comes from his sequester'd bow
And with celestial fragrance fills the air,
Perfum'd with all the aromantic cost,
That rich Sabæa's spicy groves produce :
Such sweets in clouds of holy incense rise,
When eastern odours on the altar smoke.
The regal bed a valiant guard surrounds ;
Threescore the boldest sons of Judah's race ;
With each a sword girt on his manly thigh,
To free the night from terror and alarm.
King Solomon with wond'rous art prepar'd
A chariot blazing with imperial cost :
The frame was polish'd wood from Lebanon,
Its pedestals of gold, in equal height
The silver pillars rose, the gay support
Of purple curtains, proud with Tyrian dye,
The seat beneath was softly pav'd with love.
Daughters of Salemn, see the Hebrew King,
Crown'd with the beauteous wreathe his mother p

About his temples, on that happy day
When bridal rites completed all his bliss!

Chapter IV.

He. What sparkling language can describe my fair?
Not all the various charms that nature boasts,
In gay similitudes can reach her worth.
Less mild than her's the eyes of doves appear.
Her tresses waving to the sporting wind,
Look like the frisking kids on Gilead's plain.
In equal rows her teeth appear more white
Than sheep new-shorn, wash'd in the crystal brook.
Her lips like threads of scarlet: when she speaks,
In sweetest sounds the melting accents flow.
Her rosy cheeks glow through the flowing curl,
Like ripe pomegranates blushing on the tree.
Like David's lofty tow'r her graceful neck,
Circled with gems, as that with glitt'ring shields.
Her breasts, the seat of innocence and truth,
Harmless and white as twins of gentle roes,
Which in some fragrant spot of lilies feed.
Till the celestial morn with golden beams
Dispels the gloom, and cheers the dusky sky,
I'll hasten to the hills of frankincense,
And dropping myrrh; while through the silent shade
Refreshing gales their balmy breath diffuse.
How fair thou art! how spotless in my sight!
Return, my love, from Lebanon with me
To Shenir's groves, and Hermon's flow'ry plain.
Look from the top of Amana, nor fear

The spotted leopard, or the lion's range.
A thousand graces lighten in thy eyes;
In pleasing chains thy captive I am held,
My spouse, my sister!——If beyond these nam
Of chaste affection, there are dearer ties,
Still thou art more to me! My ravish'd heart
Dwells on thy heav'nly beauties, and prefers
Thy love to all the joys of sprightly wine.
Not honey dropping from the luscious comb
Exceeds the sweetness on thy balmy lips.
The vernal scents of Lebanon perfume
Thy flowing vest with aromatic dews.
A garden well inclos'd, a fountain seal'd
From all unholy and profane access,
Such is my Love to me: as fertile too,
As some fair orchard crown'd with ev'ry plant
Grateful in taste or smell.—Through verdant le
The large pomegranate's ripen'd scarlet glows,
While spikenard, cassia, frankincense, and myrr
Their humid odours yield: the golden bloom
Of saffron spreads its treasures to the sun.
But thou art sweeter than the flow'ry spring,
Or blest Arabia when her spices blow;
Thy mind unsully'd as the crystal streams
That plenteous flow from tow'ring Lebanon.
She. Awake, thou north, ye southern breeze
With silken wings your balmy vapour spread,
And open ev'ry aromatic bloom!
While my Beloved with his presence glads
The sylvan scenes, and tastes my pleasant fruits

Chapter V.

He. I come, my lovely sister, and my spouse!
Those spicy groves, and ever blooming bow'rs
Invite me often to their happy shades;
Balsamic odours and delicious fruits,
With various plenty entertain me here.
O come, my friends, the banquet is divine!
Indulge your taste, and recreate your souls
With heav'nly food, and consecrated wines.

She. Unwelcome slumbers steal upon my sense,
I sleep, but still my list'ning fancy wakes.
'Tis my Beloved speaks, I know the voice:
" My fair, my undefil'd," he gently cries,
" Unbolt these envious doors; 'tis I that call
" For entrance here: my locks with drizly dews,
" And falling moisture of the night are fill'd.
" My vesture's off," my cruel tongue reply'd,
" How can I put it on? My feet new wash'd,
" How can I groping through the dark defile?"
Still at the door my injur'd Lord attends,
While on the lock his busy fingers move:
Touch'd with a soft remorse, at last I rise,
Flew to the door; but while with eager haste
The fasten'd lock I search, sweet smelling myrrh
From ev'ry bolt its precious moisture shed;
The rich perfume my Lover's hands had left.
With joyful speed the passage I unbarr'd,
But found my visionary bliss was gone.
My soul with anguish melted when he spoke,
And now with wild distraction sees her guilt.

I call'd in vain, for there was no reply,
In vain I search'd, for he was now withdrawn:
Then pensive wand'ring through the silent stre
The watchmen found me, and with cruel scorn
Reproach my honour and unblemish'd name.
The scoffing centry took away my veil.

But you, bright maids of Salem, I adjure
By your own chaste affections, if you find
My Lord, with all your tender eloquence
Relate the anguish of my love-sick heart.

Virgins. Inform us then, thou fairest of thy
For whom those melting tears are shed in vain
Tell us with what peculiar excellence
Superior to the race of men he shines.

She. Among ten thousand he distinguish'd st
A spotless white with rosy blushes stain'd
Adorn his face, bright as a cloudless morn,
With crimson flush'd. In shining curls his hai
Flows graceful down, black as the raven's plun
His eyes, the eyes of doves, serene and mild.
A vernal bloom upon his youthful cheeks
And balmy lips, perpetually resides.
To what shall I his matchless hands compare,
And snowy fingers? whence the circling gems
Receive more grace and lustre than they give.
His well-shap'd legs in just proportion rise,
Like marble pillars on a base of gold.
Majestic and complete his form appears,
As tow'ring Lebanon with cedars crown'd.
Persuasion dwells upon his charming tongue,

eloquence divine : whene'er he speaks,
ıoul with ecstasy attends the sound.
altogether lovely !——This is he,
riend, my life, and my eternal bliss !

Chapter VI.

:gins. Thou prime of beauty ! tell us where to find
absent Lord ; to what sequester'd shade
he retire ! that we may seek him there.
r. The fertile gardens are his pleasing haunts :
balmy scents and juicy fruits regal'd,
ow'ry beds he takes his sweet repose.
ıough absent now, my well-beloved's mine,
I am his : immortal love has join'd
:onstant hearts ; nor place, nor endless lengths
me shall e'er the sacred union break.
. See here she comes !—but how divinely fair !
ld Tirza with its lofty turrets rise,
ılem's golden spires the landscape paint,
.er prospect in her face I view.
.d armies march along in pompous ranks,
ensigns spread, and glitt'ring spears advanc'd,
glances yet more conqu'ring rays would dart—
:n away thy bright resistless eyes !
overcome me with their piercing light.
Gilead's rising top with flocks adorn'd,
temples thus the curling tresses grace.
heep, new-wash'd, with snowy twins, appear
white and equal than thy polish'd teeth :

Nor half so fair the ripe pomegranate's blush,
As that which glows upon thy blooming cheek.
Unnumber'd beauties grace Judæa's court,
And royal maids their sov'reign's will attend:
But thou art one selected from the rest,
Thy mother's blooming joy and only care.
The queens and virgins saw thy matchless form,
Approv'd thy charms, and blest thee with their smi
Thy lovely aspect, as the morning clear,
Fair, as the silver moon, but darting light
More warm and splendid than the mid-day sun!
Thy mien majestic, as the pompous show
Of armies in a proud triumphant march!
Along the spicy groves and flow'ry vale,
Delighted with their various sweets I walk'd,
Survey'd the springing plants, the curling vines,
And fair pomegranates in their luscious bloom.
But oh! the blest surprize, when unawares
Thy lovely form among the trees I saw:
Wing'd with desire my hasty steps out-flew
Amminidab's light chariots in their speed.
Return, my charming Shulamite, return
With me to those inviting shades again;
Our joys the same as when two armies join'd
In peaceful leagues, forget their hostile claims.

Chapter VII.

He. Thou lovely offspring of a princely race,
How graceful is thy mien! Thy slender legs
With buskins ty'd of ornamental cost!

What just proportion shines in ev'ry part?
What artful hand such excellence can trace?
Like summer harvests fruitful, and as fair
As silver lilies in their snowy pride.
Her breasts like twins of young unspotted roes.
Her neck an iv'ry column fitly plac'd.
But what can match the splendour of her eyes?
Not Heshbon's limpid current, when the sun
Reflected sparkles on the crystal wave.
As Lebanon's high palace, op'ning wide
In dazzling prospect to the distant hills,
Such perfect symmetry her features boast.
As Carmel's top with plenteous verdure crown'd,
Her head a flowing length of shining hair
With silken ringlets decks.—Th' enamour'd king,
Held by her beauty, in the gall'ry stays.
How fair thou art! how fashion'd for delight!
Thy stature like the shapely palm, thy breasts
Like swelling clusters of the juicy vine:
I'll climb the palm, and with its verdant boughs
My joyful temples crown; the juicy vine
Shall with its swelling clusters please my taste.
The vernal sweetness of thy rosy lips
The ambient air perfumes; while in thy voice
Celestial music charms my list'ning ears:
Thy voice would stay th' invading sleep of death,
And with immortal rapture fill the soul.

She. What joy can equal this transporting thought,
That my Beloved's mine, and I am his!
Come, let us to the peaceful village haste,

There lodge at night ; and at the early dawn,
With thee I'll range the solitary fields,
Observe the vineyards, how their branches shoo
How in its prime the fresh pomegranate glows ;
These pleasing scenes shall tender thoughts insp
Improve our joys, and soothe the heav'nly flame
Come, let us hasten to our country-seat,
The blooming season in its prime appears ;
The mandrakes at our gates perfume the air ;
Within, what choice autumnal plenty yields,
Or early spring's produce, fruits new and old,
A pleasing taste, are all reserv'd for thee.

Chapter VIII.

She. O could I call thee by a brother's name,
That tender title would indulge my bliss,
While unrestrain'd by thy superior claims,
I'd lead thee to my mother's rural seat,
And with domestic kindness treat thee there,
With spicy wines and sweet pomegranate's juice
Then leaning on thy bosom gently rest,
While thou shouldst fold me in a chaste embra
Ye virgin-train, I charge you not to wake
My sleeping Lover from his soft repose.

He. Come, lean, my fair, on this supporting
The care to guide thy gentle steps be mine,
Along this bloomy forest's winding paths :
These pleasing scenes the pleasing thoughts rev
When first thy mother brought thee to my arm

ıth a spreading tree's delightful shade
, and rais'd thee from the lowly ground.
. For ever blest be that auspicious hour,
may the soft impression ne'er be lost!
me as a signet on thy heart!
ove is strong as death, and jealousy
tless as the grave; and mine's a flame
streams, that swelling fountains cannot quench,
ll the ocean's boundless stores allay.
ave a sister, yet obscure and young,
lpless orphan; let my gracious Prince
p'ty think on her defenceless state.
If worthy of our royal grace she prove,
ace rich with silver roofs we'll raise,
i'd with doors of cedar for her guard.
. Such was the favour, so divinely free,
first with gentle and propitious eyes
d my humble charms, and rais'd me thus.
. His vineyard Solomon to keepers lets;
ine, entrusted to no hireling's hands,
pleasing toil employs my busy hours,
is my constant, my peculiar care.
thee, my Love, conversing in the shades,
owny moments wing'd with pleasure fly;
could listen to thy charming voice:
air companions too instructed hear
gracious words, and catch the heav'nly sound.
. My Lord! my life: my soul's eternal bliss!
to my longing arms! fly like the roe,
unding hart, on Bether's spicy hills!

An Ode on Virtue.

I.

Celestial Virtue, offspring of the sky,
For thee alone I touch the trembling string:
Assist thy modest votary,
And take the humble incense that I bring.
Excuse at least the doubtful song,
While mortal lays the lofty subject wrong.

II.

Thy charms, bright virtue, all mankind confess
And ev'n the monster Vice,
When she th' unpractis'd sinner would entice,
To meet his first attempt she borrows thy addre
Is bashful yet and nice,
A virgin delicacy seems to wear:
For should her own deformity
Without disguise appear,
What doating wretch but would the terror fly!
What desp'rate fool, should she unveil her face,
Would tempt perdition, for the curst embrace!

III.

Preceding times in great examples shew
What human minds, inspir'd by thee, can do.
By gen'rous principles and honour led,
The lovely Syrian, in his blooming age,
Refus'd the fond Egyptian's bed,
And stedfastly repuls'd her am'rous rage.

IV.

When ancient Tanis in her glory stood,
Proud of her palmy groves, and sacred flood;
Which gently flowing from its heav'nly source,
Enrich'd her level borders with its course:
Vast pyramids, with elevated heads,
Pointed the plains, and stretch'd their spiral shades
To distant woods, and far extended meads.
Rich Thebes, devoted to the god of day,
Stood, like her own resplendent planet, gay.
The lofty domes with golden lustre shone,
An hundred gates adorn'd the pop'lous town;
The buildings all were rais'd with wond'rous cost,
With silver foliage the high roofs emboss'd;
Well finish'd sculpture on the walls was shewn;
For art was here in full perfection known,
E'er Phidias wrought in Parian stone,
Or Greece her skilfull Dædalus could boast.
Th' Egyptian court with soft Assyria vy'd
In all her luxury and pride:
But Pharaoh's age no promis'd heir supply'd;
His beauteous daughter all his hopes betray'd,
To Isis she herself had vow'd
A consecrated maid:
The sacred crescent on her breast she wore,
Her robe with golden stars was spangl'd o'er.
To Nilus' banks the pious fair,
Performing holy rites, did now repair;
When from the shore an infant's feeble cries
Her virgin train surprise:

Among the reeds a lovely boy they found,
His temples with an ambient glory crown'd,
Divine presages sparkled in his face,
Unvulgar beauty, and expressless grace.
The gods have thus, the joyful princess cry'd,
My father's wishes with an heir supply'd.
Young Moses, her adopted son she nam'd;
But when his years had reach'd their manly prime,
The title he disclaim'd;
Govern'd by motives more sublime,
While heav'nly virtue his high thoughts inflam'd.

V.

By heav'nly virtue led,
Th' Egyptian court, and all its pomp he fled;
And wand'ring far away on Midian plains,
An humble life he chose among the swains.
In moving lays he taught the rural throng
Celestial truths; while list'ning to his strain,
The flying winds their breath retain,
And winding currents slowly glide along.
Of Chaos and the world's great birth he sung,
How from the word divine the fair creation sprung.
High Horeb from his cloudy summit heard
The tuneful sounds, long e er the Thracian bard,
On Hæmus' banks, in potent numbers strove
A savage nation wisely to improve.

VI.

When on Bethoron's plains great Joshua chas'd
The Amorean kings;
Lest darkness o'er their flight her veil should cast,

And from his sword protect them with her wings,
Forward before his wond'ring troops he sprung,
Pois'd in his hand a trembling jav'lin hung;
Mov'd by an instigation all divine,
Heroic virtue, the great hint was thine.
When on the sparkling skies
The daring warrior fix'd his eyes,
Some God the soldiers in his face regard,
While from his lips these mighty words they heard.
Thou sun, he boldly cry'd, thou sun, stand still,
Nor stretch the shades on Gibeah's lofty hill;
And thou, fair moon, retard thy hasty flight,
And gild the vales of Ajalon at night!
Astonish'd nature instantly obey'd,
And in a deep suspense the heav'nly motions stay'd.

VII.

Nor leave the tuneful heroine un-nam'd,
Ye virgin muses, who her breast inflam'd,
Virtue no brighter votary can boast,
No brighter names in all her list appear;
The warriour's crown, and poet's wreath she claim'd,
She touch'd the lyre, and shook the pointed spear,
The life and glory of the Hebrew host:
Old Kishon to her aid his billows brought,
And on her side the marshall'd planets fought.

VIII.

The Medes subdu'd, and Ecbatana raz'd;
The haughty Persian with fresh laurels grac'd,
To Jordan's banks his num'rous forces led.
Wide as the eastern rule is spread,

The distant realms his glad assistants come :
From Serica, and Oxus' borders some,
From Indus' and imperial Ganges' shores,
And where Iaxartes' rapid current roars,
The hardy race on wild Hyrcania bred,
Advanc'd with bold intrepid breasts.
The tall Armenians with their waving crests,
And Parthians with their backward bows,
A dreadful scene on Hebron's plains disclose.
But none in courage or in splendour vy'd
With the gay troops that left the flow'ry fields,
Where royal Ulai rolls his crystal tide ;
Their helmets gold, and gold their blazing shields,
With dancing plumes and Tyrian scarves, from far
They shone the pride and terror of the war ;
With airy feet their coursers spurn'd the plains,
In silver trappings deck'd ;
With silver curbs and scarlet reins
Their fiery rage their graceful riders check'd.
Encamp'd before the sacred hill they lay,
Where Salem's lofty tow'rs their strength display.

IX.

While to their great forefather's aid
With stedfast zeal the sons of Isr'el pray'd ;
The potent pray'r prevails ; a Hebrew dame
By Heav'n was destin'd to the great event,
To fix a scandal on th' Assyrian name,
A lasting scandal, and immortal shame.
Led by the mighty impulse, Judith went
Undaunted to the Persian leader's tent ;

The chief with wonder gazes on the fair,
Her gesture free, engaging all her air.
A nice reserve and modest pride
Chasten'd the native softness in her looks descry'd.
Her features nobly turn'd, her cheeks disclose
A fresher blush than paints the blooming rose.
Her eyes were black, and black her shining hair;
Black as the midnight clouds, which sometimes grace
With chequer'd shades the moon's resplendent face;
Part to the sight was in loose curls expos'd,
The rest a spangled caul enclos'd:
To that a white transparent veil was join'd,
Which negligently hover'd to the wind.
With envious art a shade of finest lawn
Was o'er her swelling bosom drawn.
A sparkling diamond hung at either ear,
And rubies round her swelling neck appear.
Her robes were costly silk, and ev'ry fold
Vary'd with blue and winding streaks of gold.
She soon protection and redress obtain'd;
While from the Persian chief,
Her moving words procur'd belief,
And easy credit gain'd.
A rich pavilion to his own adjoin'd,
Was to the fair that night assign'd,
Assur'd from all a just respect to find.
The charming Hebrew with her maid retir'd,
And left the gen'ral with her beauty fir'd;
But gentle sleep his am'rous cares appeas'd,
While through the camp the midnight riot ceas'd.

She found the sleeping warriour's bed:
His sword with an audacious air she took,
And freed her nation at one noble stroke.

X.

By Grecian heroes wonders have been done,
And lasting fame for great atchievments won;
But all they tell wild fictions prove,
Of fated armour, and assisting Jove.
No partial goddess to Achilles brought
A spear, and sevenfold shield by Vulcan wrou
No Pallas to the field Atrides led,
Nor grac'd the chariot with young Diomed,
When from his raging sword the Trojans fled;
But virtue own'd the Argive's cause,
Avenging breach of faith and hospitable laws:
Their best success was owing still to thee,
Their prosp'rous genius thou, and aiding Deity

XI.

At ancient Rome thy name was long ador'd,

He oft invok'd by some clear fountain's fall:
However nam'd, the lovely form was thine
That answer'd still his call;
From thee he learn'd by gentle arts t'assuage
The Sabines sullen hatred and the Roman rage.
Nor Faunus gave (as story tells)
The peaceful prince fantastic spells;
To charm fierce lions from their prey,
Or swelling torrents in their banks to stay;
To turn the lightning's fatal force,
Or break the raging thunder's course:
These great effects, celestial Piety,
These great effects belong alone to thee.

XII.

Manlius and great Camillus owe to thee
Their fame and glorious immortality.
Horatius fought by thee sustain'd,
When singly he th' unequal war maintain'd!
In vain to pass the bridge the Tuscans strove,
Backward whole squadrons with his spear he drove
Fix'd as his country's guardian god,
On Tyber's banks the hero stood,
And stain'd the foaming stream with hostile blood.

XIII.

In vain ill omens would Flaminius fright;
In vain his courser, with unusual fears,
Still backward from the fight
The furious warrior bears;
Unmanag'd o'er the wide campaign he flew,
And from his seat the daring rider threw;

The Roman genius, for his life distrest,
With a prodigious earthquake shook the groun
The violent force
Pour'd back the rivers to their inmost source,
Revers'd the floods, and chang'd their native c
Thrice from the skies protentous thunders sour
And thrice ill boding lightnings blaz'd around
Nor earthquakes, lightnings, nor the thund'rin
A breast with virtue guarded can surprize :
Still resolute and bold,
Flaminius on the thickest dangers flies,
And bravely met the fate the warning gods fo

XIV.

If ever praise to Roman worth was due,
If ever virtue could distinction claim,
Great Scipio, thy illustrious name
Shall stand the foremost in the lists of fame,
And future times thy triumphs shall renew.
The conduct of Fabricius' age.

Without thee, ev'n her boasted gods
Had ill defended their own gay abodes.
Whatever fame at Thebes or Troy were gain'd,
Whatever wreaths at Salamis obtain'd,
Or at Arbela's fatal field;
Their most illustrious deeds to thine must yield.
Nor wast thou in thy public life more great,
Than in thy last retreat
To the Linternian shades, thy humble seat.
In all things thou wast modest still and brave,
Neither to vice, nor virtue's self a slave;
Virtue was choice, delib'rate choice in thee,
Not philosophic pride, nor dull necessity.

XV.

Bright goddess, what resistless charms are thine,
That men for thee all human things forego,
And willingly resign
The dearest ties and softest names below?
By what strange arguments dost thou engage
Unpractis'd youth, and spiritless old age,
To brave for thee, the fiercest tyrant's rage?
Bright goddess, thou the cause alone canst tell,
And all the sacred mystery reveal.

XVI.

'Tis done! immortal light without controul
Comes rushing like a mighty torrent on my soul.
Transporting scenes are open'd to my eyes,
I see the inmost glories of the skies;
I see the bright distinguish'd crown,
That led the conqu'ring martyrs on

I walk among the mansions of the gods,
The soft recesses, and the blest abodes;
I trace the happy vales, and lightsome plains,
Where pleasure, peace, and love, triumphant reigns
Through all the regions round
The voice of festival, and nuptial songs
Perpetually resound.
Ineffable the rest,
And by immortal tongues
Alone to be exprest.
All hail, ye scourges, flames, and tort'ring wheels!
Your force no more the shiv'ring fancy feels.
Enlighten'd thus, Romanus try'd
The tyrant's utmost cruelty and pride.
Lucius, with these bright prospects fir'd,
And young Hormisda, their tormentors tir'd;
Rhea and Dionysia trampled down
Opposing hell, and gain'd the martyr's crown.

XVII.

With arts more fatal Decius strove
Nicetas' fortitude to move.
In a delicious garden's soft retreat
The youth was gently laid,
Wrapt in a silken net,
A flow'ry couch beneath him spread,
Where fragrant jess'mines lent a grateful shade:
A dying breeze, a fountain's easy fall,
Mix'd with melodious birds, for gay delights did c
While a young harlot, in the tempting pride
Of airy life and wanton beauty, try'd

With guilty blandishment and art,
Obscene caresses, and licentious song,
To poison with contagious flames his heart,
To tempt the saint his holy vows to wrong:
Unconquer'd yet the youthful saint remain'd,
And all her proffer'd charms and lewd address disdain'd.

XVIII.

Eulalia to the stern tribunal press'd,
And boldly there the Christian faith profess'd:
The savage judge suspends her doom,
Touch'd with her dawning charms and early bloom.
To Jove's high shrine they led the tender maid;
The priest in his fantastic pomp array'd,
A golden censer brought,
With consecrated odours fraught,
Which fiercely from his hand the virgin caught;
Beneath her feet the smoking gums she trode,
Derides the bigot, and insults his god:
Unmov'd the senseless idol stands,
With useless thunder in his passive hands;
But all their rage his wild adorers show,
And in their cruelty
Surpass'd the fiends below.
Their scourges, pincers, and their racks, they try'd;
By more than human fortitude sustain'd,
The suff'ring maid her constancy retain'd.
Be all the powers of death and hell defy'd!
Your malice can no more, she faintly cry'd,
And, smiling on her curst tormentors, dy'd.

XIX.

Nor Virtue with preceding times is lost,
Nor Rome alone illustrious names can boast;
The charming goddess has not left the stage,
A thousand great examples grace the present age:
But Virtue ne'er with brighter pomp was seen,
Nor wore a nobler form than in the British * quee

XX.

Thou art thy own immense reward,
Should man no future state regard:
Were fields of light, and gay ethereal plains,
The sanguine flights of visionary brains;
The happy mind, possess'd of thee,
Would find unmingled joy, and true felicity.
Were there no gloomy shores, no burning lakes,
No chains of darkness, nor infernal racks;
Were hell a wild, enthusiastic dream,
A statesman's trick, a poet's lying theme,
A pious fraud, a black deceit
Of mercenary priests the world to cheat;
Yet still within itself a guilty mind
The emphasis of every plague would find.

* Written before the Year 1710.

THE

HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

A POEM.

BOOK I.

vocation of the divine Spirit. A description of the temple of loch, in the valley of Hinnon, where a congress of infernal pow- are met to contrive some method to extirpate the Hebrew race.

LESTIAL Muse, that on the blissful plain
oft invok'd, to guide th' immortal strain;
ir'd by thee, the first-born sons of light
'd the creation in a tuneful flight;
s'd with thy voice, the spheres began their round,
morning-stars danc'd to the charming sound;
thou hast often left the crystal tow'rs,
visit mortals in their humble bow'rs.
avour'd by thee the courtly swain of old,
eath mount Horeb sacred wonders told,
oundless chaos, and primæval night,
springs of motion and the seeds of light.
sun stood still, to hear his radiant birth,
h the formation of the balanc'd earth.
moon on high check'd her nocturnal car,
l list'ning staid, with ev'ry ling'ring star.
: hills around, and lofty Sinah heard,
whose command their tow'ring heads were rear'd.
: flow'rs their gay original attend;
ir tufted crowns the groves, adoring, bend.

The fountains rose, the streams their course with-h
To hear the ocean's wond'rous source reveal'd.
The birds sit silent on the branches near,
The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.
The swains forgot their labour while he sung,
How, from the dust, their great forefather sprung:
A vital call awoke him from the ground,
The moving clay obey'd th' almighty sound.
Thus sung in lofty strains the noble bard;
The heav'ns and earth their own formation heard.
But thou, propitious Muse, a gentler fire
Didst breathe, and tune to softer notes the lyre,
When royal Leb'non heard the am'rous king
The beauties of his lov'd Egyptian sing:
The sacred lays a mystic sense infold,
And things divine in human types were told.
Disdain not gentle pow'r, my song to grace,
While I the paths of heav'nly justice trace;
And twine a blooming garland for the youth,
Renown'd for honour and unblemish'd truth.
Let others tell of ancient conquests won;
And mighty deeds by favour'd heroes done;
(Heroes enslav'd to pride, and wild desires)
A virgin Muse, a virgin theme requires;
Where vice and wanton beauty quit the field,
And guilty loves to stedfast virtue yield.

Jacob, with Heav'n's peculiar favour blest,
Leaving the fertile regions of the east,
(Where Haron, then a noble city, stood,
Between fair Tigris and Euphrates flood)

n Laban fled, and by divine command
su'd his journey to his native land.
ded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore
wives, his children, and his household store:
ɔurchas'd slaves he led an endless train,
flocks and herds engross'd the wide champain.
he shepherd's art was all his fathers knew,
sons the same industrious life pursue.
God his pious ancestors ador'd,
almighty God, at Bethel, he implor'd:
altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,
ere twice the radiant vision had appear'd;
pow'rs of hell the dreadful omen fear'd:
h dæmon trembles in his hollow shrine,
raving priests amazing things divine.
ı Hinnon's vale a fane to Moloch stood,
und it rose a consecrated wood;
ɔse mingled shades excluded noon-day light,
. made below uninterrupted night.
tapers hung around in equal rows,
mansion of the sullen king disclose;
:n brazen gates its horrid entrance guard;
hin the cries of infant-ghosts were heard;
ɜeven high altars rise polluted fires,
le human victims feed the ruddy spires.
place, Gehenna call'd, resembled well
native gloom and dismal vaults of hell.
as night, and goblins in the darkness danc'd,
priests in frantic visions lay entranc'd;

While here conven'd the Pagan terrors sat,
In solemn council, and mature debate,
T' avert the storm impending o'er their state.
Th' apostate princes with resentment fir'd,
Anxious, and bent on black designs, conspir'd
To find out schemes successful to efface
Great Heber's name, and crush the sacred race;
From whence they knew, the long predicted king,
Th' infernal empire's destin'd foe, should spring:
Who conqu'ror o'er their vanquish'd force should trea
And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead.
Th' affair their deepest policy commands,
And brought them hither, from remotest lands;
From Ur, Armenia, and Iberia's shores,
From Nile, and Ophir rich with golden ores,
And where the Adrian wave, and where th' Atlantic roars.

Nesroth appears, his amber chariot drawn
With snowy steeds; him at the rising dawn
The Syrian worships from his airy hills,
Whose vales with wealth the fam'd Araxis fills.
Belus forsakes his high frequented domes,
And o'er the famous plains of Shinah comes:
Plegor descends his mount; to him were paid,
With impious rites, libations for the dead.
Imperious Rimmon came, whose mansion stood
On the fair banks of Pharpar's lucid flood.
Osiris left his Nile, and thund'ring Baal
The rock, whence Arnon's plenteous waters fall.

Mithra, whom all the east adores, was there;
And like his own resplendent planet fair,
With yellow tresses, and enchanting eyes
Dissembling beauty, would the fiend disguise,
Nor fail'd a diety of female name,
Astarte, with her silver crescent came:
Melita left her Babylonian bowers;
Where wanton damsels, crown'd with blushing flow'rs,
In all the summer's various lustre gay,
Detested Orgies, to the goddess pay.
These various pow'rs, their various schemes propose,
But none th' assembly pleas'd till Mithra rose:
(Of an alluring mien above the rest)
Who thus th' apostate potentates address'd.
Mankind by willing steps to ruin move,
Their own wild passions their destruction prove,
But the most fatal is forbidden love.
Old Jacob boasts a daughter young and fair,
Fond Leah's glory and peculiar care:
Her eyes inflame the gazing Pagans hearts,
Young Shechem has already felt their darts:
Who lately saw her with her virgin train,
Near Shalem, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.
I'll fill his youthful breast with mad desire,
By fraud, or force, his wishes to acquire,
The coming day he does a feast prepare,
By me instructed how to hide the snare:
Fair Dinah is his sister's promis'd guest,
Impatient love will soon complete the rest.

The damsel's wrongs her brothers will enflame,
To right, with hostile arms, the Hebrew's shame;
By which provok'd, the Canaanites shall join
With us t' abolish this detested line.
Revenge and bloody faction are my care,
Moloch replies, thine be the soft affair;
Without instructions thou canst act thy part,
Well practis'd in the nice alluring art;
Euphrates' banks, and Senac's conscious shades,
Attest thy freedom with th' Assyrian maids
Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,
Was there devoted to terrestrial loves
Thy sacred lyre to human subjects strung,
No more with tiresome hallelujahs rung:
This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,
Nor fail'd thy sparkling eyes to charm the beauteous kind.
The bold example of thy loose amours,
Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly pow'rs;
Who vainly had the first probation stood,
Proof to ambition, obstinately good.
Long after I, with my associates, fell;
Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell;
On softer motives you abhorr'd the skies,
Allur'd by women's captivating eyes:
The sons of God thus with the race of man
Were mingled; hence the giant stock began.
Our plot requires us now, and if it fail
I'll in my turn the hated tribe assail:
Domestic faction may at last prevail.

Joseph, his doating father's life and joy,
By well-concerted means we must destroy;
This youth above the rest excites my fear,
Divine presages in his face appear;
Officious Gabriel's care to him confin'd,
Foretells a man for mighty things design'd:
His brethren, acted by my powerful fire,
Against his envy'd life shall all conspire.
Joseph remov'd, old Jacob's greatest prop,
The race shall mourn, in him, their blasted hope.
Here Moloch ceas'd; th' infernal spirits rose,
Crowning the double plot with vast applause.

BOOK II.

Jacob's daughter dishonoured by Shechem, prince of the Hivites. Her brothers revenge the injury. The Patriarch relates to his sons Abraham's conquest over the king of Elam, and his royal confederates. He rescues Lot. Melchisedech meets and blesses Abraham. The intended sacrifice of Isaac.

Young Shechem all the night impatient lay,
And sought with eager eyes the breaking day;
With ardent longing waits the promis'd hour,
And fancies all his wishes in his pow'r:
Aner, his friend, improves the fatal fire,
And soothes, with flatt'ring scenes, his wild desire.
Sidonia, guiltless of her brother's snares,
To grace her lovely Hebrew guest prepares;
Who, with her young companions, now appears,
Too innocent for nice reserves, or fears.

Her artless looks, nor tim'rous nor assur'd;
With easy charms the Jebusites allur'd:
A rosy tincture paints her guiltless face:
Her eyes peculiar to her beauteous race,
Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace.
Rich orient bracelets round her snowy arms,
And faultless neck, improve her native charms.
The Hivite princess entertains the maid,
To Hamer's palace fatally betray'd;
Where, at the pomp of one surprising feast,
She meets the luxury of all the East.
Her thoughts the proud magnificence admire,
The people's customs, and their strange attire;
Till modest rules, and the declining day,
With Leah's charge forbid her longer stay:
But ah! too late, she finds herself betray'd
To Shechem's pow'r, a lost defenceless maid;
A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,
By fraud seduc'd, and brutal force constrain'd,
Her name dishonour'd and her nation stain'd.

In vain with tender sighs he strives to move
The injur'd fair to voluntary love;
The strictest rules of chastity she knew,
With all that to her great descent was due;
But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,
His wild desires by violence obtain.

The hateful tidings reach'd her father's ears,
And almost sunk his venerable years:
Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine:
But guard with secret guile their black design.

The town in feasts consum'd the second day,
And plung'd at night in fearless riot lay.
The restless shepherds, e'er the ling'ring dawn,
Each held his sword, for horrid action drawn,
Surpris'd the city like a rising flood,
Rag'd thro' the streets, and bath'd their swords in blood.
The Hebrews, pleas'd with this successful fate,
Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace-gate:
Fierce Simeon thro' the bright apartments flew.
And old and young, without distinction, slew.
Shechem, with restless passion still inspir'd,
Was with the charming Isr'elite retir'd;
And first by mad insulting Levi found,
Without a pause he gave the desp'rate wound.
'Take thy dispatch, curs'd ravisher, for hell,
He said; and down the bleeding victim fell:
His fatal mistress turns away her eyes,
With horror seiz'd, and trembling with surprize.
The swains her roving vanity upbraid,
And to their tents the penitent convey'd.
Their father griev'd, reproves the bloody fact,
But Judah thus defends the hostile act:
Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,
With lawless mixtures Abram's flock defile?
Our wives and sisters in our sight constrain;
While we, regardless of the shameful stain,
Stand tamely by, and scarce of wrong complain!
They fierce intrench'd on hospitable trust,
And human faith;—our vengeance is but just.

Such justice never mingle with my fame,
Good Isra'l cries, nor spot my guiltless name!
The realms around, who idol-gods revere,
Will this black deed with indignation hear,
And all their policy and rage unite,
To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.
So hell believ'd;—but Heav'n a sacred dread
Of Jacob's sons among the nations spread;
While he at Bethel with a pious flame,
Implores the great unutterable Name.
From thence to Mamre's peaceful plain retires,
Where Kirath-arba lifts her golden spires:
Illustrious Arba built and nam'd the place,
The boasted father of the giant race;
For them design'd the monst'rous plan appear'd,
To Heav'n the threat'ning battlements were rear'
In careless joys and plenty here they live,
And to the neighb'ring swains protection give.
Beneath the hill, on which their city stood,
Ascended high a venerable wood;
The solemn shades, which gave a secret dread,
Conceal'd a vaulted structure for the dead,
Machpelah call'd, with wond'rous labour wrough
This Abram of the giant nation bought:
The cave, the wood, the springs, and bord'ring fi
Ephron, their prince, by public contract seal'd.
Here to their purcha'd right the shepherds dr
Their fleecy charge, and unmolested live;
While frequent through the consecrated ground,
Inscriptions and old monuments they found.

Where-e'er celestial visions had appear'd,
The pious worshippers an altar rear'd ?
The mystic name to mortals long unknown,
Was deeply figur'd on the polish'd stone ;
By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas seen
That heav'nly pow'rs had there convers'd with men.
Remote from this a lofty pillar stood ;
This Jacob to the rural concourse shew'd ;
Here see, he said, the memory retain'd
Of Abram's conquest near Damascus gain'd.
To distant lands the eastern rule was spread,
And Jordan's banks a yearly tribute paid :
The king of Sodom first contem'd the yoke,
Admah and Zeboim next the treaty broke.
At this the royal Elamite enrag'd,
The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd ;
Arioch and mighty Tidal join their force,
Conquest where-e'er they turn attends their course.
The Horims on mount Seir their valour prove,
Their troops the Emims from their fortress drove.
In Siddim's vale the adverse princes stay,
There Shibna, Bera, and Shemeber lay.
Amraphel early meets his doubtful foes,
And for the victory his ranks dispose ;
But scarce th' encounter could be call'd a fight,
So soon the troops of Sodom took their flight ;
The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,
Their jav'lins, swords, and shields at once forego.
Some seek the woods, and some a shelt'ring cave ;
Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, save ;

While others plunging down fair Jordan's tide,
From the stern looks of war their faces hide.
Th' invaders sheathe their swords, and scorn to grace
With martial deaths the despicable race.
Bera alone and Lot sustain'd the field,
But press'd by numbers were compell'd to yield:
These, with the riches of the town, a prey
To Paran's hills the conqu'rors bore away.
  This Abram heard, and gather'd on the plain
A valiant band, his own domestic train:
His glad assistance Escol brings, a youth
Of public honour, and unblemish'd truth;
With Aner, Mamre, dauntless both and young,
Brothers, all three from noble Amor sprung.
  'Twas night, secure the victor army lies,
Scornful of foes, and fearless of surprize;
By Heav'ns command a sudden vapour spreads
O'er all the host, and clouds their drowsy heads;
To the high throne of sense soft slumber climbs,
Slackens their sinews, and benumbs their limbs;
The captives eyes alone its force repell'd,
Nor to the pleasing violence would yield.
  Now near the camp the brave confed'rates draw,
And by the glimm'ring fires its posture saw;
The foremost rank the swift invaders slew,
And soon the waking pris'ners heard and knew
Their active friends, that to their succour flew.
Abram his nephew, he the rest unty'd;
The sleeping foe avenging swords supply'd;

m file to file the fearless brothers pass,
l leave them breathless on the purple grass:
old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,
l scatters wide destruction o'er the plain.
: terror grows, the clash of arms, and cries
wounded men afflict the ambient skies.
ice Arioch, startled at the noise, awakes,
l from his eyes the fatal slumber shakes.
oft-repeated calls his legions arm,
l madly haste to meet the loud alarm;
by a force more prevalent undone,
certain fate with eager steps they run;
order'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,
l, raving, to their unknown victors yield.
The morning rose, and with her blushing light
pos'd their damage, and inglorious flight;
e joyful shepherds seize th' abandon'd spoils:
d now returning from their martial toils,
royal priest at Salem Abram meets,
th presents, and a benediction greets
e Hebrew bands:—to heav'n he lifts his eyes,
d blest be that propitious pow'r, he cries,
10 walks the crystal circuit of the skies;
10 hears the boasts of mortals with disdain,
ntemns their force, and makes their triumphs vain!
s mien was solemn, and his face divine,
fulgent gems around his temples shine:
s graceful robe, a bright celestial blue,
ailing behind, a train majestic drew.

The tenth of all great Abram gives the priest,
The kings and Amorites divide the rest.
All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,
And to his fame this lasting column rais'd.
The swains were list'ning still, when Jacob cries,
To yonder mountain now direct your eyes;
For there a brighter scene of glory lies.
'Twas there the wond'ring sun in Abram view'd
The noblest height of human fortitude;
The pious man in guiltles sleep lay drown'd,
When through his ears thunder'd this fatal sound.
Arise, and Isaac on mine altar lay,
With thy own hand the destin'd victim slay.
He starts, and cries, who can this thought inspire?
Can heav'n this monstrous sacrifice require?
The dreadful call again surpriz'd his ears,
And lo! the well known heav'nly form appears.
He bow'd, and at the purple dawn arose,
And with his darling to Moriah goes.
Astonish'd long he by the altar stood,
Then pil'd with trembling hands the sacred wood;
Half dead himself; the wond'ring youth he binds,
Who now his sire's severe intention finds.
What thoughts, he ask'd, my father, have possest
Your soul? what horrid fury fills your breast?
Am I to Hell a sacrifice design'd?
Some cruel demon must your reason blind;
Th' unblemish'd skies abhor this bloody deed,
No human victims on their altars bleed.
'Tis Heav'n, the patriarch said, this fact requires,
'Tis Heav'n—be witness you ethereal fires!

Yet countless as the stars, from thee must spring
Victorious nations, and the mystic King.
'Tis past relief ——yet by himself he swore,
Who from the dead thy relics can restore;
What obstacle surmounts almighty pow'r?
This said, the pious youth resign'd his life;
Blest Abram shook off all paternal strife,
And forward thrust the consecrated knife.
As light'ning from the skies, an angel broke,
And warded with his hand the fatal stroke;
When thus a voice streams downward from above,
Breathing divine beneficence and love.
By my great Self I swear, to bless thy race
With endless favour and peculiar grace;
Thy scepter'd sons the spacious east shall sway,
While vanquish'd kings obedient tribute pay.
Here Jacob ends, and to his tent retires;
Their fleecy charge the parting swains requires.

BOOK III.

The infernal powers endeavour to raise factions in Jacob's family. Joseph's dreams. His brothers jealousy and malice. He comes to Dothan. They confine him in a pit while they consult his ruin. An angel in a vision presages to him his future greatness, and warns him of the snares of beauty and unlawful love. His brothers spare his life, and sell him to the Midian merchants, travelling with their spicy traffic into Egypt. Jacob, obstinate in grief, refuses all consolation.

Mean time the Pagan deities, displeas'd
To find the public storms so soon appeas'd,

Studious attempt, by new malicious ways,
Among the Hebrews civil jars to raise:
Moloch already had provok'd the strife,
And kindling mischief threatens Joseph's life.

The lovely youth, fair Rachel's boasted son,
Completely form'd, his seventeenth year begun;
His mother's sparkling eyes, and blooming grace,
Mix'd with severer strokes, adorn'd his face.
Not he that in Sabea's fragrant grove,
(As poets sung), inflam'd the queen of love;
Nor Hylas, nor Narcissus look'd so gay,
When the clear streams his rosy blush display.

In all his conduct something noble shone,
Which meant him for a greatness yet unknown.
Visions had oft his rising fate foretold:
The last to Jacob thus his lips unfold,
His brethren by:—When sleep had clos'd mine eye
A corny field before my fancy flies;
(Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears!)
My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears;
Industrious each a single sheaf had bound,
When theirs with sudden motion mine surround,
And bow'd with prostrate rev'rence to the ground.
But now my mind of rural bus'ness clear'd,
Above my head a wondrous scene appear'd;
The moon and stars at highest noon shone bright,
Unconquer'd by the sun's superior light;
Methought I saw the gaudy orbs descend,
And at my feet with humble homage bend.

The shepherds hear his story with surprise:
Must we thy vassals be? proud Ashur cries,
With rage and threat'ning malice in his eyes.
At Mamre, Jacob and his fav'rite stay,
The rest to Dothan's flow'ry meadows stray;
Infernal envy all their bosoms fires,
And black resolves and horrid thoughts inspires.
At last young Joseph's murder is design'd:
Hell with the monstrous treachery combin'd.
He comes to Dothan, by his father sent,
And Heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.
Their guiltless prey he stands, without defence,
But inborn worth, and fearless innocence.
His brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs,
Were all the subject that alarm'd his fears.
The fatal stroke they now prepare to give,
When Reuben's arts the hopeless youth retrieve,
By thus advising,—let your brother live.
A thousand easy methods yet remain.
To render all his glorious projects vain;
But till we have determin'd the design,
To yonder pit th' aspiring boy confine.
To him they yield, and to their tents retire,
The fiends below their own success admire.
The night prevails, and draws her sable train,
With silent pace, along th' ethereal plain.
By fits the dancing stars exert their beams;
The silver crescent glimmers on the streams;
The sluggish waters with a drowsy roar,

And ling'ring motion, roll along the shore;
Their murmer answers to the rustling breeze,
That faintly whispers through the nodding trees;
The peaceful echoes, undisturb'd with sound,
Lay slumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around;
Frenzy and faction, love and envy slept;
A still solemnity all nature kept;
Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies
Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes:
To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew.
And from the skies commission'd Gabriel drew;
One of the seven, who, by appointed turns,
Before the throne ambrosial incense burns.
A sudden day, returning on the night,
Vanquish d the shades, and put the stars to flight;
Th' enlighten'd cave receives the shining guest,
In all his heav'nly pomp divinely dress'd;
He greets the youth, and thus his charge express'd.
To morrow thou must leave rich Jordan's shor
And trace Moriah's sacred hill no more:
A great and grateful nation yet unknown,
Sav'd by thy care, shall thee their patron own;
But let thy breast impenetrable prove
To wanton beauty, and forbidden love:
This Heav'n enjoins.—The wond'ring shepherd bo
The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.
The morning now her lovely face display'd,
And with a rosy smile dispell'd the shade.
The faction rose, and close in council sat,
On means that must determine Joseph's fate;

Nor long they sat, for on the neighb'ring road
A train of camels with their spicy load,
Follow'd by Midian merchants, travell'd by:
Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry;
Whate'er th' ambitious dreamer's thoughts portend,
His hopes with these to foreign lands we'll send.

They stop the Midianites, and soon agree,
Resolv'd no more his hated face to see.
With looks, which perfect inward anguish tell,
And falling tears he took this last farewell.

I go to wander on some barb'rous clime,
May heav'nly justice ne'er avenge this crime!
Be still indulgent to my father's age,
His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes assuage.

They hear, they see the anguish of his soul,
And scarce their struggling pity can controul;
Touch'd with so sad a scene, they all begin
To feel remorse for this unnatural sin,
And half repent: but hate and envy prove
Their victor passions, and repress their love.
They form a specious fraud to hide the deed
From their old sire, and in the plot succeed.
Their brother's varied coat they still retain'd,
And with a bleeding kid the vestment stain'd;
With this to Mamre treach'rous Simeon goes,
Too well the lost old man the relic knows.
After a dismal pause, his sorrow breaks
Its violent way, and this sad language speaks.

My son!—alas, some savage monster's prey!
Why have I liv'd to this detested day?

Why have I ling'red thus! I should have dy'd,
When thy more happy mother left my side,
My best-lov'd wife:—but all my Rachel's face
I could in thy resembling features trace.
Tormenting thought!—O hide me from the light
Its useless rays afflict my feeble sight:
Come lead me to the solitary grave,
Despair and wo that dark retirement crave;
There shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.
In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,
In vain persuade inexorable grief;
'Tis deep, and intermingled with his soul,
Nor time, nor counsel can its force controul.

BOOK IV.

A description of Egypt with the Pyramids. Joseph sold by the Midian merchants to a captain of the royal guards. He leads him to his palace. Shews his wife the handsome captive. Her great passion for him. A young Assyrian maid, endeavouring to amuse and divert her mistress, tells her the story of Ninus and Semiramis.

MEAN while through savage woods, and deserts vast
The captive with his Midian masters past.
At last rich Egypt's pleasant coasts are seen,
The level meads drest with immortal green;
Between them fertile Nile directs his course,
And nobly flows from his immortal source.
Along the borders of the sacred flood,
Aspiring groves and stately cities stood.

Here ancient Tanais in her height appear'd,
Before Amphion's lute the Theban wall had rear'd,
The sun's devoted city, radiant On,
With roofs emboss'd, and golden foliage shone;
Ere skillful Vulcan was at Lemnos nam'd,
Or Cynthia's darts, or shields for Pallas fram'd.
Distinct from these, on the Pelusion strands,
Ansana crown'd with silver turrets stands;
Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,
By pow'rful magic, and secur'd by spells:
Th' Egyptian wizards here themselves immure,
Converse with hell, and practise rites impure.
Now mighty pyramids the sight surprise,
On Masre's plain the spiral tow'rs arise.
Redousa here magnificently shrouds
Its lofty head among surrounding clouds:
By Saurid built, the daring structure stood,
The fury of the universal flood.
Phacat and Samir's pointed tops ascend,
And o'er the fields their lengthning shades extend;
Their compass sacred to the dead remain,
Within eternal night and silence reign;
No lightsome ray salutes them from the sky,
But glaring lamps depending from on high,
With sickly gleams the hollow space supply.
Here ancient kings, embalm'd with wond'rous cost,
A long exemption from corruption boast:
In artful figures some are sitting plac'd,
With fruitless pomp, and idle ensigns grac'd;

While others stretch'd in sleeping postures lie,
On folding carpets of imperial dye:
Their hov'ring ghosts, pleas'd with this mimic pride,
Among the breathless carcases reside,
But what prodigious things within were shewn,
Were to the Hebrew stranger yet unknown,
Astonish'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arriv'd where Zoan's wall inclos'd
Imperial tow'rs, the Midianites expos'd
Their fragrant traffic, with the handsome slave:
His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave;
His aspect something spoke divinely great,
Something that mark'd him for a nobler fate.

A gen'rous captain, chief of Pharaoh's bands,
Admiring much the graceful captive, stands.
Then gives the Midianites their full demands.
A sudden friendship in his breast he finds,
Experienc'd only by unvulgar minds:
Some heav'nly being had prepar'd his thought,
And on his heart the kind impression wrought.

Without regret, young stranger, follow me,
Said Potiphar, I now have ransom'd thee;
From servitude this moment thou art free.

The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,
That answer'd all the promise of his face.

Fronting the royal house, a structure crown'd
With turrets stood, and palmy groves around;
Discoursing, hither through the walks they went,
Both pleas'd alike, and equally content.

The seat they reach'd, when for a costly vest
The master call'd; in this the youth they dress'd:
No more disparag'd with a slave's attire,
His faultless shape and features all admire.
His hair, like palest amber, from his crown
In floating curls and shining waves fell down,
Young Paris such surprising charms display'd,
When first in gold and Tyrian silks array'd,
He laid his crook aside, forgot the swain,
And bid adieu to Ida's flow'ry plain.
Then for his wife the captain bids them send,
And shews with boasting joy his purchas'd friend.
The fair Sabrina, lately made his bride,
Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.
Her large black eyes shone with a sprightly fire,
And love at ev'ry fatal glance inspire.
The swarthy lustre of her charming face
The full-blown lily and the rose disgrace.
Her glossy hair outvy'd the raven's wings,
And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.
Affectedly she took a careless view,
And to her own apartment soon withdrew.
Joseph belov'd and happy long remain'd,
And from his Lord successive favours gain'd;
Who now at home grown prosp'rous, and abroad,
Believes his guest some favourable god:
He gives him o'er his house the full command,
Intrusting all his treasures to his hand.
Mean time Sabrina feeds within her breast
A secret fire, but shame its rage suppress,

When first she saw the charming Hebrew's eyes,
She felt, but well dissembled the surprize;
But through her various arts an inward care
The langours of her pensive looks declare.
Syrena found the charge, (a Syrian maid,
Well-born, but from her native coasts betray'd:)
She saw the change, but led by nicer laws,
Was thoughtless still of its reproachful cause.
Her voice, her easy wit, her eloquence,
Could hold the wildest passion in suspense.
Attending oft her mistress to a grove,
Their usual walk, with pleasing tales she strove
To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief:
Nor fail'd her arts to give a short relief.
Her native clime the pleasing subject proves,
The Syrian pomp, their customs, and their loves:
Among the rest Sabrina hears her name
Semiramis, a queen of ancient fame,
And ask'd her now the story to relate:
Repos'd beneath a spreading palm they sat.

BOOK V.

The story of Semiramis, exposed, when an infant, in the fields; where she is found (covered with a rich embroidered mantle) by a peasant, who carries her to Simma, the chief of the king's shepherds, by whom she is married to Menon, the principal commander of the Assyrian forces. Menon being called to the siege of Bactria, she follows him in a martial disguise. Menon discovers her sex to the king, who marries her after the death of Menon.

The maid begins.—Where fam'd Coaspes laves
Rich Elam's borders with his sacred waves,

Along the fields their tents the shepherds spread,
By them the king's unnumber'd flocks were fed.
The silent dawn was misty yet and grey,
And hoary moisture on the mountains lay.
Intent on rural cares, with early haste.
A peasant near a rocky cavern past;
Across his path was rais'd a mossy bed,
O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle spread;
This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,
Which fairer than the rosy morning smil'd:
The wond'ring swain forgot his country-cares,
And back to Simma's house the infant bears.
Simma his master was, though wealthy, just;
The royal lands and flocks were made his trust;
He riches still amass'd without an heir,
And seeing now the child surpassing fair,
He took and bred her with indulgent care:
In nothing he controuls her growing years,
No cost to please her boundless fancy spares.
When, by revolving moons, successive time
Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime,
Her shape was faultless, and in all her mien
Presaging marks of majesty were seen:
No mortal e'er could boast so fair a face,
Such radiant eyes, and so divine a grace.
A flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,
Her snowy vest a crimson girdle bound:
Thus dress'd, she walks a goddess o'er the plains,
Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing swains;

To her the fragrant tribute of the Spring,
With am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.
Not distant far from wealthy Simma's seat,
Heroic Menon own'd a fair retreat;
His rank, and early worth, the high command
Of all the fam'd Assyrian force had gain'd:
In peaceful times, the chief whom all admir'd,
To prove a softer happiness, retir'd;
'Twas here Semiramis his wishes fir'd.
With ravish'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,
And for the glorious prize to Simma su'd;
Proffer'd with sacred rites his vows to bind:
This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind;
On meaner terms she had his suit deny'd;
With virtue guarded and a noble pride,
The lover finds success, but all his joys
A sudden summons from the king destroys.
Bactria revolts, Ninus the tidings hears,
Himself in arms to meet the foe prepares.
But three short days ungentle fate allows
Sad Menon, for his sighs and parting vows;
He curst his martial charge, and public fame,
And loaths th' incumbrance of a glorious name,
Which rends him now from all the joys of life,
His lov'd Semiramis, his charming wife.
She hears the king's command with less surpriz
And, Menon, banish all your care, she cries;
We cannot——'tis impossible to part,
Love with heroic courage fires my heart.

'o follow you through raging seas I'd go,
)'er burning desarts, or perpetual snow.
ly your example led, I shall not fear
'he flying arrow, or the pointed spear;
'ierc'd with a fatal dart, were Menon by,
I'would be a soft, an easy thing, to die.
'h' event be what it will, with you I'll run
'o certain death, nor any danger shun;
le witness to my vows, thou radiant sun!
lor can th' advent'rous deed my conduct stain,
ecure with you the secret shall remain;
boldly can defy all other eyes,
n threat'ning armour, and a martial guise.
New pleasure fills the hero's breast, to find
uch beauty, love, and stedfast virtue join'd.
\ thousand kind transporting things he said,
\ thousand vows of lasting passion made;
'hen for a rich habiliment of war
Ie sent, and dress'd himself the smiling fair.
A costly helmet glitter'd on her head,
)n which a dove its silver pinions spread;
\ plume of whitest feathers danc'd above,
Vith ev'ry trembling breath of air they move.
'h' embroider'd scarf that o'er her armour flow'd,
Vith dazzling flames of gold and scarlet glow'd.
Ier hand a javelin shook with mimic pride,
\ painted quiver rattled by her side.
Ier height and mien adorn the warlike dress,
Aore vig'rous rays her charming eyes express.

The courser, of his beauteous burden proud,
With golden trappings bounded through the crowd.
Menon, of Syrian arms the grace and pride,
Kept near the lovely masquerader's side.
On Dura's plain the Babylonian force
In ranks attend their mighty leader's course.
While Ninus, graceful as a martial god,
Exalted on his glittring chariot rode.
The Bactrians their approaching foes disdain,
Resolv'd their fortress bravely to maintain;
And long the town with matchless courage held,
And oft to flight th' Armenian troops compell'd:
'Till bold Semiramis, who danger sought,
And fearless in the foremost ranks had fought,
Observ'd a rock, which o'er a castle lean'd;
The Bactrians this were careless to defend,
Believing it from all access secure,
She finds a path among the cliffs obscure;
Then with a chosen band intrepid gains
The top, and soon th' unguarded fort obtains.
The town thus made the fierce besieger's prey,
To her they gave the conquest of the day.
All prais'd the youth, (for such she was believ'd,)
Her bold address each party had deceiv'd;
But Ninus most her fortitude admires,
He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.
Menon, in dotage lost, with foolish pride,
No more the fatal secret strives to hide;
Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boast,
The joy of all his future life must cost.

Ninus with other eyes her beauty views,
In other terms his gratitude renews.
To Babylon return'd, he yet conceal'd
His growing flame, by Menon's worth withheld;
Too well he with a sad reflection knows,
What to his counsel, and his sword he owes;
These gen'rous ties at first his love oppose:
But nothing can th' increasing rage restrain;
By gentle means he yet his end would gain.
Menon, he said, my wishes to procure,
I'll give thee cities, and a boundless store
Of gold, and precious gems; and for a bride,
A blooming princess to the crown ally'd:
All this, and more, to gain her love I'll give;
Without Semiramis I cannot live.
Resenting Menon, with a handsome pride,
Refus'd his offers, and the suit deny'd.
The softer sex he next attempts to gain;
She too rejects his passion with disdain.
What now avail the glories of the east?
Nor wealth, nor empire can procure his rest.
Tir'd with unheeded sighs, and fruitless pray'r,
He tries more rig'rous means to ease his care;
And threatens thus:—With my desires comply,
Or soon prepare to see your hero die.
From Menon this she hides, who less severe
Observes her to the am'rous king appear;
His fondness with the jealous passion grows;
No joy, no lightsome interval he know,
The mingled phrenzy gives him no repose.

She false! he cries, my fair, enchanting wife!
And can I yet protract this wretched life?
This anxious heart, with hopeless grief oppress'd,
In death's cold shade shall find perpetual rest,
He said: then all the hostile stars defy'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his side.
A long adieu! Semiramis, he cries;
With those lov'd accents on his lips he dies;
She hears the parting groans, and to his succour flies
Sunk on the floor she sees her lover bleed,
Himself the author of the barb'rous deed;
But true to love, and virtue's strictest laws,
She neither knew, nor could suspect the cause.
Seiz'd with a sudden horror and surprise,
She faints, and near the breathless carcase lies;
Her frighted women to her rescue haste,
And wake the doubtful spark of life at last.
A hollow groan ensues; with feeble sight
She meets the day, and loathes the flashing light.
A stedfast sorrow in her face appears,
Above the soft relief of female tears;
Silent as death, her words no utt'rance find,
To tell the inward anguish of her mind:
A fix'd, sedate, and rational despair
Compos'd her looks, and settled in her air.
In such a sullen calm the billows sleep,
So smooth an aspect wears the gloomy deep;
While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath refr
Presaging tempests on the troubled main.

Th' impatient prince with just respect attends
Her ebbing grief, and long his flame suspends;
And long her stedfast thoughts relentless prove
To proffer'd empire, and inviting love:
Till fate itself her stubborn heart inclin'd
To take a crown, by all the stars design'd,
And fill a sphere proportion'd to her mind.

Ninus was now of ev'ry wish possest,
With sov'reign rule and brighter pleasure blest:
But ah! how short a boast has mortal joy?
What sudden storms the flatt'ring calm destroy?
What human privilege, what lawless pow'r,
Can one short day retard th' appointed hour?

Thrice thro' the midnight silence, from the ground,
The startled monarch hears a warning sound;
Thrice Menon's ghost a frowning spectre stands,
And seems to beckon with his airy hands.
A sudden faintness seiz'd his trembling heart,
While hasty life retires from ev'ry part;
Speechless and pale his eye-balls roll in death,
While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath.

The mournful princess to his merit just,
With wondrous pomp interr'd the royal dust:
High on a mount his sepulchre she plac'd,
With marble spires, and pointed arches grac'd.
She bids farewell to love's deceitful flame;
Resolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,
In costly structures of immortal fame.

A lofty dome to Belus first she built:
The inward roof with dazzling silver gilt;

The god was fashion'd in a wondrous mold,
With perfect art; his bulk was massy gold;
His sacred utensils were all the same,
While fragrant oils in golden sockets flame.
Old Babel next with boundless coast she wall'd;
And Babylon the spacious city call'd;
Its bounds with forts and battlements were crown'd,
And compass'd in an endless tract of ground,
Valleys and levell'd hills the vast extent surround,
Where fronting ranks of palaces were seen,
With streams, and groves, and painted meads between
Euphrates in its course the town divides,
While through the midst his stately current glides.
Around the place a hundred gates unfold,
Thro' which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd,
Which all for state attend the queen's commands,
When she her progress makes through distant lands.
Resolv'd to visit now the neighb'ring Medes,
Her train she o'er the lofty Sagris leads.
At pompous Ecbatana now she staid,
And all her own magnificence display'd.
Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,
Gardens, and seats of pleasure, she design'd;
Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.
Not far from thence a plain extended lay,
With stately groves and flow'ry verdure gay;
The spreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,
Arching above, their mingled branches join.
Semiramis now turns an ancient flood,
With matchless labour, thro' the charming wood;

The plenteous stream in various rills divides,
While marble bounds confine the crystal tides.
In marble basons of an equal row,
Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry cassia grow.
Prodigious rocks entire were hither brought,
Smooth arches thro' their craggy sides were wrought:
Here artificial hills their summits rear,
For shade retiring grotts around appear.
In various bloom the valleys stood below,
From far the beauteous Syrian roses glow.
All that perfumes the blest Sabæan fields
Grows here, with all that sacred Nysa yields,
Here breath'd the fragrant calamus, and fir,
Cinnamon, frankincense, and weeping myrrh.
Shrill birds among the spicy branches sing,
Their warbling notes along the valleys ring:
The winds and waters with a gentle noise
Double the sound, and answer ev'ry voice.
The queen a while had these diversions prov'd,
And then her court to Babylon remov'd:
But ah! what heights of happiness are free
From fickle chance, or certain destiny?
The princess finds a swift decay controul
The usual force and vigour of her soul;
Nor struggling nature could its force repel,
While heav'n and earth the public change foretel.
She from the oracle enquires th' event,
Th' flatt'ring priests this pleasing answer sent:
That from the gods she drew her heav'nly race,
And shortly must th' immortal number grace.

Pleas'd with the glories of her future state,
She yields without reluctance to her fate.
Cyrena ends her tale: the closing day
Withrew its splendour, and forbid their stay.

BOOK VI.

Joseph's mistress at last discovers her criminal passion to him repulsed. She complains to her nurse, who vainly tries the spells. She is sent by her mistress to Harpinus. His cell ed. He consults the planets, and flatters her with succ finding the Hebrew youth inflexible to all her charms, she accuses him to his master, by whom he is confined to a priso

Still with impatient love Sabrina pines,
And now to speak the fatal truth designs;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which tra
A secret passion in the Hebrew's face.
He sighs, and when he thinks himself alone,
Oft seems some new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign accents, and a tongue unknown.
Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a sense on ev'ry flatt'ring sound,
Forgetful of her nuptial-vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame,
If yet my torments are to thee unknown,
If yet my sighs the myst'ry have not shewn,
Insensible,—let this confesson prove
The strange excess, and grandeur of my love.
Yet had I still my wild desires suppress'd,
Had not thine eyes an equal flame confess'd.

Let me be punish'd with the last disdain,
He said, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts so vain!
I ne'er Sabrina's favour so abus'd,
Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.
Should I perfidious (Heav'n forbid!) offend
My gen'rous master,—I might say my friend;
Let scandal sink my name, when so unjust
I prove, so false to hospitable trust?

Thus with a modest turn he would reclaim
Her am'rous frenzy, and conceal her shame;
Nor waits her leave, but hastily withdrew.
Careless her limbs upon a couch she threw,
And curst her folly with a thousand tears;
Till Iphicle, her artful nurse, appears:
Of so much grief she press'd to know the cause,
At last the secret from her mistress draws.

You wrong, the Beldam cries, your own desert,
For you have charms, the youth a human heart.
Your beauty might a savage breast inspire,
At sight of you the coldest age takes fire.
But where's the wonder that a bashful boy,
Should, at the first address, be nice and coy?
He loves no doubt, and languishes, like you,
But fears th' ambitious motive to pursue:
Nor shall your utmost wishes want redress,
I have a draught that gives divine success;
Nepenthe, which th' immortals quaff above;
These sacred drops rewarded Chemis' love.

When Tutis, by his death, the full command
Of Misraim left in fair Charoba's hand,

The rich Gebirus from Chaldea came
With foreign pomp to seek the royal dame.
Chemis adorn'd his train, whose charming face
Allur'd a goddess of the wat'ry race ;
On Nilus' banks the young Chaldean stood,
When lo! Merina rising from the flood,
Her chariot set with pearl, the wave divides,
Softly along the silver stream she glides.
Her robes with pearl and sparkling rubies shine
Her brighter eyes express a light divine.
Nor from her humid bed the blooming day
Has e'er ascended with a clearer ray.
Her smiles the raging tempests could appease,
Allay the winds, and calm the swelling seas.
She leaves her crystal vaults, and coral groves,
Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,
And o'er the grassy meads with Chemis roves.
At parting gave him this celestial spell,
Which evr'y good procures, and can each ill re
My mother from this youth derives her line,
And this she left me, as a gift divine,
By all her ancestors preserv'd with care ;
One heav'nly drop shall banish your despair.
Her flatt'ring nurse's charm she vainly tries,
For Joseph still her hateful passion flies :
But obstinate in love to gain her ends,
To fam'd Ansana Iphicle she sends.
Harpinus there an uncouth dwelling own'd,
Planted with yew and mournful cypress round ;

ıose shadows ev'ry pleasing thought controul,
d fill with deep anxiety the soul.
:her black fiends at dead of night advance,
e horned Serim through the darkness dance:
ɔm earth, from air, and from the briny deep
ey come, and here nocturnal revels keep.
ɔm gloomy Acherusia, and the fen
Serbon, and the forest of Birdene;
ɔm Ophiodes, the serpent isle, they come,
ıd Syrtes, where fantastic spectres roam:
ɔm Chabnus, and the wild Psebarian peak,
ıose hoary cliffs the clouds long order break.
In hellish banquets, and obscene delights,
e curst assembly here consume the nights.
e sick'ning moon her feeble light with-holds.
sable clouds her argent horns she folds;
e constellations quench their glimm'ring fire,
ıd frighted far to distant skies retire,
Amidst these horrors, in his echoing cells,
ıd winding vaults, the necromancer dwells:
ssing from room to room, the brazen doors
sound, as when exploded thunder roars.
e day excluded thence, blue sulphur burns,
ith frightful splendour, in a thousand urns.
e wizard here employs his mighty spells,
ıd great events by divination tells,
cribing mystic figures on the ground,
ıd mutt'ring words of an unlawful sound;
hich from their tombs the shiv'ring ghosts compel,
ıd force them future secrets to reveal.

The stars he knew, when adverse, or benign;
When with malignant influence they shine,
Or, darting prosp'rous rays, to love incline.
The nurse a pleasing answer here obtain'd,
And thus Sabrina's drooping thoughts sustain'd.
The third succeeding day shall crown your love,
And ev'ry am'rous star propitious prove.
Sabrina feeds the while her guilty flame,
And now the third appointed morning came;
When for the favour'd youth in haste she sends:
The message with reluctance he attends.
Silent she sits; while waiting her commands,
Fix'd at a formal distance, long he stands.
Her eyes still fix'd on Joseph's beauteous face;
A close contempt, and inward hatred trace;
Yet desp'rate to complete her own disgrace.
Ungrateful youth! she cries, too well I find
By these cold looks, thy unrelenting mind,
Thy savage temper and unconquer'd pride,
By words of sacred import thou would'st hide,
Thou talk'st of holy ties, and rules severe,
Pretending some avenging god to fear.
What God, alas! does cruelty command?
Or human bliss maliciously withstand?
Such thoughts as these the heav'nly pow'rs arraign,
Efface their goodness, and their justice stain:
Would they the gen'rous principle controul,
Who gave this am'rous bias to the soul?
What nature is they made it: not can bind
With servile laws the freedom of the mind:
Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,

That unmolested through the forest rove,
Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in love!
Virtue!—a mere imaginary thing!
Torment it may, but can no pleasure bring.
Honour!—'tis nothing but precarious fame,
For empty breath, for a fantastic name.
Wilt thou my soft intreaties still deny,
And see me languish, and unpity'd die?
Consent at last to love's enchanting joys,
While pleasure calls thee with her tempting voice:
These folding curtains shall our bliss conceal,
That no intruding eye our theft reveal.
Deluded fair, the noble youth replies,
Could we some artful labyrinth devise
To hide our sin, and far from mortal sight
Retire, involv'd in all the shades of night;
Yet there,—expos'd to Heav'n's unclouded view,
Its vengeance would our treachery pursue;
Distinguish'd plagues would soon our guilt expose,
While all your sex's glory you must lose,
To Potiphar alone your vows belong,
In him a tender lover you must wrong.
For me, where should I hide my hated face,
Could I be conscious of a crime so base?
No, let me through the yawning earth descend,
Rather than with such insolence offend
The laws of God, and kindness of my friend!
My master's favours, endless to recite,
When I with such ingratitude requite;
When with a thought so horrid and profane,

My faith and spotless loyalty I ſtain;
Let wrathful lightnings flashing round my head,
And bolts of raging thunder strike me dead!
Let execrations and eternal shame
Destroy my peace, and blast my hated name!
These words with such an awful air he spoke,
Celestial virtue ſparkling in his look,
His haughty mistress all her hopes resign'd,
And felt a diff'rent frenzy seize her mind:
Assisting fiends the hellish thought suggest,
And blot the tender passion from her breast.
A crimson scarf with ornamental pride,
Was o'er his graceful shoulders loosely ty'd;
This furiously she snatch'd, while from th' embr
He frees himself, and quits the hated place.
She call'd aloud, her voice Cyrena hears,
And ent'ring saw her well-dissembled tears,
A tale of proffer'd violence she feigns,
And of the Hebrew's arrogance complains.
Alarm'd at her repeated calls, she said,
The monster left his curst design, and fled,
His scarf the truth confirm'd: her lord the whil
Returns; her words his easy faith beguile:
Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,
And thus upbraids his violated truth.
How canst thou, wretch! belie a mind so bas
With that undaunted air, and guiltless face?
Hypocrisy so steady and complete,
A villian, cautious as thyself, might cheat;

No wonder then, thy practis'd saintly shews
Should on my honest artless mind impose.
My soul entire to thee I did resign;
Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine.
In fetters let th' ungrateful slave be ty'd,
Some gloomy dungeon shall the monster hide.
Dungeons, he said, and chains I can defy,
But would not, curs'd with your displeasure, die.
This sad reflection aggravates my fate:
How shall I bear my gen'rous master's hate?
Oh stay! at least my vindication hear,
While by th' unutterable Name I swear,
My thoughts are all from this injustice clear.
He ceas'd, and still Sabrina's shame conceals,
Nor one accusing word her fraud reveals.
Now to a damp unwholesome vault convey'd,
Joseph in ignominious chains is laid.

BOOK VII.

An Angel visits Joseph in Prison, and in a prophetic vision shews him his own advancement, and the future fate of his father's posterity, their bondage and miraculous deliverance. The keeper of the ward, convinced of Joseph's innocence, treats him with great esteem. The dreams of his fellow-prisoners; and Joseph's interpretation.

'Twas night, and now advanc'd the solemn hour;
The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r,
Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,
Smile through the shades, and dissipate the night;

With streaming splendour tracing all the way,
It enters where the new come pris'ner lay.
Some god, he cries, who innocence defends,
Some god in that propitious light descends.
This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be
Alleg'd against him, from the guilt is free.
The sacred vision to the youth appears,
His spirits with celestial fragrance chears.
His heav'nly smiles would ev'n despair controul,
And with immortal rapture fill the soul
His youthful brows a fair tiara crown'd
A folding zone his gaudy vestments bound,
Embroider'd high with amaranthus round.
Such wings th' Arabian Phœnix never wore,
Sprinkled with gold and shading purple o'er.
Beneficent his aspect and address,
His lips seraphic harmony express;
His voice might stay th' invading sleep of death,
While these soft words flow with his balmy breath.
From the unclouded realms of day above,
From endless pleasures, and unbounded love,
From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'rs,
From blissful valleys, and ethereal bow'rs,
I come, commission'd by peculiar grace,
With great presages to thy future race.
This Gabriel spoke; the pious Hebrew's breast
Prophetic flame and pow'r divine confest:
An awful silence, and profound suspence,
Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of sense;

'nly trance, each wand'ring thought con-
he operations of the mind,
ıbriel all the inward scene design'd.
him, rais'd to high dominion, all
le brethren in prostration fall;
l eyes again his father see,
the blessing on his bended knee.
numbers Jacob's sons increas'd,
als by the Egyptians are distress'd,
royal tyrant's yoke oppress'd:
n they cry, an aid that never fails,
:ars the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.
ıty prophet, by divine command,
l before the raging monarch stand,
gs his great credentials in his hand.
e ground his wond'rous rod he throws;
ransform'd a moving serpent grows,
is speckled train, and o'er the pavement
ıg train of miracles ensue,
:ak the prophet and his mission true.
:ings, the standing lakes, and running flood,
:ful word converts to reeking blood;
ıded billows stain the verdant shore,
g slowly with a mournful roar.
ight her sable wings extends,
the black unbottom'd deep ascends:
enounces plagues on man and beast;
torments soon the air infest;

Aloud he bids a sudden tempest rise,
On rapid wings the storm obedient flies;
Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
Blue lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll.
Nor yet th' obdurate king the God reveres,
Whom ev'ry element obsequious fears;
Till vengeful strokes of pow'r confess'd divine,
With clear, but terrible conviction shine.
The night was cover'd with unusual dread,
While ev'ry star malignant influence shed.
Pale spectres through the streets of Zoan roam,
From sepulchres amazing echoes come;
While, like a flaming meteor, down the skies,
With threat'ning speed the fatal angel flies.
Reluctant justice with a grace severe,
Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air.
A crested helmet shades his awful brows;
Behind his military vesture flows,
And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows.
He grasps his sword, unsheath'd for certain fate,
Destruction, death, and terror on him wait:
Mortal the stroke, invisible the wound,
While dying groans with mingled shrieks resoun
From house to house the dreadful rumour runs,
While wretched fathers mourn their first-born so
Th' alarm'd Egyptians, at the breaking day,
Hurry the sacred multitude away:
But Pharaoh soon his daring sin renews,
Blaspheming loud the rescu'd slaves pursues;

ıe fearful tribes stand trembling on the shore,
he foe behind, a raging sea before.
Their glorious chief extends his pow'rful wand,
nd gives the mighty signal from the strand;
ı' obebient waves the mighty signal take,
nd parting, crowd the distant surges back;
ı either hand, like crystal hills, they rise,
:tween a wide stupendous valley lies:
ith joyful shouts the grateful Hebrews pass,
ır does the harden'd foe decline the chase;
ll Heav'n's command the wat'ry chain dissolves,
ıd in the whelming deep their pride involves.
hile Isr'el through the desert take their way,
:d by a cloud which marches on by day;
ıt resting chear'd th' encamping host by night,
'ith lambent flame, and unexempled light.
Where lofty Sinah shades the neigh'bring plain,
mmanded now the sacred tribes remain;
epar'd with mystic rites, to hear with awe,
ıeir Saviour God pronounce their future law:
ose bounds the mountain guard from all approach,
ıat rashly none the hallowed place might touch.
Reluctant see th' appointed morning rise,
nd fiery splendours glow around the skies.
'hile from th' ethereal summit God descends,
:neath his feet the starry convex bends.
is radiant form majestic darkness hides,
'hile on a tempest's rapid wings he rides.
he *trembling earth* his awful presence owns,
e *forest flames*, the cleaving desart groans,

Each river back his wand'ring current calls,
And rushing down the subterranean falls,
To the profoundeſt caves affrighted flies,
Reveal'd and bare each sandy channel lies.
Their stately heads the ancient mountains sink,
And to a level with the vales would shrink;
Again secure in their primæval beds,
Beneath the waves would hide their fearful heads.
Old Sinah quakes at the tremendous weight,
That press'd with awful feet his cloudy height;
Obscur'd with blackness, shades and curling smoke,
Prodigious lightnings from the darkness broke;
While raging thunders round the welkin fly,
Th' ethereal trumpet sounding loud and high.
Adoring low the pious nation bend,
And now the solemn voice of God attend:
The angel shifts the scene, and leaves the rest
Inimitable all, and not to be express'd.
The curtain'd tabernacle next he paints,
Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants;
The golden altar, with attending priests,
Their sacred pomp, and instituted vests.
Then brings the favour'd tribes where Jordan flows:
And all the well-known bord'ring landskip shews.
An airy conquest on Bethoron's plain,
The warlike sons of Jacob now obtain:
Before the troops a glorious leader stands,
A pointed jav'lin balanc'd in his hands;
He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands.

sun! to lengthen the victorious day,
ng'ring beams on lofty Gibeah stay:
ou, fair moon! retard thy hasty flight,
d the vales of Ajalon at night.
said, the flying army they pursue,
the Amorean kings o'erthrew.
mis'd land entirely gain'd, they spread
eaceful dwellings round Moriah's head.
rith the night the pleasing vision flies;
unseal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,
es from the heav'nly trance releas'd,
the sacred agitation ceas'd.
ughtful keeper early to the vault
ls, and thence the injur'd pris'ner brought;
im with kindness and a just regard,
ve him all the freedom of the ward.
naraoh's servants two were here detain'd,
ward, who his table did command,
n that fill'd the royal cup with wine;
:d both as traitors in design.
observing a dejected air
'y in their eyes, with friendly care
; the cause, which freely both reveal,
ous dreams of the past night they tell.
thus the first.—Methought a bulky vine
p unprop'd, three waving branches shine
irple grapes, and to my hand incline:
l the tempting fruit without controul,
ive to *Pharaoh's* hand the flowing bowl.

The next begins :—Three canisters replete
With royal viands, and luxurious meat,
Oppress'd my drooping head, while birds of prey
With direful croaking snatch'd the food away.
Unhappy man! thy dream from God was sent,
The Hebrew said, and full of black portent:
The third returning day shall bring thy doom,
When thou a prey to vultures shalt become.
Then to the first, these joyful comments sound;
Before the sun has twice fulfill'd his round,
Thou with thy former honours shalt be crown'd.
But in the triumph of thy prosp'rous state,
Kindly remember my unhappy fate,
Who by the blackest falsehood here am stay'd:
To this the man a courtier's promise made.

BOOK VIII.

Joseph's mistress languishes in sorrow and remorse for her treachery; which she confesses in the agonies of death. Pharaoh's prophetic dreams interpreted by Joseph. His grandeur and marriage with the daughter of an Egyptian priest.

But now Sabrina's guilty fire returns,
Her bosom with the raging passion burns;
She with a female tenderness relents,
And all her former cruelty repents.
By her accus'd in chains the captive lies,
For whom she fondly languishes and dies.
Tormented, and enrag'd, she often curst
Her pride, her folly, and revengeful lust.

A deep remorse, from conscience of her sin,
With constant horrors vex her soul within.
Her thoughts ten thousand racking torments feel,
Yet in her treach'rous crime obdurate still.
Her life and youthful spirits melt away,
Her beauty withers with a swift decay:
By day she wildly raves, consumes the night
In thoughtless watchings, and imagin'd fright;
While airy terrors glide before her sight.
Pale ghosts with wide-distorted eye-balls stare,
And burning spectres through the darkness glare,
Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intense,
To vindicate suspected innocence,
To Potiphar the hidden truths she tells,
And all the faithless mystery reveals.
And now he comes—insulting death! she cries,
Perpetual darkness swims before my eyes.
If there are gods that human things regard,
My monstrous crimes will meet a just reward.
Oh sacred virtue! at thine awful name
I start, and all my former thoughts disclaim;
For thou art no fantastic empty thing,
From thee alone unmingled pleasures spring.
The world, the boundless universe I'd give,
My first unblemish'd honour to retrieve:
'Tis vainly wish'd!—to some strange realms below,
Some dark uncomfortable coasts I go.
She spoke, and gasping in the pangs of death,
With ling'ring agonies resign'd her breath:

While Joseph by the courtier was forgot;
Till fate the period of his freedom brought.
Th' Egyptian monarch from a short repose,
And troubled visions, with the morning rose.
T' explain the doubtful omens in his breast,
He summons ev'ry planetary priest:
Their orders, which to diff'rent stars belong;
Were soon assembled, a surprising throng;
Sullen their looks, and varied was their vest,
A wild devotion through the whole express'd.
One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,
Trav'ling behind a sweeping length it drew;
With poppies, aconite, and hellebore,
Mandrake, and nightshade, strangely figur'd o'er;
A treble twist of serpents curling round,
With monstrous ornament the foldings bound.
With some a verdant forest seem'd to move,
Their flowing robes with palmy branches wove.
With panthers, bears, and ev'ry savage beast
Express'd in lively colours, some were dress'd.
On others eagles spread their wings; on some
Appear'd the ostrich' hieroglyphic plume;
While others wore a painted crocodile,
With all the monstrous progeny of Nile.
Nasar, a youth vow'd to the morning-star,
With budding roses had adorn'd his hair.
His raiment of inestimable cost
Glitter'd with pearl, and imitated frost.
O'erspread with landskapes wrought in miniature,
Surprising scenes the ravish'd sight allure;

ar fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle groves,
cocks with gaudy trains, and shining doves.
The prince with anxious looks relates his dreams,
: doubtful sages search their heav'nly schemes:
all their stars were mute, the meaning flies
rackless darkness, and obscure disguise.
The bearer of the cup did now reflect
his past danger, and his base neglect;
l thus his royal master he address'd:
Pharaoh's bounty, and my guilt confess'd,
ien with my fellow-criminal detain'd,
by thy justice in the ward remain'd,
Hebrew youth, unjustly there confin'd,
m nightly omens which perplex the mind,
th clear conviction did our lot unfold;
honour, and the steward's doom foretold.
idst the solemn darkness of the night,
cell was glitter'd with ethereal light:
highly favour'd by th' immortal gods,
visit him they left their bright abodes.
oseph, unfetter'd, they from prison bring,
Heav n inspir'd, he stands before the king;
o thus repeats his dream: Methought I stood
the fair borders of our sacred flood:
ile, curious, I survey'd the spreading stream,
en bulky oxen from the river came,
and well-favovr'd: o'er the verdant mead
ey proudly rang'd, and on the pasture fed;
ien just their number rose, of aspect sour,
shap'd, and meagre, who the first devour.

The scene was chang'd, when springing in my walk,
Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending stalk
Ripen'd and full; when lo! a second rears
His blasted top, with seven unfruitful ears;
This swallow'd greedily the former store,
As the lean oxen did the fat before.
I woke with great anxiety oppress'd,
And for the meaning ev'ry god address'd.
Th' Almighty God, o'er earth and skies supreme,
The youthful prophet cries, has sent this dream
To Pharaoh, which discovers future things;
What changes on the world his pleasure brings.
With one intent the sacred vision came,
Of both the hidden meaning is the same.
Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round,
The fields with boundless harvest shall be crown'd;
Then seven unprosp'rous years shall these devour,
And leave no remnant of the former store.
But that the people and the king may live,
This counsel Heav'n commissions me to give,
That wasteful luxury should be restrain'd,
And wise intendants through the realm ordain'd:
Let these against the threat'ning ill provide,
Lay up the corn, and o'er the stores preside.
This youth by some propitious pow'r was sent,
The prince replies, our ruin to prevent:
Then bids them an imperial vestment bring,
And from his finger draws a costly ring:
And this, he said, a sacred pledge shall be
Of those bright honours I reserve for thee.

My pow'r, my kingdom, I to thee resign,
The sov'reign title only shall be mine;
To thee my noblest favourites shall bow,
Our guardian god, our great preserver thou!
His second chariot then the king ordains
Should be prepar'd: white steeds with scarlet reins
The triumph drew; they champ the golden bit,
And spurn the dusty ground with airy feet.
On high with princely pomp the youth was plac'd,
With marks of pow'r, and regal ensigns grac'd;
Gay heralds, Bow the knee, before him cry,
The crowd adore him as he passes by:
Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,
Great Pharaoh's daughter is his bride design'd.
The night had twice in sable triumph reign'd,
And twice the circling light its empire gain'd:
When from his high apartment Joseph sees
A lofty temple, through the waving trees,
To Isis vow'd: he from the gilded dome,
Ravish'd, beheld, a beauteous virgin come.
An artless modesty improves her face,
An elegant reserve, and matchless grace;
A rosy tincture in her cheeks appears,
Lovely as that the blooming morning wears;
Her eyes a sprightly blue: her length of hair
Dishevell'd hung, like threads of silver fair.
Long strings of jet and pearl, in mingled twists,
Adorn'd her well-shap'd neck, and slender wrists.
Her robes were heav'nly azure, sprinkled o'er
With stars; a crescent on her breast she wore.

The wounded Hebrew for the virgin sigh'd,
And felt a growing passion yet untry'd:
Her lovely image on his mind impress'd,
Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breast.
But oh! what anguish did his soul invade,
When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid
At Isis' holy shrine devoutly bow'd,
A virgin priestess to the goddess vow'd?
This, this, he cry'd, must all my hopes confound,
Helpless my grief, incurable my wound!
Mean time the fame uncontradicted goes,
That he th' Egyptian princess must espouse.
Pain'd and distress'd he hears the spreading news,
And dreads the offer which he must refuse,
Or with dissembled vows th' imperial maid abuse.
Asenah's pow'r (that was the priestess' name)
Would in his breast admit no rival flame.
The royal maid no less unhappy prov'd,
Who long illustrious Orramel had lov'd;
An Ethiopian prince, whose faultless face
And shape exceeded all the tawny race.
His features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes
Sparkled like stars amidst the gloomy skies;
At once they dazzled, and engag'd the sight
With awful lustre, and imperious light.
Black as a midnight-cloud his yielding hair,
In easy curls waves to the gentle air.
The princess pain'd with secret discontent,
Her father's purpose labours to prevent;

In vain! the king obstructs her young desires,
But first the pleasure of the gods inquires.
Just Potiphera, an unblemish'd priest,
His piety sincere, but ill address'd,
While fragrant incense round the temple smokes,
Osiris from the monarch he invokes.
The fiends, in hopes to cross the great design,
And awful will of Providence divine,
With penalties forbid the king's intent,
The Hebrew's future greatness to prevent;
Then nam'd the fair Asenath for his bride,
And blindly with eternal fate comply'd:
Effecting Heav'n's predestinated ends,
While Joseph's ruin envious hell intends;
Nor doubts the young idolatress would prove
His snare, and soon seduce him with her love.
The priest, yet trembling, near the altar stands,
And dreads the sacrilege the god commands.
My daughter nam'd! he cries, to Isis vow'd
By mystic rites, which no reverse allow'd!
It must be so—The gods pronounce it fit,
The priest his will, the king must his submit.
The maid reluctant leaves the holy shrine,
But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.
The gift, as Heav'n's, the joyful youth regards,
Which thus bright virtue crowns, and sacred truth rewards.

BOOK IX.

The seven plenteous years; with the ensuing years of scarcity. J character as Regent over the land of Egypt. Jacob distresse the famine, sends his sons thither for corn. Joseph discove brethren, but is unknown of them: pretends to suspect them blic spies, and keeps them three days in prison: at last sens back, with a charge to bring their younger brother with the detains Simeon as an hostage till their return.

THE jocund years, with smiling plenty crown'd,
In shining circles now advanc'd their round;
Unbounded crops reward the reapers toil,
And rustic pleasures chear the banks of Nile:
The Hebrew, late advanc'd by royal grace,
With dignity and splendour fills his place,
Still watchful for the public good, with care
Restrains excess by penalties severe,
While justice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reig
Amidst the height of plenty through the land:
His prudent sway the grateful people bless,
In all the calm serenity of peace.

But soon the smiling years their period run,
A gloomy æra now its course begun:
Pale famine comes, with her malignant train,
Dries up the springs, and taints the fertile plain

A sultry night ensues a scorching day;
While dismal signs the fiery clouds display.
Nor Egypt mourns alone her blasted ground,
Pale famine stalks through all the regions round;
Moriah's plain, and Hermon's flow'ry hill
Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel;
That fertile climate, by peculiar grace,
Design'd the lot of Abraham's future race.
Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,
The pagan princes bore imperial sway,
Their crimes not full:—while Jacob sojourn'd here
A stranger, as his great forefathers were:
The common fate he shares, with famine press'd,
And for his num'rous family distress'd:
He sends his sons, by Heav'nly conduct led,
To Egypt's plenteous granaries for bread;
Domestic wants require their utmost haste,
And Zoan's regal tow'rs they reach at last.
With soft Assyria, now in all her pride
Of wealth and grandeur, Pharaoh's palace vy'd;
More honour'd still the rising fav'rite grew,
No bounds his royal master's kindness knew;
His graceful person, charming to the sight,
Majestic, yet more mild than morning-light;
His virtues, ev'ry grateful tongue employ,
The people's boast, their wonder, and their joy.
All private views were to his soul unknown,
He made the kingdom's welfare still his own;
Th' *oppressor's wrongs* are by his pow'r redress'd,
He guards the orphan, succours the distress'd;

His fame to distant countries flies abroad,
While Egypt names him as her guardian god.
Assiduous still his officers attend,
Where neighb'ring states their num'rous envoys se
Who for themselves, and pining race, implore
The food of life from his abundant store.

Among the foremost of the suppliant crowd
The Hebrew swains with low submission bow'd;
With stern regard each kindred face he views,
Their sight the late detested scene renews:
Their parting malice and inhuman rage
To just revenge his swelling thoughts engage,
Long silent in a gloomy pause he stands;
At last their country, bus'ness, name, demands.

My Lord, thy servants, (with a modest grace,
Judah replies) are all of Hebrew race;
Twelve brethren late, a joyful father's boast,
Till one, by some unhappy chance was lost;
The youngest with his aged sire remains,
The darling, which his drooping life sustains;
To purchase corn we come, our falling breath,
An infant race, to save from ling'ring death.

Thy tale (he said) unfolds its own disguise;
By Pharaoh's sacred life, you all are spies;
Then to the guards with stern command he turns
While yet resentment in his bosom burns;
In close confinement be these men retain'd,
Till we some knowledge of their plot have gain'd

With just remorse, and secret horror struck,
The conscious Hebrews at each other look,

In foreign accents, to the guards unknown,
Their length of unrepented sin they own;
Joseph, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,
And hastes away, to hide the gushing tears.
Oh! we are guilty of our brother's blood,
Though Heav'n th' intended fratricide withstood;
With unrelenting hate, for sordid gold,
The gentle youth to Midianites we sold
A slave, and such perhaps he still may live;
Almighty God! the monstrous crime forgive!
Unmov'd we saw the anguish of his breast,
In mournful looks, and flowing tears express'd;
Unmov'd, and lost to nature, virtue, sense,
Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.
Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace,
Would have subdu'd in wilds a savage race. (hide?
What caves, what dungeons, should such monsters
We stand condemn'd, and Heav'n is justify'd.
When Reuben, who the barbarous fact disclaim'd,
In these sad terms their former malice blam'd:
Would Heav'n your flowing tears might wash away
The bloody stains of that detested day!
Its horror, with eternal grief, I trace;
The soft impression of my brother's face,
Dwells on my heart; the tragic scene I view,
The mournful object is for ever knew.
Methinks I see the anguish, the surprize,
The melting sorrow in his lovely eyes,
While *kneeling*, pleading all the tender claims
Of kindred-blood, he singly call'd your names,

And one by one invok'd—what pow'r I had
Was all employ'd to save the guiltless lad;
His filial love and goodness, free from art,
Touch'd ev'ry tender motion in my heart,
When for his drooping father's hoary age
He try'd your soft compassion to engage;
I hear his cries, while round his suppliant hands
Without remorse you ty'd the cruel bands:
My soul is wounded with the farewell-groan,
When to the yawning pit you forc'd him down.

What hellish frenzy did your bosoms fire
Against such youth and virtue to conspire?
What was his mighty crime?—a childish dream,
A sleeping fancy's visionary scheme;
His blood's aveng'd—While here we ly confin'd
Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.

Their eldest brother's just reproach they own,
And humbly now address'd th' eternal throne,
With penitence sincere they inly mourn,
While thrice the day and tedious night return.

Mean time the thoughtful regent in his breas
The first vindictive motions had suppress'd.
When early for the Hebrew train he sends,
And kindness in a stern disguise intends,
Conducted to his presence, prostrate all
(As once their sheaves before his sheaf) they fa

The Pow'r that sits above the stars I fear,
(He said) nor shall you find injustice here;
To prove that you have no clandestine view,
Nor hostile aim, but are to honour true,

One of your kindred number left behind,
Th' attending guards shall as an hostage bind;
Secure from wrong, the captive shall remain,
If at set limits you return again:
But be for ever exiles from the place,
Nor ever hope again to see my face,
Unless you bring your youngest brother here,
No more on Egypt's fatal coast appear;
Be this a proof your words have no disguise,
Or you by Pharaoh's sacred life are spies.
Alas, my lord, in tents thy servants sleep,
(The swains reply,) our herds and bleating sheep
Engross our humble cares, no martial claims
Disturb our minds, no wild ambition aims;
Strangers to pompous courts, the flow'ry field,
And tuneful grove, to us their pleasures yield;
Unenvy'd there, secure from noise and strife,
In harmless ease we spend a peaceful life;
Our costliest banquets in some balmy shade,
With nature's simple luxury are made;
No dreams of grandeur, no aspiring thought,
Thy servants to the Memphian limits brought;
Distress'd with famine, to this friendly shore
We came, your kind assistance to implore.
This said, they find themselves dismiss'd at last
With full supplies, and to their country haste.
When scarce arriv'd before their father's tent,
His busy thoughts presag'd some sad event;
The *captive son* was miss'd—his fears t' expel,
Th' unpleasing truth in soothing words they tell.

With temper, ev'ry circumstance he hears,
Till the fond prop of his declining years,
His Benjamin was nam'd—that cruel part,
In spite of all their well-meant flatt'ring art,
With piercing anguish wounds his inmost soul,
No pleas of reason can its force controul.
His hoary head with weighty sorrow press'd,
Dejected sunk upon his pensive breast.
The careful trav'llers now their sacks unty'd,
Surpris'd, their coin restor'd again they spy'd.
What can these myst'ries mean, good Jacob s
What fatal storm is breaking o'er my head?
Why is my life prolong'd? of bliss bereft?
Joseph is not: my single comfort left,
To distant climes an exile you would bear,
Against me all these sad events appear;
But know, the flame of life shall quit my heart
Ere with the lovely blooming youth I part.
Content we then must sacrifice our lives,
Our guiltless offspring and our tender wives,
(Judah replies,) condemn'd to perish here,
And ne'er again on Egypt's coasts appear:
The man, the mighty ruler of the land,
With eyes to Heav'n address'd, and lifted hand,
The man protested with a solemn grace,
Not one of us should ever see his face,
Nor other proof our innocence should clear,
Unless we brought our youngest brother there.
And why would you that needless truth make k
Or that you had a younger brother own?

The anxious parent said.—Alas, could we,
Reuben replies, the consequence foresee?
Or had the certainty been fully known,
Could we, with specious lies, the fact disown?
Or straitly question'd by a man so great,
Conceal our public or domestic state?
Indeed he roughly talk'd, but still there broke
Some secret pity through his fiercest look;
However dark the past events appear,
We've nothing from such clemency to fear;
Where-e'er with easy state he pass'd along,
His virtues echo'd through the shooting throng:
Then why, my honour'd sire, these vain delays?
Paternal cares a thousand scruples raise;
Your Simeon bound, a slave unransom'd lies,
Our time's elaps'd, and we condemn'd for spies:
Commit your darling to my faithful hand,
Of me again the sacred pledge demand.
Two lovely boys, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Secure I leave as sureties in his place;
If any negligence my honour stain,
Without compassion let them both be slain.
Half yielding now he stands.--Their household straits,
Judah with artless eloquence repeats.
With falt'ring speech, and anguish in his eyes,
Then go in peace, the vanquish'd patriarch cries:
Celestial providence your steps attend.
And angel-guards from ev'ry ill defend;
With doubled money for your corn advance,
Perhaps the restoration was a chance;

But take some grateful present in your hand,
The balmy products of your native land:
And be th' eternal Majesty implor'd,
(The God my great progenitors ador'd,)
To grant you favour in the ruler's sight,
And bring your injur'd innocence to light:
But know, if mischief should the lad attend,
My hoary hairs down to the grave you send.

BOOK X.

The Hebrews return with their youngest brother into Egypt. Joseph treats them with great kindness, and a splendid entertainment still be conceals his relation to them. At last they are dismissed plentiful supplies of corn; but the steward, as commanded by lord, secretly conveys a silver cup into Benjamin's sack. they are gone out of the city, he pursues and charges them wi theft; and at last he finds it in Benjamin's sack. They retur great consternation, when Joseph discovers himself to them.

Their father's blessing on their knees they take
And now to Memphis quick advances make,
Where safe arriv'd, but fearful of their doom,
To Joseph's steward hastily they come,
Disclose in humble terms their late mistake,
And render doubled all the money back.
Your father's God (he said) your coin restor
'Twas justly paid, then leads them to his lord.
Their gifts, with prostrate homage, they pres
His gracious smiles their rising doubts prevent;

Forgetful of himself, with eager haste,
He forward stept, and Benjamin embrac'd:
His heart expands with sympathetic joy,
While in his arms he folds the wond'ring boy:
Fond nature struggles with the vain disguise,
A brother sparkles in his radiant eyes:
Scarce all his grandeur from the gentle youth
(With mutual rapture touch'd) conceals the truth;
And half disclos'd the kindred soul appears,
Till Joseph flies to hide the swelling tears,
That melting love and soft surprise excite,
But recollected, soon returns in sight.
Conducts them now into a spacious hall,
Where well-born slaves, obsequious to the call,
To luxury inur'd, with artful care,
A splendid banquet instantly prepare;
Embroider'd carpets cover all the ground,
While fragrant ointments spread their odours round,
Large silver lavers, with officious care,
The gay attendants round the circle bear.
And now, with costly fare and sparkling wine
Of various sorts, the loaded tables shine,
Beneath a glitt'ring canopy of state
In Tyrian robes the graceful regent sat;
With all the bounty of a royal feast
He nobly entertains each Hebrew guest:
Their hostage freed the mutual joy completes,
In order plac'd, they take their destin'd seats:
With sprightly wines, and social converse gay,
a guiltless mirth they spend the fleeting day.

In calm repose supinely pass the night,
Till rising with the morning's rosy light,
They haste away, with full provisions stor'd,
In ev'ry sack (as order'd by his lord)
Their coin the steward secretely convey'd;
A silver cup in Benjamin's was laid.
Secure the suburbs utmost bounds were past,
When with a feign'd concern and anxious haste,
He overtakes the hindmost of the train,
And thus accosts them in an angry strain.
How could you thus, ungrateful and unjust,
Against the rules of hospitable trust,
Combine, the consecrated cup to steal,
By which my lord does secret things reveal?
With what strange meaning is thy language frau
Surpris'd, they cry, we're guiltless, ev'n in thou
And by the immortal God, we dare protest,
Such black designs are strangers to our breast.
Our coin unask'd exactly we restor'd,
How should we then abuse thy injur'd lord,
And basely, gold or silver from him steal,
While recent favours yet our thanks compel!
If such enormous guilt our bosoms stain,
Vassals for life thy servants shall remain;
The wretch, convicted of a crime so high,
Unpity'd here before thy face shall die.
Content, he said, and search'd their burdens ro
At last, the cup in Benjamin's was found:
With wild despair, their folding vests they rent,
And backward to the royal office went.

The regent here, but oh! how chang'd they find,
No more the mild, beneficent and kind,
But fiercely asking, in an alter'd tone,
What wrong is this your guilty hands have done?
You well might know, where dress and learning shine
A man like me, most certainly divine.
Prostrate they fall, while Judah for the rest,
With mingled sighs their mutual grief express'd.
What can I say!—How shall thy servant speak?
In what pathetic words my silence break?
What energy of language shall I find,
To paint the wild distraction of my mind?
Justice divine, with keen revenge begins
To reckon up our lengthen'd score of sins;
Our secret crimes this rig'rous stroke demand;
And self condemn'd, we here thy vassals stand.
No,—cries the gracious regent, only he
With whom the cup was found, my slave shall be;
Return in peace, your needless fears resign,
This youth, a public criminal, is mine.
When Judah thus, (still gently drawing near,)
Be pleas'd, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,
While I the tender circumstance repeat,
And for my father's hoary age intreat.
Two lovely boys, the pleasure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife,
The elder branch, by an untimely death,
Snatch'd from his arms, long since resign'd his breath:
The *youngest* who does now his care engage,
The single prop of his declining age,

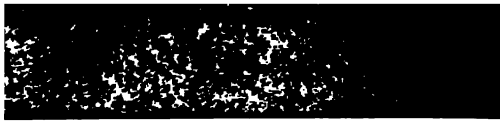
The constant theme of ev'ry pleasing thought,
Your strict command, my lord, has hither brought:
Our sire (thy servant) long refus'd to grant
The pressing suit, till forc'd by meagre want,
And just concern, to clear our injur'd truth,
He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.
But oh! what killing anguish pierc'd his heart,
When thus compell'd with Benjamin to part?
With all the eloquence that filial love
Could e'er inspire to calm his fears I strove;
But all in vain, on dismal thoughts intent,
If mischief should his blooming life prevent,
My hoary hairs, he said, with grief oppress'd,
Must to the gloomy grave descend for rest.
And I, unhappy, whither shall I go
To shun that dark distracting scene of woe?
My father's wretchedness I cannot see,
Depriv'd of ev'ry future joy by me;
For I, with all the arguments I had,
Became myself a surety for the lad,
And must again the precious pledge restore,
Or see my aged parent's face no more.
My Lord, you seem to have a tender heart,
(Though sometimes forc'd to act a rig'rous part)
This first, unfortunate offence, forgive,
Or let thy servant here a vassal live
A bond-slave in my youngest brother's stead,
Condemn'd no more my native soil to tread.
No longer Joseph could his tears controul,
Or hide the soft emotions of his soul;

elenting signs the watchful Hebrews saw,
a haste he bids th' attendants all withdraw.
I am your brother Joseph, then he cries,
Vith tears and melting goodness in his eyes,
hat brother you to Midian merchants sold
n Dothan's plain—Nor need the rest be told.
The cruel fact, alas! too well they knew,
nd, with disorder'd looks, each other view.
He then demands—How fares my honour'd sire?
onfus'd and mute they farther off retire;
. guilty shame on ev'ry face was spread,
ome near, my brethren, then he mildly said,
eflect not on yourselves, with thoughts severe,
: was not you, but God, that sent me here;
lis goodness rul'd the circumstance and place,
o save the stock of Abrah'm's sacred race;
ive years of cruel famine yet remain,
Vhile, destitute of hope, the careful swain
nall neither sow nor reap—The burning soil,
ntill'd shall ly, or mock his fruitless toil;
ut Heav'n has sent me here, to save your lives,
our infant offspring, and your tender wives.
Th' Egyptian king, in ev'ry virtue great,
rdains me second ruler in the state;
he strength, the pow'r, the wealth of all the land
Vithout restraint, are trusted to my hand.
Return, and in my father's ears relate
he plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my state;
ell him, I long his hoary age to greet,
nd throw myself in raptures at his feet;

Let him come down to Goshen's healthful air,
His whole domestic charge shall be my care.
Dismiss your fears—This painful silence break!
You see a friend! you hear a brother speak!
Behold the tender motions of my heart,
No more disguis'd with grandeur or with art!
Regard me well, the kindred features trace,
You'll find the prints of nature in my face!
Then clasping round his youngest brother's neck,
No longer strives the gushing tears to check;
The friendly ardour throws off all disguise,
While nature sits triumphant in his eyes;
Nor less delight transports the gentle youth,
Replete with goodness, innocence, and truth;
In mutual sympathy their souls were ty'd,
And more by virtue than by birth ally'd.
Saluting then the rest, with mild address,
He clears their doubts and softens their distress;
Conversing freely, now they quit their fears,
While Pharaoh, pleas'd, the new adventure hears:
And in his clemency, and royal grace,
Commands the viceroy some selected place
Should be assign d on Goshen's rich champaign
His father's num'rous charge to entertain.
The regent now, impatient of delay,
With costly presents sends the men away;
But with a sparkling Babylonian vest,
His youngest friend was grac'd above the rest,
Make haste, he said, to bring my father down,
Tell him I live, and be my greatness known;

Take waggons, for convenience on the way,
Your wives and helpless children to convey:
Nor care to gather up your heedless stores,
The wealth of Zoan's plenteous land is yours.
At Hebron soon their speedy journey ends,
The good old man their coming now attends;
Where scarce arriv'd, at once they all relate
The welcome news of Joseph's prosp'rous state,
Why would you mock my woe with airy schemes,
(He fainting said) of gay fantastic dreams?
But soon the loaded carriages appear,
Recal his life, his drooping spirits cheer.
My Joseph lives! transporting truth, he cries,
I'll see his face and close my aged eyes:
Content, resign these poor remains of breath,
And gently rest in thecalm shades of death.

THE END OF VOLUME THIRD.



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